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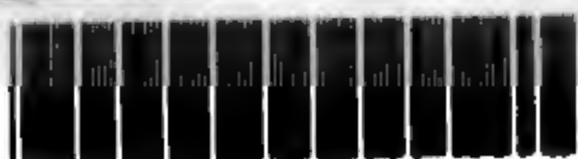
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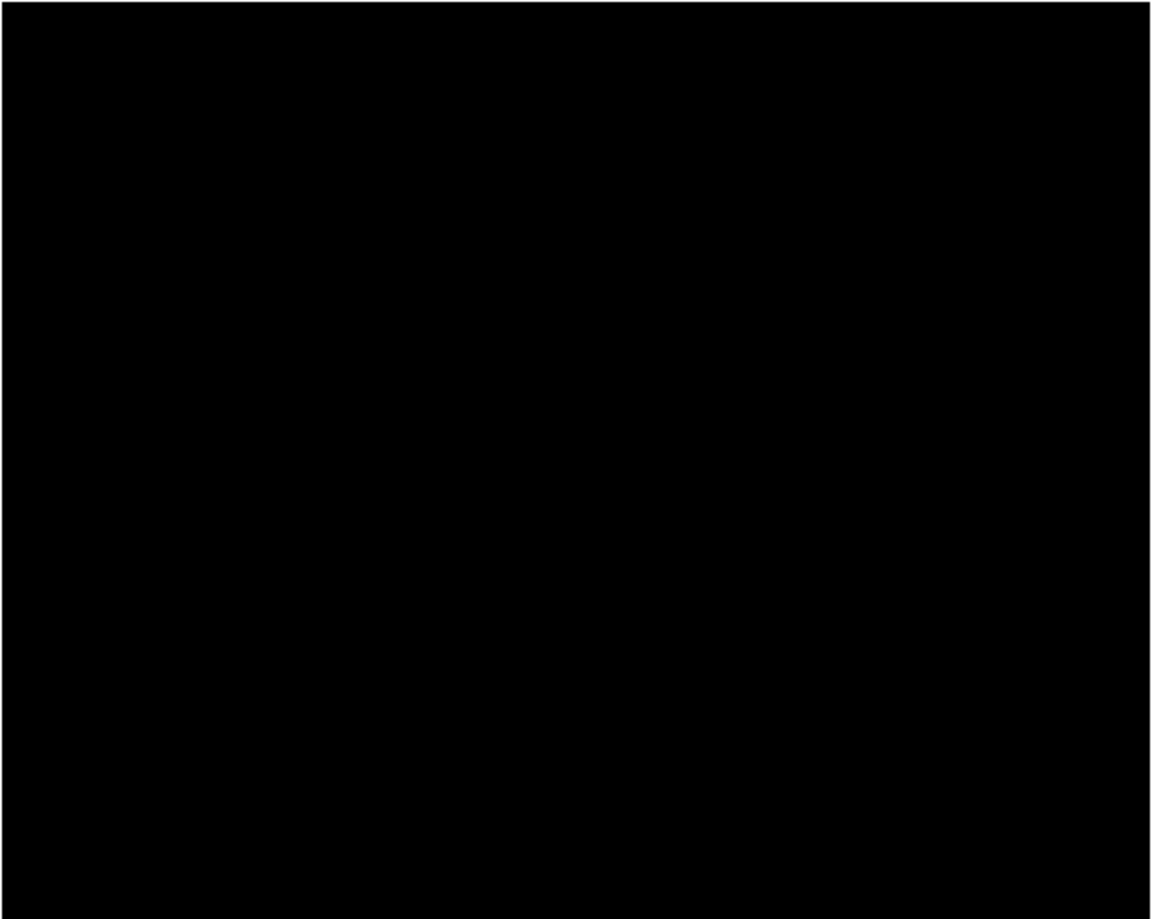
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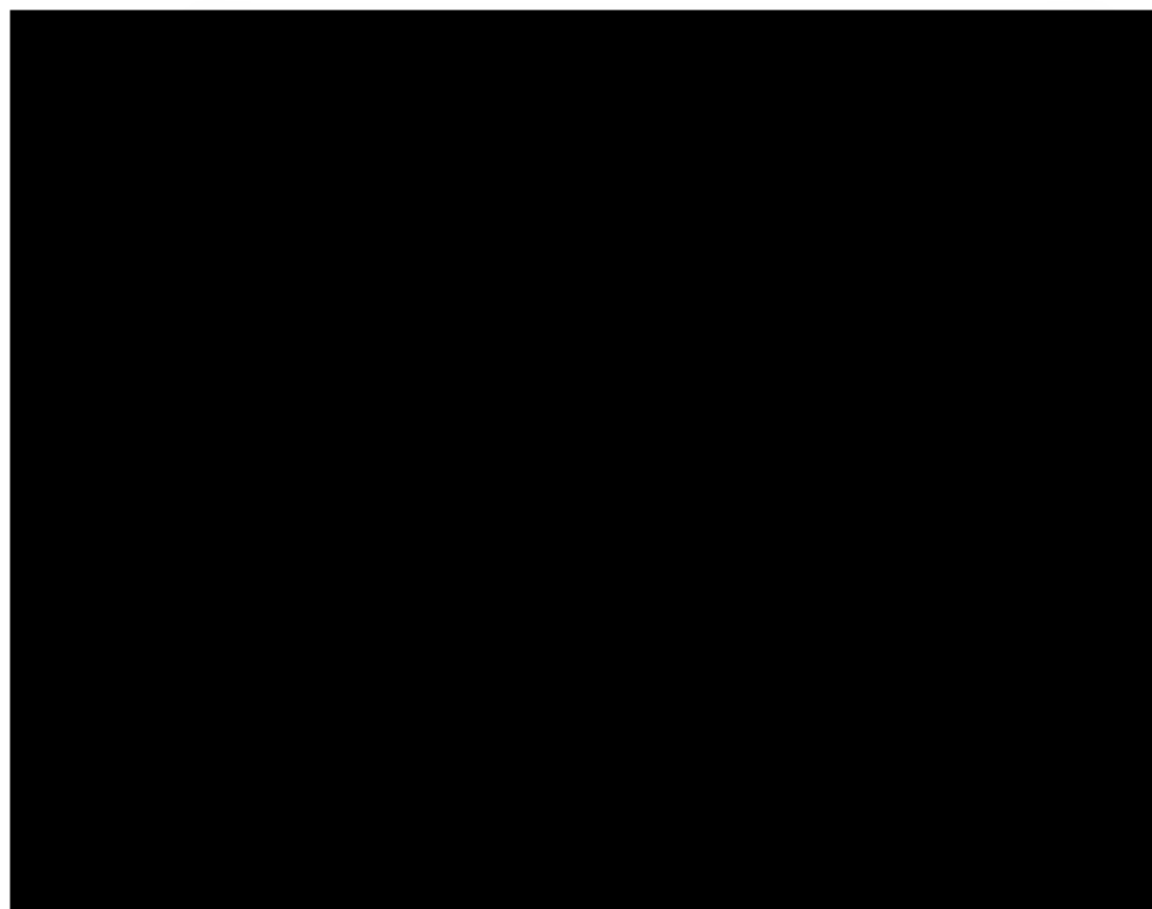


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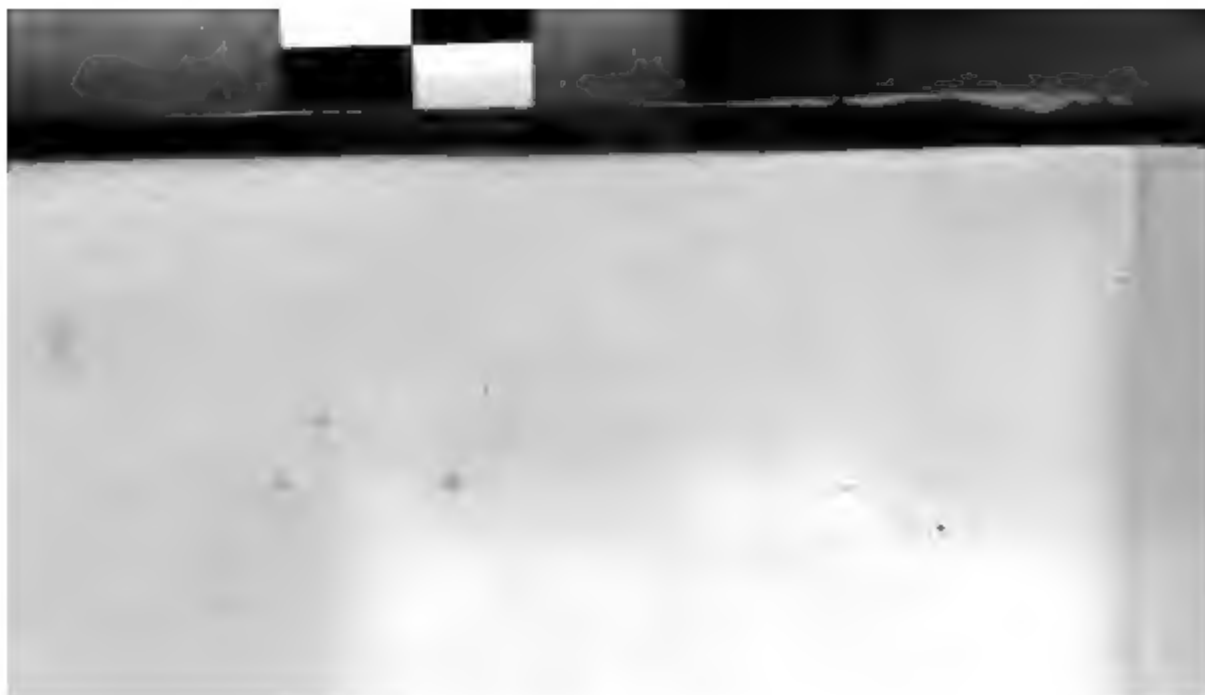






HERALINE.

VOL. III.



HERALINE;

OR,

OPPOSITE PROCEEDINGS.



BY

LÆTTIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.



IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



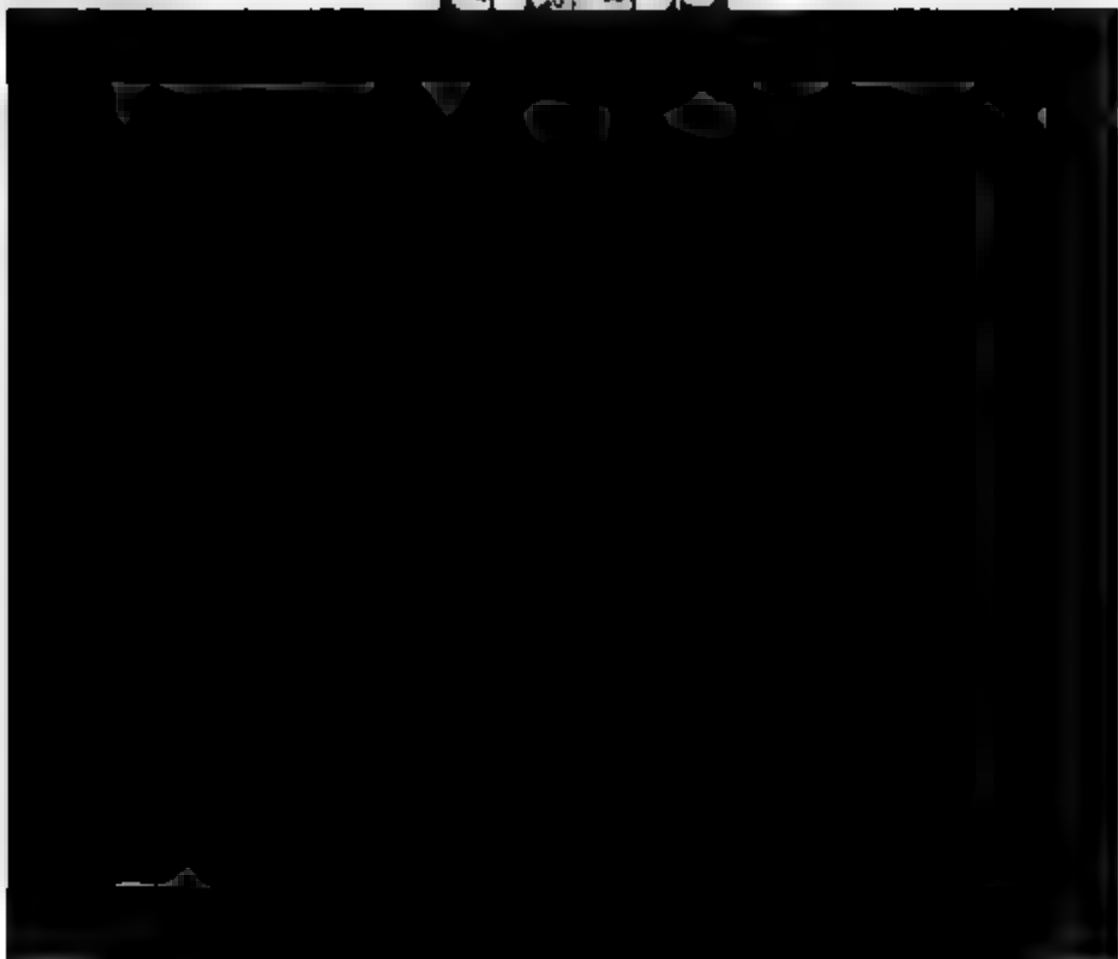
Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi-même, il est inutile
de le chercher ailleurs.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.



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1821.



HERALINE.

CHAPTER I.

THE park of St. Emeril's Court lying in such a situation with relation to the village, as to make it Mr. Broderaye's almost daily path, its owner could seldom be long absent from his thoughts. He made his frequent inquiries, and heard of his patroness as being very much in the world, and in various places; and by every channel that he thought would convey to her the expressions of his grateful feelings, he endeavoured to acquit himself of any suspicion of negligence. He had tried writing; but had never received a line from her, or any acknowledgment of his efforts: her business was all transacted through her banker; and she seemed resolved that nothing should be known of her where she ought to have been best known. The servants gave him the free range of the house, and he wandered about it: he took care of the library, and hoped he might merit an approbation of his care—but all was sad silence.

When ruminating on the proposed visit to Mr. Vanderryck, he could not hesitate on the propriety of attempting to obtain an interview with Lady Lynford. All hope of a reply to his letter to the Dutchman having vanished, he set out, and the day after his arrival in London, he presented himself for acceptance in the 'compting-house of Mr. Vanderryck. It was a little more than two o'clock in the afternoon, when he made the application: the master of the house was consequently at dinner; and the vicar would have retreated; but such *étiquette* was not demanded in a house of business, and he was desired to wait while his name was carried in to Mr. Vanderryck, who, on hearing it, came out of *the parlour of all uses,*

‘ I don’d know,’ he began, ‘ in wad lighd we men of de business may abbear do you boog-men --because you know notting of de business ; and as vor de English, my Gott! dey do know notting of de money ; bud business is business—an I a live in de business al my life—so I do know something about id. An here you zee me, Mr. Vat-your-name, living in de-gra-touze, bud iv you saw my bid of mead as you comd in, you will zay I have de very littel dinner.—I do love de gra-touze ; bud I gare littel vor de littel dinner.—An I will dell you voy.—You zee, my goot zir, wen dat my guntrymen or de men of business gum to me, dey says, “ Oho! Vanderryck be ridge—he ave de gra-touze—we may drust him :” and iv dey do

daughter) — I gou'd nod nurze id — I gou'd nod veed id — so I pud id do de nurze, an den do de sgchool, an den, ad laad, I wass oblige do ave id home — an den I gou'd a' lofed id, bedder dan any ding — vor id wass very briddy, an id's mudder was an engel — bud id did nod lose me. — Bud ow would id? Vad wass dere in me to lose? I wass al de day ad my boogs; an she wass al de day, and somedimes de nighd doo, ad her vine doings.

' Well! Mr. Vat-your-name, I did nod szpare de mouey, vor I wass doid, I muss szpend id to ged her a ridge husband: zo I toughd do ged her a ridge husband, an I szboke to zum upon de 'Change aboud her, vor I *did* dink de zooner de bedder — bud she chuse vor herself; an

in his voice—' bud, Mr. Vat-your-name, you goôd a' done no goot.—Id is all over—id as made my heart of adzeel—I gan veel no more.—Wen de vader's lofe is bushed back zo, he as no more de lofe do give—an de vat-you-call-id ?—de lie !—vor she zay she go vor de gough—de lie ! Mr. Vat-your-name.—Wad is de lie on de 'Change ? Is de lie on de 'Change worze den de lie do de fader ?—De men on de 'Change av nod veed an glothe and pud you do agzool an keep de goach and de vine zervants vor you—de men on de 'Change av nod kies you and doid you ow briddy you look, an give you de beards an vine dings—bud id is poor vader !—an no madder ow poor vader is imboosed upon.'

Something so like parental tenderness had been

middle of it, and rejoined, 'I am nod abose being oblige do any body, Mr. Vat-your-name—I ave been oblige al my live long—bud iv you like me do zay wad I can allow vor de keep, I will dink about id.—Iv I gould be zure,' added he, as if now first hearing that she was pretty and might be good—'Iv I goud be zure she wou'd nod, ad lasd, marry de idle idle man——'

'O no no, Sir,' replied the vicar: 'I really think your son-in-law's idleness was almost disease:—it is not a very common fault—we are, some of us, much too busy,' said he, smiling; 'and I so abhor idleness myself, that any influence I could obtain over the young lady, should be exerted to give her the same antipathy——'

'Mr. Vat-your-name,' said the Dutchman,

respectable nurse, who takes her at five shillings a week——'

'Five shillings?'—interrupted Vanderryck—
'and so littel!'—

'I am glad you think it little,' said the vicar.

'No, no—nod de money littel, bud de kind-
chen—de shild.'

'I beg your pardon—I misunderstood you.—
As to Mrs. Broderaye and myself, my good Sir,
you will understand that we seek no remuneration:
—whatever you allow shall be fairly expended
upon the child, and an accurate account rendered
to you——'

'Wad? my dear friend,' said the Dutchman—
'Will you an your woif do all this gare and
drouble vor notting?'

gannod afford dad—and den wen de six monds is oud, I will bay you de den poun.'

The terms thus offered and accepted did not justify Mr. Broderaye in any indulgence in London:—but no considerations could overcome his earnest wish to *endeavour*, at least, to see his patroness. Independent of his own inclination, and the pleasure he had always felt in testifying his gratitude and respectful friendship, he was apprehensive that she might hear he had been in London, and, however little her conduct could claim attention, might be offended that it was not offered. He therefore made up his mind to the bold adventure, and, on the morning of his intended departure, at an hour when he hoped he should find her alone, knocked at her door in Grosvenor-square.

CHAPTER II.

WHATEVER had passed or was passing in the mind of Lady Lynford, nothing could be more easy, more polite, more cordial, more exhilarating or exhilarated, than her manner, countenance, and gesture, on seeing Mr. Broderaye.—He was almost inclined to ask himself what could so long have separated persons so delighted with meeting.—He said what he felt of his obligation to her for allowing him the great pleasure of this interview; and her ladyship, to stop either his gratitude or his resentment, lavished inquiries after his welfare,

Mr. Broderaye to the sofa, and with the affection of a sister, gave him her hand—it was a glove of burning bones, with which her rapid utterance and high state of spirits too well agreed. To her repeated question on the cause of the vicar's journey, he replied, 'Business;' but if she did then doubt whether she should ask 'What business?' the conclusive tone of his one word, had discouraged her.—She next inquired how St. Emeril's looked, and on his launching out a little into the praise of its beauty, she paused a moment and said, 'I have half a mind to see it this autumn.'

'O! do not wait for autumn,'—he answered—'come to it while it is in its summer-pride.'

She replied that 'she could not—she had a

excited curiosity. Nothing was wanting that a mansion of such capacity could admit; and every step furnished a new theme for inquiry and communication—as usual in such exhibitions the success of cost was a little deplored; but the next sentence set the matter even by stating the comparative value.—And all this was not like Lady Lynford.

The hour was soon gone. The savings was announced—the consequent offer ‘to set down’ was made and declined, and the vicar was about to ask commands for Devonshire, and again to urge the return to it.—But the interdiction was repeated, and there was a sort of escaping earnestness in a wish to see him, that made him think he might be wrong to persist in refusing—his parochial duty was provided for, and he yielded. The first use made of his concession, was to bespeak his attendance in her box at the Opera that evening, when she patronised a benefit; and for the next morning, as it was called, he received a pressing invitation to a private-concert, which she was to give, and for which the front-rooms were preparing. Both engagements were accepted, and afforded all that they had promised; but neither would have been satisfactory in the retrospect, had not her ladyship, at the conclusion of her concert, said, ‘I am so exhausted that I cannot ask even

you to dine with me—I *must* be quiet this evening, or I shall be dead—but do come to me to-morrow morning at eleven—I will let nobody in—I want to talk to you—I *must* talk to you—you must not refuse me.—And you *must* preach at our chapel on Sunday.'

To the first request the vicar acceded—the latter he firmly declined.—He was punctual to his hour next morning;—and now the baroness was a different creature, but hardly in any point, more like herself.

She came from a couch in an adjoining room into the breakfast-room—and fatigue and the remission of fever, had reduced her to an appearance not very little like a rising from the grave. In

nobody should be let in, she was for some moments silent, and then burst into an agony of tears.

Mr. Broderaye hardly knew what she could wish him to do : he stood up, ready to ring for her servants, or to withdraw, or to console her—she bade him sit down—‘ she should be able to speak in a minute.’

A conversation of two hours now disclosed to him the wretched state of her mind ; but it was only from her own spontaneous revelation that he was informed ; for she had almost commenced with the positive prohibition of any question. He now knew from herself, that she had, in early life, married imprudently, been ill treated, and early

his devotion to her comfort and interest, he took his leave : she had engagements for the rest of the day—he sent her a note of acknowledgment from his hotel, and quitting London that evening, he halted the next day, which was Sunday, with a clerical friend on his way, and reached home, with as little delay as possible, very well satisfied with the fruit of his journey.

But, on his road, many things had come together in his mind, which had been kept asunder by surprise and excitement; and he saw that there was much, the success of which was very problematical, to be done, before he could derive any comfort from that which, in the distance, had almost overwhelmed him with delight. Nothing could

—Her sensibility was not of the vulgar sort, or brought out by common application. She had, indeed, in early life sacrificed to youthful passion; but it was passion artificially produced by prepossession. In the instance of Mr. Broderaye, to gain protection—to live without fear—and to enjoy the society of a superior mind—were the most selfish of her motives. She was in no danger of falling in love, or doing any thing imprudent, under ordinary influence; and she had so entirely the power of keeping all who approached her, in their proper place, that she never had suffered from presumption. She could not indeed be insensible to the situation in which the secrecy of her marriage had, for a time, placed her; but she knew the sleep

vantage of delay :—she would not suffer her present exaggerated sensations to grow more moderate or more just, but chose to put the most unfair construction on Mr. Broderaye's visit, and his subsequent letter ; and committing the expression of this opinion to paper, without reading over again what he had written or she had replied, she threw the gauntlet of defiance between them, and prepared to meet the effect which a proceeding so violent, under such circumstances, must have on her constitution.

The vicar had not been without his anxiety on the subject : he knew too well the spirit on which he had to act, to flatter himself that all would in-

He was compelled to sit down in all his distress of mind, and to content himself with procuring tidings of her, by means of those to whom the care of her property was committed. From them, he heard with sincere joy, that she was again in health : —but what could equal his surprise and regret, when he was told that she was meditating, at a risque at that time most dangerous, to quit England, and to reside in a foreign country !—But even this was not all ;—for her ladyship's orders had been issued, and were now in the most mortifying way communicated to him, that no questions from him respecting her, were in future to be answered.—This was degradation too public to be concealed ; and against which he had no

CHAPTER III.

Six months were elapsed, and the vicar had no tidings of Mr. Vanderryck or of the stipend for the maintenance of the little Carlis; nor could the good offices of a friend in London, who had undertaken to make inquiry, procure for him any further satisfaction than that of knowing that the old man was still in Holland, and the time of his return very uncertain.

On the approach of winter, he heard deci-

sion ; and the refinement of her liberality was as conspicuous as the virtue itself. Short as was the time of her residence at her own house after the vicar's establishment there, and bitter as were the feelings which drove her from it, that his interests remained inviolate, that she left orders for the fulfilment of all her intentions, and, even in her correspondence with her agent, sometimes mentioned ' the attention due at the vicarage,'—for she would not name Mr. Broderaye—was to be attributed to her high sense of what became her nobility, and her nice distinction, *in this instance*, of what her pride prompted from that which her feelings dictated.

the daily task of repairing the mischief she did or attempted.

Such grievous disappointments in those views which had once so flattered him, might have made him unhappy and useless, had he trusted to any thing short of that which he made his guide. He had seen the face of adversity very early in his youth—he had resolved, when first he could make a resolution, to struggle against it for his father and himself—he had been flattered by the friendship of those who had chosen him for a distinguished purpose, as an inmate in their family, and a sharer in a great indulgence:—there he had been mis-led into a delusive hope, which, added to the early death of his young friend, had made him re-

visitor called his parish 'an Oasis of Christian virtue.'

With so much in view, and perfectly ready to increase his diligence by every exertion that could control evil and assist in all the species of good, the vicar had had no fear of retirement; and an occasional 'parson's-week's' visit to the metropolis to see how life proceeded there, was all the intercourse he wished for.—But now, what had he in substitution for these unrealized hopes?—His father had been removed, far out of the reach of his care:—his patroness was withdrawn, unjustly offended and irreconcilably alienated, and there was reason to fear a great diminution of his influence in his parish, under her avowedly with-

his own choice, on condition it was never brought within fifty miles of St. Emeril, and that he suffered himself to remain in perfect disconnexion with it and ignorance respecting it;—and to facilitate this purpose, she would furnish him with a thousand pounds.

Is it that there can be no question, or that human nature cannot be trusted to consider—that we are endued with such a promptitude of decision on points that touch peculiar feelings? Certainly there could be but one greater worldly temptation offered to Maximilian Broderaye than that now placed before him: the condition required was easy—the sacrifice demanded, especially in the way that Lady Lynford had proposed,

from her, could procure her satisfaction—the vicar had no companion to talk to, with whom his conversation could betray itself;—and, as he had either corrected himself of the very dangerous habit of soliloquizing—or else never had it—no application to door-edges or key-holes would answer any purpose.—But these impediments did not abate her curiosity—that he had a letter by the post, she knew; and that the disturbance which she saw, or fancied, came on after the receipt of it, her powers of observation were commensurate to informing her.—There was a chance, but a very slender one—for such a wife did not set a man's prudence to sleep—that she might, by industrious search, find the letter and indulge her

and the situation in which she had found it, and carefully locked the door of the study when she left it.

Mr. Broderaye came home ; and the day being fine, in the unswerving goodness of his nature he excited his wife to walk out, and offered himself to accompany her. The personal offer she ungraciously declined ; but the advice she willingly followed, for the sake of a private conference with a village-gossip, to whom she was in the habit of communicating all that passed in her own house, and from whom she often derived the means of annoying her husband to a greater degree than her own abilities would have furnished. The secret of the letter was a grand piece of plunder to share

was, and considering the elaborate distortion of the letter.

His request to know the business which had procured him this visit, was answered by an impersonal recital of oblique reports, tending to inform him that it was known that he was going to give up the charge of his female ward,—and to prepossess him in favour of the person whose interests were to be served by the acceptance of her in his place ; the extreme circumspection used in ‘ dealing in generals,’ to prevent any suspicion from attaching to an individual, was enough to induce the very suspicion itself ; but as there are none so blind as the cunning—none who can so little see when they are seen through,—she continued laying

for confidence there could never have been—but the little intercourse of mind that had existed, was gone:—but he still treated her—and under any circumstances would have treated her—with forbearing pity, grieving when necessity compelled him to be harsh, and reconciling himself to what was inevitable, by the consoling conviction that it was irremediable!

But in the business on which Lady Lynford had written to him, he suffered not a word to be interposed. His mind, as has been said, was instantly made up, when he had possessed himself of the condition on which he was to purchase the counterpoise to his domestic uneasiness—but it was made up to a firm refusal.—He had given

consider and abate the terms on which you tempt me.'

' All this and more he urg'd in vain,
The self-will'd traveller to restrain.'

Her ladyship sailed for Malta, without replying, and left her extraordinary proceedings to the discussion of the St. Emilianians.

innocent pursuits of *la belle petite*,—but her husband could see none while he felt so irksomely burdened. What had been tolerable and tolerated at an age little removed from childhood, was not so commendable in a woman claiming, and, to do her justice, not inclined to abate of, the respect due to the mistress of a family; but at no time was it more than excusable, in the eyes of the vicar, whose experience of female propriety had led his expectations into a very different track.

Nor was he much better satisfied with the choice his Angelica made of her *severer* employments. While she thought herself justified, or at least licensed, in spending, to alter and to spoil that which had been her precipitate choice or her

on which the lever of his mind might rest to raise itself; and though his thorough good-nature and his spirit of kindness, kept him without discontent, whenever he could find employment for his boyish activity in the service of others, and he improved daily under his own efforts, it was not fair that the chance should be forgotten that, whenever claimed by parents or friends, more might be expected from him than proofs or results of good instincts.

A mode of education that shall suit in its event, either a palace or a cottage, is very pretty in theory; and the virtues which national and individual casualties have called out, might lead, in some few instances, to a supposition that it had been planned and perfected; but the talents of

what he proposed; and under this accidental tuition of her less strong mind, he improved her infantile adhesion into a willing suspension of her own gratifications, for his benefit or to obtain his praise.

As the foundation of all that could be done on this plan for Frank, as close an adoption as possible of the process of a public school was necessary; but this, at the arm's-length distance of the cottage from the vicarage-house, was attended with difficulties that diminished the sum-total of advantage; and nothing less than a residence under the roof of his tutor, appeared adequate to the purpose in view. The *fiat*, in justice, rested with the vicar; for to his hand Martha was beholden, not only for the enrolment of her care of Carilia

be reckoned on—in that capacity she was yet to make her first experiment of service ; and either the difficulties of executing the office appalled her, or the part which she felt prone to act, was too attractive to be foregone. She consequently only entered into a secret understanding with Martha Pearce ; and in her visits to her, which want of other occupation made frequent, and more sweet by being clandestine, was doing infinite mischief by diminishing the woman's sense of obligation, and by endeavours to shake the *allegiance* of the children to the vicar. But in this she defeated her own plan by her zeal in the cause, and her erroneous calculation on her own influence ; and in her proceedings, rendered her views so conspicuous to Frank, that she awakened in him feelings perfectly opposite to those which she

on the revolutionary territory, and of encouraging a party by the name of her friend in the garison of the besieged place, she let out whatever Mrs. Broderaye had said that showed her to be her partisan. The vicar having come forward on the first summons of invasion, and having only to listen, heard truths that should not have been told to him, and, low as was his estimation of his wife's prudence and integrity, felt it necessary, on the evidence before him, to set it still lower, if he meant to be just. When Martha had exhausted herself, and was forced to allow space for the retort of her own violence, she seemed paralysed by the collected gentleness with which Mr. Broderaye owned her cause for alarm just: he disclaimed all knowledge of Frank's flight and place of concealment, and recommended the least turbulent proceeding. — Reprehension sufficient to make her more manageable was bestowed on her; and she was offered assistance, on condition that she would not obstruct it, by rendering herself incapable of using it.

That Frank had not, on his desertion of the cottage, resorted to his friend, was a trait of conduct that convinced Mr. Broderaye he had not acted without consideration if he had acted for himself; but in the way in which he had been first introduced to Martha Pearce, there was some

ground for apprehending, that he might be lost to those who had had the care of him by some sudden claim from his natural friends: Frank knew his own story; and any person sent from a foreign country to seek him, and describing him, such as he might be supposed, by questioning every boy whose appearance afforded any hope, might have discovered him, and conveyed him away. But against any such sudden departure, the vicar set the improbability of his not having been allowed to give notice at the cottage. The previous failure of his spirits, his having been seen in tears, and some recollections of tenderness of words and manner towards Martha Pearce, impressed much more strongly on the vicar, the suspicion that, unable to endure the restraints under which he was wasting his time, he had resolved on leaving him.

adviser whom he was seeking, coming towards him with a countenance more cheerful than that of any one he had lately seen, yet giving him the suspicion that he was not ignorant of what had occurred. Having heard a little of what Mr. Broderaye had to tell, he turned him back to the cottage, and there relieved the minds of him and Martha Pearce by confessing that Frank was with him, and that having heard from him the dilemma in which he was placed, he had not only harboured him, but had promised to allow of the search for a certain time, in hope of bringing Martha Pearce to consent to his removal from the cottage to the vicarage-house. Frank had stated the loss of time under which he was existing—the great kindness Mr. Broderaye had proposed in taking him into his house, and his own extreme unwillingness to

CHAPTER V.

EVERY report concerning Lady Lynford which reached those on her domain, intimated an intention on her part of remaining out of England; and though the country she abandoned had been the refuge of the fugitives from all parts of Europe, and nothing could be more precarious than the safety of those who quitted it, Mr. Broderaye, on his intimate knowledge of her, was forced to subscribe to the opinion that she would risque any thing in the indulgence of her headlong caprice. He did not say, nor could it be hinted to him, that his renunciation of the preferment which she

such a transfer—had never admitted, even during the minority of its mistress, a temporary possessor—never had described itself in an advertisement, or answered to demanded requisites, was to be let!—and that for seven years!—It was not, indeed, in search of an occupier—the step was not only decided on, but the tenant had offered in the person of General and Lady Mary Vaseney; and the negotiation of persons who were interested by family-connexion in finding such a retreat for the general and his family, had induced Lady Lynford to give a sleeping-draught to her disagreeable remembrances of St. Emeril's, by disclaiming, for a time, all concern in it.

Report, in publishing this almost incredible proceeding, gave General and Lady Mary Vase-

the places of London-resort by this admission of strangers, the sound of 'twenty children' did much towards raising the spirits of any who had aught to sell, and by the time that the arrival of the family-babblers had brought the matter down to the truth, the novelty of the transfer had ceased to shock them, and they had begun to think that a small family in 'the great house,' was preferable to the vacuity in which it was left. It was therefore with some sincerity of welcome, that they agreed to ring in those whom, when at a distance, they had deemed it derogatory to their ancient dignity to receive—and with great confidence, that a fresh cargo of attractions was laid in at 'the shop.' Mrs. Broderaye, now in full employ as repeating-frigate, on her own responsibility spirited up every trade and mystery to make exertions; and the High-street improved much in appearance, under her promises of recommendation and undertakings for profit.

Lady Mary with the two youngest children, their governess and servants, came first, and professed herself charmed and astonished. She had seen nothing so lovely as the place they had taken, and 'never in her life did she hear of any thing so cheap.' Impatient to acquaint herself with all the recommendations of her new abode, she, at a very early hour of the day after her arrival, called on

Mrs. Broderaye with her two little girls, their governess and maid, and three dogs, perfectly satisfied, by her habits of thought, her freedom from all consciousness of pride, and her great good-nature, that a visit attended with condescension could never be an intrusion.—Her delight was increased by that of her children, who, equally under the influence of *their* habits of thought, were tearing with the dogs not *round* the vicar's garden but *over* it; and without the allegorical meaning of the Duke D'Alva, but with *décapitation* as effectual, were leaving stems without heads, while the dogs left roots without covering. Mrs. Broderaye, who, her husband being absent, acted as *cicerone* on the glebe, not being used to visitors so fashionable, and not aware that this was fashion, without

sciousness of being ill-regarded by her, for the benignity of Lady Mary and the certainty of her partiality :—a forlorn house was become comparatively cheerful, and more was promised and to be expected when the family should be assembled. Besides this, her ladyship was not at all behind-hand with those of similar privileges in the *ad libitum* of asking questions, and seemed perfectly convinced that every married woman 'must have her grievances.' When, therefore, Mrs. Broderaye, whose powers of information could not hold out long, made herself the heroine of the tale she told, and with far more insinuation than matter of fact, gave it to be understood that she had not escaped the general matrimonial lot, she found a ready

She could perceive his indulgence though she could not appreciate his mercy ; and her first use of it, was to abuse it. Lady Mary still retained her simple partiality for her ; but the young ladies saw farther into her character, and soon resolved on their mode of treating her. It was not their policy to abate of their professed fondness : they meant rather to try how much more she could digest ; but foreseeing the necessity they should feel, of amusement in the country, they projected that of making ' Angelica the buried pearl ' furnish it. The vicar had not propitiated them : the eldest had examined his countenance : her glass had never been from her eye during his first sermon ; and this scrutiny had enabled her to decide and to inform

to speak, they could get no higher in independent feeling; their mortified and injured Miss Vaseney was forced to confess to her sister-in-law, it was done almost with tears in her piggish eyes. That upon that life, Crabtree's total inability to be moved upon.

Nothing but his wife wanted to be accessible to their spirit of mischief, and on subject or another demand, which she had presumed upon to make, "to see all the fine things that they had dignified with the name of his collection" being waived, it was no longer necessary to preserve the bloom of friendship perfect. Open aggression might have followed, had it shown any encouragement in the contemplation; but its failure was seen in the outset, and Miss Vaseney ordered her sister to continue the attack covertly in the original quarter.

Whatever Angelica described was always exaggerated and distorted, and consequently the prudent economy which her husband's situation required, was represented by her to Lady Mary and her daughters, as the consequence of extreme parsimony. Lady Mary having taken no dislike to the vicar herself, and having more good-nature than the girls possessed, heard these reports with 'grains of allowance,' and was inclined, on the acquaintance she had already gained with Mr. Broderaye, to suppose him restricted in his income,

rather than deficient in liberality. Under this impression, she was disposed to assist him, as far as the forbearing plan on which the general and herself were anew setting out in life, could permit.

But Lady Mary Vaseney was not 'Heraline, Baroness Lynford:' she might avoid her errors, and claim greater praise for the *médiocre* virtue of her general character; but she had no fine taste, nor any of that exquisite tact, which dictated the putting a silver-edge on every favour she conferred. Meaning to do right, acting, as she thought, up to the dictate of conscience, but fixing her attention rather on the outset than the aim of her kind feeling, Lady Mary was satisfied with knowing that good was good, and with not knowing that its

try was jocularly called at 'the upper house,' and she would, when the cloth was removing, order one of the footmen to tell her woman, to tell the cook to tell one of the kitchen-maids 'to take what was left, down to poor Mr. Broderaye's.'—This could not long be tolerated:—he tried by a good-humoured acknowledgment, and by saying that he prohibited at his table whatever could depreciate mutton and beef, to ward off the donation; but this not being understood, he was obliged to give way to the indignation of his father's old female domestic whom he still retained, and to allow her to concoct for an offering to Lady Mary's table, a dish on which she valued herself. The old count could not renounce these indulgences; and the attention he demanded had made his servant adroit. Lady Mary was astonished to find her table surpassed by that of the vicarage: she sent no more of these *sportulae*, but begged the receipt—declared it too expensive for her—and was content. With the fair Angelica, the young ladies proceeded in a very different way. They could not forego the amusements which Hottentots hire afforded; and as their mother did not choose to form her plans of society till the general should arrive, she could not be prevailed on to accompany them. At fairs, and balls, and races, she felt the propriety or rather importance of ap-

pearing as became her situation in the world; and the consciousness of her own supple nature, and her knowledge of the general's scrupulosity with regard to connexions, which was far too scientific for her comprehension, added to the feeling of decadence, took away all desire to exhibit herself with her daughters.

But this loss was easily supplied by the handy friendship of Mrs. Broderage; and that the young ladies themselves had no horses, and that she had no fine clothes, were objections overcome by one and the same exertion.—The Misses Vasey sent to the inn for horses, with directions to 'set them down to the general;' and they carried their *chaperon* to Exeter, where they accoutred her to their

The bomb-shell intended for mischief exploded rather sooner than the young ladies wished. So much suspicion had attached to their deportment in their trading in Exeter, that Mrs. Broderaye had not had half the gratifications designed for her, when an application was made to her husband for his sanction. That he was astonished was the least of his feelings: the debts already incurred took every shilling he could spare at the time: he paid them,—forbade farther trust,—and restrained his wife in her intercourse. In vain her friends opposed, finessed, prompted, and encouraged: experience told his wife that he was immovable in firmness, and not to be over-reached

if she had had shame to contend with in the avowal.

The effect might be foreseen. In their walk back, the two young ladies were not sparing of their endeavours to convince their friend that her claims to pity as an ill-used wife, were greater than they had supposed.—Her tyrant was aloud execrated as a compound of all vices:—his brutal treatment of ‘the buried pearl’ was explained to the pearl herself; and the symptoms of disbelief, which, on her own knowledge of facts respecting Carilus, she could not withhold, were treated with reproof and obloquy. Nothing that she could allege, served any purpose—she had no distinctness of recital—no firmness of conviction:—the ladies, well versed in histories of the kind, could

with a self-possession that permitted him the full use of no common powers, he so acted on the comprehension of the young ladies, and so corroborated his threats by reference to books, that they were brought to think it a great relaxation of what he might have done, to be allowed to ask his pardon on their knees in the presence of each other and his wife. Their former exploits in the same way, made them expect to be called on for their signatures to some form of retraction; but Mr. Broderaye had no wish to record crimes; and, on promise of future forbearance, and with a strict prohibition of all intercourse with Mrs. Broderaye or any one of his family, they saw themselves dismissed, and felt themselves shut out of 'the lower house.'

CHAPTER VI.

NO notice had been taken of this unpleasant occurrence by Lady Mary Vaseney when the general arrived in August. She and the vicar met occasionally, and always in perfect peace. Mrs. Broderaye did not now go to 'the upper house;' but she was called on by her ladyship, whose deportment left it to be conjectured that she was not ignorant, but was determined to be silent. Whether some explosion might not be deferred till the master of the house came to conduct it, was, till his arrival, a question; but there could be none after he had been seen: his lady seemed to have prepared him to meet their neighbour with cordiality; and the general, who was 'a man of the first world,' could intuitively discover that the vicar of St. Emeril was a gentleman meriting all the eulogium Lady Mary had bestowed on him,—and his wife far more a 'Becky' than she had represented her.

The connexion set out well. The general availed himself of Mr. Broderaye's information, and, without asking any question, took great notice of Frank. The increasing infirmities of Martha Pearce, in the course of the next six months,

made it requisite to devise some other plan for the disposal of Carilia; and as there could be little hesitation where choice was so limited, her reception at the vicarage-house was decided on; and she too was accepted in the same silent facility, by the general and Lady Mary, with the additional favour from the latter, of an offer to allow her to partake of the discipline of the school-room, and the advantage of tuition under the governess, and a proposal, in which there was perhaps a reciprocity of benefit, that, to induce a dancing-master to come over from Exeter one day in a week, to the younger Misses Vasency, Frank and Carilia should be his scholars.

The terms, on this plan, were not enormous; but still, in an income where every irregula-

self in idleness or apathy, under the sanction of this assistance: it was, as much as ever, his intention to do his utmost for the advantage of the child; and he could not be ignorant that much was in his power beyond the good now offered; but the time was hardly arrived when she could profit by what he had to bestow; and with delight little short of a parent's, he saw her daily improving in that which would lead her up to the level on which he could meet her infant-mind.

He might yet have sustained some inconvenience or endangered his good fortune, had he not soon perceived that there was a measure to be observed, even in his gratitude. Miss Sims, the governess, was one of those many many pitiable beings whom an imprudent father first indulges to

Miss Sims into her house, but that the hoof of a horse had disturbed the arrangement of her features ; and it required all her recollection that she had no pride, to endure hearing Miss Sims eulogized.

Early in his acquaintance with this young person, Mr. Broderaye had decided, that she was far too good for her present destiny, but with that very excusable warping which a laudable concern induces—when Carilis was to be put under her care, he was anxious to assure himself that she had principles and abilities adequate to the trust. He felt that she might be lost on the Misses Vaseney, but that Miss Monterne might, as much, be lost on her. There was, however, no cause for apprehension ; and his satisfaction in the benevolent arrangement, more than repaid him for previous endurances from the upper house, and drew him towards it, in spite of recollections and the cloudy countenances of the two eldest young ladies.

General Vaseney was a man who had lived under that suspension of opinion and that forbearance of censure, which is necessary to keeping up ‘connexions’ and ‘style’ in London : he was so much like other people in the polite part of it, that to have quarrelled with him for any deviations from right, would, in common consistency, have demanded the putting to flight half the fillers of

rooms and stop-gaps of dinner-tables. — Every thing that he let out or that was betrayed, showed him to be one of the thousands or ten thousands of men of fashion, who need a Nestorian age of forbearance and repentance, to counterbalance the mischief, and atone for the folly of a short youth. By his own account, he had begun life very early, and had soon entangled himself by imprudence : he had gone on in a ruinous career, of which he felt no shame ; and this necessary retreat from the town, was the first effort he had ever been prevailed on to make, to avert the probability of seeing his wife and younger children in positive want : his hitherto-resisting health had received some warnings ; and Lady Mary had prevailed with his

waited very patiently till she saw the little unbalanced barks that were sailing with every thing in their favour, aground, and then, without any show of resentment, she drew up and helped them off, aiding them by her exertions to annoy her again.— That all this ought to have been prevented by early care, no one could deny; and, whether her ladyship did not encourage moral evil, or was as wise as she was good-natured, might be a question; but that she was very ill treated on all sides, admitted of none. Happily for her, she considered her fate as the fate of all, and was encouraged to make the best of it, by seeing that nobody seemed to take a common fate to heart. The facility of her nature was a substitute for every blessing: she had buried

when her judgment was obscured by prejudice.—
Mr. Broderaye soon saw the equitable arrangement of the general's proceedings: he had sold his fagots too dear; but he made it up by the offer of an exorbitant price for the vicar's horse, because he happened to have a match for it, in one exactly the reverse in appearance: and having completed the bargain, he set off for Exeter to order the building of the fashionable open carriage of the time, which held but one person with any convenience.

With all the abatement of his comforts, still the vicar of St. Emeril found great alleviations of his anxiety, in the satisfactory progress of his wards.

but a dinner to Carilis would have been an infringement of her economical resolutions.

Even when at home, Carilis was not unhappy. She was never unwelcome to the vicar; and when he could not make leisure to be kind, Frank was his substitute: her abilities were like her person, delicate but healthy, perfectly feminine, yet capable of any thing that a female is called on to acquire; and in all she did or attempted, she was so aided by the docility of her temper, so stimulated by the fear of being less grateful than Frank to Mr. Broderaye, and so led on by her affection to both, that the greatest pain they had to apprehend was the sight of her mortification when she fell short of her own intentions. The only unconquerable evil that at present ap-

ment. They did not tell her indeed that they had been reduced to any humiliation; but, she soon knew that 'Crabtree and his Becky were heinously offended at their having just asked the simple question—when really they were put to it by the hints Becky herself gave—whether the little girl whom she insisted on their going to see, was any relation to the vicar.' Both husband and wife, they asserted, had 'behaved in such a way, that they had resolved never to enter the vicarage-doors again, and never to be any thing more than distantly civil.'—Lady Mary replied, that this was all very foolish, and advised their forgetting and forgiving. It was some merit or some prudence in them, that they did not greet with one of their pearls of fabricated

‘Why, this little tiff between Mary-Ann and Louisa and you.’

The vicar rose as if to depart in silence, and when pressed by Lady Mary, would have excused himself, by saying that he could, with much more satisfaction, submit to be ill-treated, than attempt to justify himself at the hazard of any friend's domestic peace. This, of course, he was desired to explain; and on his still avoiding it, Lady Mary made herself responsible for what might ensue, by calling in question the right he could have to consider himself ill-treated.

It was with the sincerest repugnance that the vicar felt himself goaded, piqued, and almost taunted by Lady Mary's gentleness, to state the

men, especially in going into the church as a profession, because she thought it of particular importance to *them*, and 'she had always said to her poor Edward, who was taken off just when he was ordained—a nice young man!—she wished Mr. Broderaye had known him, or he had known Mr. Broderaye—for it might have done him good, and he *might* have listened to *him*; but what could a mother do? he, poor fellow! was full of spirits, and had been at college, and there, Mr. Broderaye knew what young men were:—he died by overheating himself at cricket—she had always said, "Whatever you do, Edward, keep up appearances."

Her ladyship now, as if irresistibly led to

stirring them : and therefore she was sure he would excuse her if she took no notice just for a little while.'

The vicar bowed acquiescence, and was retreating. Lady Mary held out her hand to him, and called the two younger girls, to shake hands with 'dear good Mr. Broderaye,' of whom, she remarked, 'they were all so fond!'

A feeling very justifiably indignant took possession of Mr. Broderaye's mind; but he postponed any conclusion he might be inclined to draw, till he should come in contact with the general. He could hardly think that a man so situated, would be so blind to his own domestic interest, as to take up the quarrel of two pert girls,

for the payment of the butcher's bill—no calling of collectors for fashionable subscriptions, to make her cluck over her emptied note-case. Every thing was 'nothing, compared with what it was in town.'—She ingeniously remarked on this, till the cause for remark grew less obvious:—but 'if,' as she said, 'there might be a little excess in one article, it was sure to be set even by the possibility of curtailment in another.' The details of family-expenditure were never kept so very accurately as to contradict her:—there might be a tone of wonder sometimes in the general's query, 'What the devil had gone with all that money?'—and Lady Mary might declare herself puzzled:—he might suspect the bailiff, and she her woman who was nominally

choice wines,' that right eye and right hand so hard to be parted with!—invited one new friend 'to take his mutton with him,' and then, of course, another to meet him, and a third to join them, and the fame of his choice wines and his fine-fellow-ism had got abroad, the train of things might easily be prophesied:—the gentlemen talked of their wives and daughters; the general, in high glee, declared 'to God, that something must be done for the ladies—they must have a fiddle and a cold chicken:'—then came 'a bit of a breakfast' on some projected frolic—and the neighbourhood struck the flag of good taste, while the subordinate classes felt, in the circulation of money thus accelerated, at first great cause to regret that 'their

than regard suspended by temporary delusion. The history of states and cities had taught him what to look for in smaller societies—in towns and villages,—where may be found, oftener than the unlearned are aware, the representatives of ancient oppressors and oppressed. The patriotism which had given powers of endurance to the honest of these characters, found its resemblance in the little interests of Carilis, for whose sake, and lest she should be dismissed from the school-room of the younger Misses Vaseney, the vicar stifled even that portion of resentment which he would otherwise, perhaps, have not thought it incumbent on him to repress: but while Carilis's reception was connived at—for Lady Mary's calculated disregard of her, had reduced it to connivance—and while from the better-regulated and far more independent mind of Miss Sims, he received all the consolation her assurances of pleasure in the society of the child could give—while she begged to have *his* charge as the relaxation of the trouble she had with *her own*,—he could consent to accept an obligation so very important to the discharge of his imposed duty.

Encouraged by this seeming principle of silent endurance, General Vaseney, as if to keep up his credit, ventured farther in his hostility towards Mr. Broderaye; and not content with deciding in

his own mind, that the vicar was not right, he grew desirous of convincing others that he was wrong; and as it would have been very much against his own cause and that of his daughters, to enter on the question, he did that which was far more effectual, by inveighing in general terms against him, as the enemy of the prosperity of the place. Whenever, therefore, he was present at the bargains made by his family with contraband traders, in which Lady Mary, on principles of economy, while she blamed the practice and herself for giving into it, was as keen as her daughters—he would rally the smugglers on ‘their parson’s persecution of them:’ he would encourage them to detail their nefarious proceed-

patiently into the number of his demanded submissions, still hopeful without any ground to hope, still confident in his own principles, and recollecting that there is a glory which no defeat can take away.

But, alas! it is in vain to resolve to stand firm, when we have been driven half-way down a steep declivity. 'To make the place too hot to hold the vicar,' was General Vaseney's intention, though he knew not whether he could accomplish it, or it were to be accomplished in itself; and affronts came so thick, that the sufferer feared he must consider them as warnings to relinquish the only benefit the upper house conferred on

she believed she was growing a little deaf—indeed, she was quite an old woman; and it was time she should think herself so—or, perhaps, it was her natural stupidity that made her like what she could understand.—Mr. Braderay begged her ladyship to consult her own inclination—and wished her good morning.

It settled perhaps this point of mind to make him confess to himself his inability to bear more; he turned his steps towards the upper house, where his little treasure was then deposited and, he knew, improving and happy under the tuition and kindness of Miss Sims—he hesitated; but he asked himself what would probably be the next move of Lady Mary's gentle tyranny—it might be a dismissal of the child from the house, abrupt and disgraceful:—a word from the general or a word to him from his daughter, might effect this; and that it had not been effected long before, was wonderful to him:—a little more penetration into the dark dungeon of a selfish spirit, might have told him that seeming kindness may be a mode of torture.—The Vaseneys had yet to boast of what was done for this child who had been the cause of the disagreement, and to add the stigma of ingratitude to the obloquy with which they were loading their pastor:—it formed the ligament by which they kept the object of

their resentment within their reach; and, therefore, it was Miss Vasey's order to her sister, her management with her father and her permission to her mother, to let 'the vicar's brat' alone.

Mr. Broderaye quickened his steps in increased firmness; but, when arrived at that entrance of the house by which he was to gain the school-room, he again halted and took another half-hour's considerate walk:—his mind was then safe from receding; and he was prepared by conviction, not merely of expediency but necessity, to undergo the kind opposition which he well knew he should meet with, and to go through with the task he had assigned himself.—He found Miss Sims and

wished for the company of her own children, that of Carilis was now never included in the wish—but she did not wish for them—the posting, the analysis, and comparison of her perplexed accounts, which were settled when a favourable aspect was spread over them by subdivisions and throwing back disbursements on passed periods, occupied this portion of her morning. To no servant in the house could Miss Sims intrust the charge of the little girls for an hour, without having some stain to expunge from their minds:—the weather threatened too much, for exercise out of the house—it was cold; and St. Emeril's Court afforded no superfluity of firing in rooms unfrequented by the general and his daughters.

than usual, they expressed their wish for her stay, but did not distress her by fond adieus.

She had exerted her obedience to the utmost; but when in the open air, her feelings were relieved by tears which the vicar encouraged to flow, while he gave her every consolation, and a little piqued her pride for him, by saying he had felt himself too unhandsomely treated to receive farther favours from the house even for her sake.—In justice as well as policy, he was beginning to commend her; but incapable of even a tacit violation of sincerity, she took as much pains to reduce her claim to praise as a disingenuous mind would to have magnified it; and the vicar was left to indulge any vanity he might feel in perceiving that not to be contented with his own good

ing to the great injury of its beauty, under a degree of obesity not favourable to agility, had she ever been disposed to it. Drawing a smaller circle of comfort round her every day, she made circumstances conform to her inclinations, instead of attempting the wholesome contrary: she had her low chair and low table, her lazy-tongs and hand-bell—and was growing far more a privileged person than any one would wish to be, at the extreme of life. Her little wits, not by many degrees so passive as her person, but precluded, by her husband's vigilant coercions, from passing a certain boundary of annoyance, like a puddle in a shower, shut in by one pebble, sought egress at the next outlet, and in her exultation in having discovered some new device for the improvement

clandestine hostility, by a very respectful letter of acknowledgment for indulgences which he professed to consider as no longer to be asked without encroachment on generosity:—this had produced no reply indeed; but Miss Sims had been commissioned to beg that Mr. Newson and dear Carilis might not be taken from the weekly tuition of the dancing-master in company with Miss Emma and Miss Georgiana; as, though they might improve by themselves when taught at the vicarage-house, the two Miss Vascoys could not at all get on without them. As the association, not the expense, was the munificence of Lady Mary, the children were therefore, once a week, visitors at the upper house.

Emeril's Court had been degraded down to the term 'hired,' elapsed, with some occasional suspensions of the popularity of the family indeed ;—but, with regard to the vicarage-house, the respective deportment of the two occupants had been so arranged, that they proceeded in their uncrossing parallels without molesting each other. Offended perpetually as was Mr. Broderaye at the injury he saw daily and hourly done to the morals of his flock by the influence of the upper house, he was silent, because the time was not come when aught he could urge would avail ; he was always outbidden by 'the great family,' as they were called. The men-servants of all denominations found mates amongst the pretty lasses

of his rented mansion did not extend far; and as a Londoner, known wherever his name was known, to have retired on a plan of necessary retrenchment, he was not considered as in the full feather of the situation which he challenged: he felt the non-importance attached to the class of tenants of ready-furnished houses; and when, to atone for it, he began to quote what he had accomplished at what he called 'his place in Hertfordshire,' he was answered with a sneer that questioned present possession, and was told that 'it was all very likely, for that it was all London within thirty miles of London, and people might swagger there.'—If he complained of a road as impassable for his carriage, he was told 'it had done very well

for 'the most good-natured fellow in the world,' he encouraged some who understood him too literally, to make trial of his good-nature, and hence became involved in quarrels.

Feuds of this kind are, perhaps, the most of all differences, destructive of society, and wherever they occurred, a visiting-house was closed to the Vaseneys; but a proud mind has many resources of consolation; and the general could very well affect to despise whatever he lost. Some confession of his want of sagacity was indeed necessary to account for the sudden change of sentiment, when persons, who had been every thing attractive and desirable, 'honest fellows,' 'charming fellows,' 'people whom you could not live

CHAPTER VIII.

BUT now opened a prospect of aggrandizement, that could hardly fail, and which must atone to General Vaseney for all former disappointments. —In this year of his residence, and when he began to consider St. Emeril's Court as his own, and to throw out blustering hints of applying for the purchase of it, if it ever should be sold, a vacancy in the representation of the next borough-town occurred; and though he had failed in getting into the commission of the peace, solely, as he observed, 'for want of an introduction to the Lord

succeed, and jocularly offered his franks for the day subsequent to that named for the election.

Having written half a dozen letters to persons who had no more interest or influence in the borough, than in the kingdom of Cochin China, he next, with some difficulty, procured his nomination; and this being secured, though in a way and with encouragement that would have sent any other man out of the county, he considered the affair as in his own hands, and with the best wishes of those who furnished blue-ribbons, he set off on his canvass with his two eldest daughters drest 'in style.' On entering the borough, he resorted to the foolish man who had in one moment nominated him, and in the next seen cause to repent his temerity, when he dared not bring forward the general's large promises of providing for half a dozen of his sons, as an excuse for the presumptuous act. He could give but a sorry account of his exertions; but this the candidate regarded lightly—he mounted the driving-seat of his open landau in which were the ladies, and standing in the market-place, he, with gesticulations and arguments not very little like those of a mountebank, harangued the populace—and indeed not without effect—for wives and daughters were charmed, either with his goodly person, or the ladies' feathers and ribbons, or with the smooth coats of his horses—and as the power

of choosing their senator was vested equally with those who knew and those who knew not, what it meant, on surveying the proportion of admiring rabble in the borough, he had no cause to despond.

It was however; as he was told, necessary—but he did not believe it—to wait on some of those who were not to be found in the market-place. It was madness to disregard the advice but it was, in his hopes, a work of supererogation to follow it—and to follow it he felt far more reluctant than to harangue the mob.—The proud can stoop to the ground, when they cannot bow their head; and very very different were the aspect and deportment of General Vaseney when he knocked at the little green-door, and his girls sate on the swinging-

tiously, that he stood little chance.—‘If indeed,’ said the person to whom he had applied, ‘you had happened to have been any particular *friend* of the vicar of your parish, something might have been tried—but *as matters stand*, considering all things, Sir—I don’t really know what to say.’

The general started, and asked ‘if he meant Broderaye.’

‘The reverend Maximilian Broderaye certainly, I mean—the identical person.’

‘Why, in God’s name, what has *he* to do in this borough?’ said the general, acquiring courage from what appeared to him an absurdity.

‘If you ask in God’s name—though, begging your pardon, in my humble opinion not the properest way of asking, I will, in God’s name, answer you.—Your vicar has nothing to do in this *borough*; but in the parish he may do any thing; and this, if you have never heard of it, I will explain.—We have here, for the cure of *our* souls, a worthless son of the church—a fellow put into it because fit for nothing else, and ordained by a bishop who listened to weak feelings rather than to his conscience—the young gentleman was taken out of the army and the King’s Bench, Sir—and by bare-faced simony, turned upon us poor barbarians—quite good enough, Sir, he was thought for *us*.’

The general could laugh—he repeated the word ‘barbarians!’ in no very ingratiating tone;—it rather savoured of consent than of contradiction.

‘Well, Sir! this minister of God, by hunting, shooting, coursing, dancing, roaring, and other ways not to be mentioned before ladies, got himself into disgrace and embarrassments—for we are not, general, such *barbarians* as not to know the difference between a man who does his duty, and one who, in all points, runs counter to it;—and disgrace, I need not tell you, Sir, seldom makes a man richer; and just then, the Almighty visited this town, and as some thought for the wickedness of this man, with one of the most dreadful calamities it ever knew.’

at St. Emeril's to lend a hand to the good work of relief—he wrote to our great gentleman—he sent his own fine wine—he came himself:—he went from bed-side to bed-side, giving my medicines with his own hand.—Our squire, on hearing of the distress, came down himself; and a man who would do *that*, could well judge of your vicar's goodness, when in seeking him, he found him supporting a poor girl whose life depended on getting the bark down her throat, and coaxing her to try to swallow it, while he offered it to her lips. She recovered; but it was under a prescription of his, not of mine—and many were saved by it.—Now, general, as we *barbarians* are not all without gratitude, or, I may say, *sense*, Mr. Broderave never can come into this borough-town.

is your market-town, we are, commonly, pretty well acquainted with what you villagers are about; and we know, perhaps, more than is necessary to repeat.'—The young ladies here found the little parlour in which they were confined, 'so very oppressive,' that they begged to be allowed to retreat to the carriage, and, civilly attended, withdrew.

'There can be no objection, general,' resumed the burgess, 'to your trying your luck, or to the spending a little money—if you have more than you know what to do with—amongst us.—I should be sorry to hinder either; for I do not think that, in the present case, there would be much ill-will or party-spirit:—but, as to talking of influence or interest, miles and miles off, it is of no use upon earth—we are a mulish set; and as we have great confidence in our gentlemen, and cannot but think that a good education gives a man a better chance for thinking rightly than a mere blind ignorant will, we are not admirers of mob-law; and I think, as far as I know or have seen, there could be nothing less likely to promote your cause to any good purpose, than your—I ask your pardon, Sir—beginning with courting those who are the least fit to judge on such a question, by haranguing from your coach-box.'

The general could hardly forbear either laugh-

ing or blushing at the portrait of himself thus held up to his own view—the former was the easier task, and he gave way to his feeling.

‘But, my dear Sir,’ said he, when he recovered his power of speech—‘you must consider the times—the temper of the times—they are not now what they were when you knew the world—an age ago.’

‘I do not conceive,’ replied the *emeritus* son of Apollo, ‘that I am grown more ignorant of the world by living out of it after I have studied it, or more inclined to wonder at the progressions of society, for not crossing upon them. The world affords only a series of dramas which are played over and over again by different performers to

lice, the cobbler, the retailers of gin, of which we have more than are useful, for we have two—poachers who carry on their trade under the guise of something less dishonest, and all the rest of the smuggling crew, may shout and turn your carriage-wheels; but not one good substantial householder will you have, I'll be sworn—and, therefore, the only question, Sir, you have to try, is, whether in this borough, the *mobile* vulgar or the *nobile* vulgar predominates.'

'Now, upon my soul,' said the general, 'my good dear doctor, you are the cleverest fellow I ever talked to: you give me the greatest possible inclination to try my luck—I'd lay you 5000*l.* to a sixpenny-piece, I'll succeed by dint of the women—I have always had *them* for my friends—and you have plenty of pretty girls here.'

'Granted—but I am happy to say, they have no votes.'

'Well! I shall certainly try.—You will see me again.'

'As you please, Sir.—I have acted candidly by you:—you may inquire farther.'

'No no: I shall rely on my own powers.—Your vote, my honest friend, is not, I dare say, engaged—will you not give me *that*?—You look sulky—won't you wish me success, in common civility?'

‘Neither vote nor wish shall you have of mine—nor any farther conversation will I hold upon the subject—I shall have my principles suspected for your being known to have been thus long in my house—therefore, Sir——’

General Vaseney rose with a bound from the table on which he had been half sitting:—he clapt his hat on his head, and advanced towards the door, saying—‘Now, Sir, I *am* decided—you shall see, and your borough shall see, what a man of family and connexions, a man of high military rank, and who stands well with government, can do against the vicar of St. Emeril in a borough-election.—Now, I *am* determined—and if it costs me 10,000*l.* I will’—he turned about, and taking

cient to sober him.— Lady Mary was dressing when he returned, and one of the little girls came running to her, to tell her that papa was chosen, and that Robert and William, the coachman and groom, who had attended him, were so drunk that John and Peter were forced to put up the horses.

Lady Mary knew this could not be correct; but she feared that it intimated more encouragement than she wished the general to have met with in his mad design.—When informed of the truth, she was as much distressed as her nature permitted: she clucked, ‘O dear! O dear me! how can the general think of doing so?—what is to become of me and the children, if all the money goes in this way?—there is no use in my saving, if he does so—I’m sure, my whole study is to save for the children—and now, these blue ribbons, I dare say, will cost a mint of money.—I ordered four pieces of five-penny ribbon myself; and every piece is six and thirty yards—and that is,—let me see—eighteen—no fifteen shillings—the piece—three pounds, I declare, all together!—and I could not sit down to make cockades for horses and men myself—so we have that to pay for; and, now, here will he be going on with expense upon expense; and we shall all be ruined entirely;—I wish, with all my spirit, now, we had gone abroad at once—any where—no matter where—for we shall all be ruined.’

The next move was a private conference with her husband, in which, on her knees, and with better arguments than the ribbons, she conjured him to desist from his purpose. He certainly thought he was justifying himself and bringing forward an argument which even *she* must admit, when he described the provocation he had received by the omnipotence ascribed to the influence of the vicar.

Lady Mary could not feel exactly as her husband did; but in what he urged, she saw a ray of comfort and consolation for herself. Fancying every one out of her own house, would oblige her in what she earnestly solicited, she made it her first business to contrive a private interview

tradit that which he had declared to be his principle of action, and to engage in all the trouble of an election, to the forfeiture of friendship founded on esteem for him, for the sake of gratifying her husband, without being able herself to prove that he for whom she was thus solicitous, had any one of the requisites for such a situation.—The hope of saving expense by abating opposition, was the most excusable of her motives; but to use Mr. Broderaye's influence, if he had any, to discourage the general from his intention, never entered her mind, or at least her recollection, at the instant—she therefore confined herself to what might be called 'canvassing the vicar.'

What was right to do, he seldom needed any body to tell him, and what was not right to do, no persuasion could induce him to do. But he could, and on the present occasion he did it effectually, prove, with a gentleness that atoned for all his firmness, the inadequacy of a vicious compliance, to procure a desired end. He disclaimed, as far as truth permitted, all the fancied power attributed to him, at the same time that he candidly confessed that, if it were the pleasure of these burghers to say that the steeple of any church should be their representative, or the bells of it direct their votes, it would be unwise to risque the thwarting them.—He professed himself perfectly innocent of all at-

tempts to gain their favour; and when Lady Mary, a little vexed, perhaps, at having so little to complain of in ill-success, asked 'How then came he to be so much thought on there?'—he went as far as he ever could allow himself to go in revenge, when he said, 'he believed he owed it, in some measure, to her ladyship's family'—she was going to ask 'How?'—but it seemed as if she had discovered without asking; for she stopped, and the conversation was concluded.

If her ladyship came to any resolution in the course of her walk home, it was to that to which she was so often driven, the resolution to be quiet, and to let things go their own way. And in this, she was beyond her usual point of tenacity confessed when, in a last endeavour to do just the

of certain days of postponement rendered particularly critical. This he now acknowledged, and he convinced her, as far as being positive could convince, that his chance for success was far better than was supposed, and that it not only was absolutely necessary to his personal security, but that by its consequences it would repair every breach made in his property. A slender hope is gladly accepted where despair is the alternative, and Lady Mary believed what she wished to believe.

On similar assurances, the smith, carpenter, farrier, and miscellaneous shop-keeper of St. Emmeril, enlarged their boundary of patience, and were easily convinced of the prudence of assisting the general's views, which, under their auspices, became just bright enough to allure and mislead. The day of trial came—and the event proved the folly of the experiment. The general and his party were glad to make their escape out of the borough; and the ladies came home with the tidings that their father was gone to Bath, hoping something might be done there. What the something was, was not explained; but Lady Mary, accustomed to this short measure of confidence, rested very quietly, satisfied that the system of affairs was now wholly out of her power of arrangement.

It seemed, or rather it was now made manifest, that the stability of 'the great family' at

'the upper house' had been, in a considerable degree, dependent on the success of the scheme which had entirely failed. The general was hourly expected to return, but returned no more : his eldest son came down, as if to assist his mother in some exigency ; but his stay was short ; and the vicar had no share of his attentions. The young ladies remained with Lady Mary, and by the showiness of their dress, and the prodigious gaiety of their manners, gave out that all was well, at least with *them* ; but applications for money were answered only by evasive promises, and the neighbourhood might have talked of the general and his lady, if their observation had not been called off to the proceedings of junior personages of the family.

seemed thrown out of the affections of others,—had expressed herself inclined to show him some civility, especially as there was a faded character in his habiliments, which admitted of the supposition that, what would be merely an act of politeness towards another, might be a deed of charity towards him.

The kindly feeling had been repressed by the remonstrance of Miss Vaseuey against a proceeding ‘so foolish and so exactly like her mother.’ With some appearance of reason, she stated the impropriety of such an interference, for the sake of a person who ‘had not been introduced.’ Lady Mary stood corrected; and the young man was suffered to take his walks without interruption.—With this said young man, who was not to be noticed, because ‘he was not introduced,’ Miss Vaseuey, very little concealing her plans, but knowing that what she did would not very quickly awaken the observation of her mother, left ‘the great house’ accompanied by her sister: she had the consideration to leave a message for Lady Mary, ‘in case of any questions,’ with one of the under-servants, and the politeness to write from a street in Piccadilly, announcing herself as ‘her &c. Mary-Anne Penrowney.’—Who Mr. Penrowney was, the news-paper explained farther, by styling him ‘—— Penrowney, Esq.’—but to

what place he belonged, nothing told ; and it was a conclusion in which the assistance of the servants was required, that this Mr. Penrowney was ' the park-walking gentleman.'

If Lady Mary ever had had any vigour of mind, it must be confessed this was not just the best season for employing it—there was nothing to be done—and as little to be said, especially as the bride had pleaded in bar of all reproof, the precedent of her mother's nearly-similar proceeding. Lady Mary was, at first indeed, as she confessed, ' a little surprised ;' but her regret was not sufficient to make her cluck in her usual way,—if clucking it may, for want of a better term of description, be called. She had been already think-

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was now no remaining shyness between Lady Mary and the vicar. He was become too necessary to be ill-treated; and the high value set on his merits, was evident from the perpetual calls on his time and patience. Never having discerned that he and his wife were persons not at all agreeing in the longitude or latitude of their minds, but supposing that, in flattering Mrs. Broderaye, she better secured Mr. Broderaye's interest in her own concerns, Lady Mary added to his annoyances, that of the authorized adhesion of his wife, who, mis-led into a notion that she too was of use at 'the upper house,' expected to be associated with him in his visits, and was beginning to find out that she had not lost the power of walking thither. And indeed something might be said in extenuation of this absurdity, considering the incense her vanity was snuffing up from the obsequious attentions of Lady Mary, who, in some measure reversing the consecutive injunction of 'Love me, love my dog,' seemed to suppose that the vicar must take to himself whatever distinctions were offered to his *chère moitié*. It was a bad expedient—a

sad hinderance to business-- and a very erroneous hypothesis to act on, either as to cause or effect.

That grand provincial settling-time, Michaelmas, drew near ; and it was *very* near, when Mr. Broderaye was made the complete confidant of the Vaseney family, by a long letter from the general, the contents of which he was empowered to distil into the ear of Lady Mary, with due caution and reserve. As if nothing had ever set him and the vicar at a distance, he began, ' My dear friend,' and proceeded to state circumstances that perhaps cost the reader much more in perusing, than the writer in committing to paper.—The substance of the communication was this :—' that something which he left to be guessed, and in

on the third day after.—He now addressed himself to Mr. Broderaye, in terms as lowly as he might, at one time, probably have expected from him, entreating him to break the embarrassed state of his affairs to Lady Mary, with every expression of his contrition—to be her adviser and comforter,—and to give her the most solemn promises on his part, of perfect reformation, and attention to his affairs—and to this testification of good intentions, he added the hope that matters would soon come round, and that they might be again happy together, in that peace and quiet which, he confessed, he had hitherto too much despised.'

Lady Mary bore this in the best way. She coolly approved all that her husband had done, with an indiscrimination that placed in the same rank of merit, his rejection of the expedient of suicide, and his choice of Boulogne for his retreat. She then set herself to consider how she should best concur with him in his prudent resolves, and very laudably carried into execution whatever could tend to the necessary purpose. Having no one now to oppose her, she dismissed every servant that could be spared, borrowing money from the vicar,—ill as he could afford it!—to pay wages, that she might again make further retrenchments in her housekeeping. Under full powers from her husband, and the advice of her friend,

she showed how much may be done only under the simple guidance of necessity; and incensed as the St. Emerilians now were against the man for whom they had deserted their invaluable pastor, they now, in hope of regaining Mr. Broderaye's favour, referred themselves to him for guidance, that is to say, in the management of their own injured interests; and nothing could be more submissive than the shop-keeper who had, the week before, threatened to get a higher price 'at the upper house' for his goods than the vicar deemed them worth, or the bricklayer who had bid him wait to have the rain stopped out of his bedroom, till he had re-set the stove at 'the Court' for the accommodation of the general's cook.—It

satisfaction, received again her withdrawn pupils, and the little girls were pleased to have her once more as their companion. That Lady Mary bent all her attention to the pecuniary necessities of her husband, was proved by repeated acts of meritorious self-denial;—and it must be supposed that she included in these, the remittance of what ready money she could lay hold on, in preference to paying Mr. Broderays with it what she occasionally borrowed, and a proposal she called him to her one morning early, purposely to hear, that, considering the conduct and useful abilities of Miss Sims, and his value of Carilis's improvement under them, her ladyship and himself should in future divide between them the expense of Miss Sims's stipend. As to her board, Lady Mary very liberally remarked that 'in a family, such an addition was not felt, as Miss Sims drank no wine, ate very little butter, wanted neither noonings nor suppers, liked her tea weak, and burnt no night-light.'—It is really astonishing, as well as delightful, to contemplate the progress in prudence even of adults, under the influence of regular persevering practice—Lady Mary's was not only rapid but firm. She did not take her eyes off from the vicar's face while she made this proposal:—its success was important, and she watched it.

How much was the sum in question, must not,

for obvious reasons, be told—it was too much for the vicar to sacrifice—and perhaps, small as it was, too much for Lady Mary to stand engaged for, under the existing bankruptcy; but she had a remedy: she should have constituted herself, in this desperate insolvency, the governess of her daughters—their accomplishments should have been suspended or even renounced, rather than such a proposal should have escaped her lips. When a man has been dishonest enough to spend the inheritance of his children, their mother must not manœuvre thus to get his deficiencies supplied.

But the vicar had his option:—a proposition is not a command in *this* country; and he well

of her independence, desired an immediate supply of money, as her dear Mr. Penrowney's schemes at present were a little deranged, and she was ill, without the common comforts of life.—Lady Mary, having read the letter aloud to the vicar, with a commentary on every line, told herself 'she had no money for any-body, and least of all for Mrs. Penrowney, who, perfectly deserving of all she might suffer, should,' she promised herself, 'find that her mother was not quite the fool she so often had called her.'

The disturbance caused by this letter, might have afforded a respite to the vicar's decision, if he had hesitated ;—but the letter being committed to the flames, Lady Mary felt at liberty to resume the interrupted subject, which she did, by saying, 'Well, my dear Sir—what say you to my scheme of this amicable adjustment ?'

There will be two opinions of what the vicar ought to have done. As a teacher of whatsoever things are 'honest, just, pure' (in principle), 'lovely, and of good report,' he was bound, on the same motives as those which led him to reprove the shop-keeper and the bricklayer, to have represented the unfairness—nay, the moral turpitude of such a scheme—Lady Mary's rank could be no defence in such a question—his own natural birth-right and his dignified power of casting himself out of

all consideration,—preserved him from any abject fear;—but if a firm refusal was his proper answer;—if to convince Lady Mary by strong argument that she was wrong, was his duty—it must be confessed, he fell short of it.—His female ward's advantages were in question—he saw instantly, by the very complexion of the proposal, that if he would not *pay*, he must not hereafter *accept*; and with a countenance unaltered, as at least he *designed* it to be, he bowed his acquiescence in the proposal. Perhaps the *peculiar* powers of Lady Mary's observation might discover what was not observable by himself; for her ladyship looked more as if she had been defeated than victorious, when she had carried her point:—she turned abruptly from the subject to some expressions of

read enough of Lady Mary's faintly-charactered mind, not to trust too much to the forbearance of it. She now pursued her plans of good housewifery, down to the virtues of a dairy-woman and a huckster, and went into the lower offices of the house—as well as into those of her situation—with a very accommodating deportment, vindicating her butter when it tasted of the turnep, against the complaints of her customer, and bargaining for two shillings more, when the butcher offered but two pounds for a calf.—In his increased acquaintance with her, the vicar was able to make up his mind to one axiom, that, with three thousand a year and a good husband, Lady Mary Vaseney would have been an exemplary character, and that the first breach in her *good manners*, was made when the general spent the first twenty shillings beyond his yearly income—the first made in her *morals*, was when he uttered a deep sigh at the bottom of a country-dance.

Pursuing his plan of ingenuousness with his wards, and now, every day and every hour growing more anxious, particularly for Frank, whom he earnestly wished, at any inconvenience to himself, to send to the university, Mr. Broderaye had made them so completely his friends, that his plans for them never met the least counteraction

from their inclinations; and he found it rather necessary to keep the sense of obligation from pressing too heavily on them, than to urge it. The feeling of false shame was kept aloof by his taking on himself all responsibility. To meet the demand made by Lady Mary, it was necessary that Frank's coat should be patched at the elbows, and his shoes be soled and re-soled. Hurt as he was at this necessity of so ill accommodating a lad whose every gesture and sentiment declared him of no degenerate origin, he, at one time, thought of using, as additional consolation and powerful inducement to cheerful submission, the interest which his sister-ward had in it:—in his own instance he knew the influence which such a hint would have had on his mind:—and it now might

to have confidence under doubtful circumstances, and to repress any hastiness of decision ; but the growing youth had already too much of the *preux chevalier* in his composition, to be trusted with the secret that he was sacrificing his external appearance to improve that of ' Carry : '—in that energetic adoption of Mr. Broderaye's precepts of economy, which led him cheerfully to set potatoes, to gather apples, to oversee a brewing, and work in the hay-field, he would, on the mention of Carry's concern in his forbearances, have deprived himself, perhaps, of his food ;—but while she remained unmentioned, his hunger's conscience was not disturbed.—The girl had performed her part in the little drama of the family, with very satisfactory propriety :—schooled into circumspection by the original and ever-increasing worry of Mrs. Broderaye's temper—disgusted by her self-indulgence, and despising her solicitude in dress—provoked by perceiving that she alone of the persons who formed the family, rebelled against the general care of money, Carilis made up her mind to a thorough contempt, joined to her almost instinctive dislike ; but she could now, by habit, keep it from any overt act, under the dread of giving uneasiness to her guardian, which Frank had succeeded in convincing her, must be the effect of any disrespect towards Mrs. Broderaye.

Although the same plan was pursued with the two children—that is to say, both were brought up with the utmost frugality, and taught to expect hardships, and to attain whatever could assist them in supporting themselves, their guardian's mind could not rest in any sameness of ideas beyond first principles. For Frank, he saw nothing, even on the most distant horizon, that could dispense with professional resources; but on what species, even of these, he should fix his attention, so as to direct him, was more easily questioned than resolved. Frank's character seemed to fit him for an enterprising track of life; but the habit of living with Mr. Broderaye, and the conviction which has not unfrequently shown itself in other

talents might have suited: it, was farther out of reach than any thing, as it called for an expensive education, and Frank had no fortune to spend while waiting to make another. In the discussions between the protector and the protected on this subject, Frank would himself endeavour, by pliancy and invention, to meet difficulty; and it occurred to the vicar's observation, that all his contrivances were calculated for remaining where he was. On nothing did he dwell with so much confidence, as the situation of a school-master, and he would talk on this, till he worked himself up to an enthusiasm, such as, probably, has, at times, actuated the master of a public-school, in describing what he would do, forgetful that the population, for miles round, did not, probably, afford three fathers who could wish to purchase his exertions for their sons, nor, perhaps, so many sons who would listen to him. In the mean time, however, he was the hardiest boy in the parish, very much beloved for his popular good-nature, quoted by all mothers who had refractory sons, and admired by all the misses for his graces of person, his agility, his courage, and his condescension—for, whatever his real claims, the vicar's friendship gave him rank.

The world bore a different aspect to Carilis. There was 'the half million' of Mr. Vanderryck

—there was the intervention of only one life between her and St. Emeril's Court, in case Lady Lynford's singularity of action should occasion her dying intestate—there was still, in the fancy of the vicar, the possibility, that the baroness might be induced to relent, and, at least, keep her from dependence or want—or there was utter destitution for her portion.—Her too, it was necessary to make useful; and nothing was omitted that could improve her in every thing that might contribute towards a provision for her. Without the aid of Miss Sims, who had been suddenly called to practise, when very little fitted for it, a very rigid economy, this could not have been done; but, under her tuition, and not even disdaining the

of sponsors for Frank at his baptism, had long since left the country, but had never forgotten his spiritual charge. Little presents, such as Mr. Broderaye could suffer his ward to accept, had sometimes come very opportunely; and now, on an accession of fortune, this kind friend, who knew, in part, the vicar's wishes, made him the munificent offer of defraying half the expense of an education at Oxford, whenever Frank was ready to accept the benefit.—This act of generosity decided, so far, an important question:—Mr. Broderaye could not suffer any doubt as to the other half, to impede the progress of good to his ward, and, made acquainted with the furtherance afforded him, Frank was wound up to every possible exertion. Fortunately, he did not ask, 'And what then?' or he must have been put off with an evasive answer;—for his friend could not have ventured to intrust him with the secret, that, in case of his own death, in time to make it useful to Frank, his best hope was, that he might have sufficient warning of its approach, to try the generosity of Lady Lynford as to the accepting him as vicar of St. Emeril.

CHAPTER X.

UNITED as the two families now were, it was with sincere pleasure that Mr. Broderaye made himself a witness to an agreement between those who acted for the absent baroness, and for General Vaseney, by which Lady Mary remained, at her own discretion and convenience, tenant of St. Emeril's Court at the expiration of the term for which it had been originally let.—Could she have found a better bargain, she must have turned her thoughts to securing it. But the traffic which her

settled against her, she wore away, under fretting at doing that which she had made her choice. To meet her inability, every accommodation that could be obtained for her, was contrived. When she was angry with the stairs, she was, for a few days, pleased with having her bed removed to the ground-floor; and when she quarrelled with the garden, she was indulged with removing to the upper rooms for the sake of air: the sorry comfort of a solitary dinner, delighted her for a time; and it was rapture when the vicar threw two rooms into one, that she might have her bed in an alcove.—Then followed breakfasting before she rose, and making her hour of rising depend on her weariness of a cumbent posture. This soon resolved itself into getting-up-days and not-getting-up-days—next, to sitting up only while her bed was made; and, on the approach of winter, this latter scheme had been so well established, that no remonstrance or persuasion or prediction could move her.—Of course, the first cold that the first breath of air gave her, came on with alarming symptoms; and, having kept her husband for a fortnight without rest or relaxation, during which time she paid him the equivocal compliment of refusing every thing but what reached her by his hand, she died—of inanition.

The vicar behaved on the event as he had done

during her life—with justice and equity, leaning to tenderness.—No one, though all hearts had long since returned to him, presumed to condole with him, nor could any one, from any circumstance in his deportment, have concluded that he had cause to rejoice.

But, if not to rejoice, he had some counter-balance of the uneasiness he felt under the sight of so melancholy a catastrophe, in the liberation of a portion of his income, at a time when he needed to make the best use of every shilling, and, contrariwise, saw his wife's demands—demands that could not now be refused—rising on him daily. Young as Carilis yet was, the vicar soon felt himself repaid for his care of her, by her use-

but he was told that he would meet with the most perfect confidence, and that the interests of 'one Caroline Leslie Monterne,' who was known as under his guardianship, formed the basis of the intended communication. Secrecy was enjoined; and he promised it, in a reply which, but for the argument used, he might not have thought proper to send.

Having preserved to himself that independence which prevented opposition and inquisitiveness from the young people, he had only to say that he was called away on business, which might keep him out an uncertain time. Lady Mary, on all such hints, took Carilis to herself, and Frank was, on such exigencies, now that frugality was a little relaxed in favour of the vicar, invited to the upper house for every purpose but sleeping. Her ladyship could not now be called inhospitable.

Mr. Broderaye, trusting that whatever concerned the destitute Carilis must be of advantage to her, set out from home at the very early hour necessary for being in time for this *rencontre*, with feelings too warm to heed the bitter coldness of a morning unusually severe in that western climate.

He was taking his breakfast in a little parlour of the village-inn, when the door of the room opened, and a middle-aged man in mourning, not

gentlemanly in his look or deportment—of that amphibious description, which may be any thing that can consist with a low sea-faring character, entered.

The substance of the communication which he wished to make, will suffice :

The ‘ summoner ’ explained first his own situation, by describing himself as Mr. George Bray, one of the nephews of Mr. Bray, whom the vicar had succeeded in the living of St. Emeril. He stated himself to have married a lady of the name of Wyerley, who brought with her a life-income, the largest part of which was a yearly allowance from Lady Lynford, which had now recently ceased by the death of the annuitant. He made Mr.

appointed to act as her father, by giving her away in the church at the time of her marriage.

The habit of respect for the baroness was so strongly fixed in the mind of Mr. Broderaye, that, at the moment, he felt the blood mount into his cheeks on this information; and looking at his informant, and contemplating him in all the vulgarity of his disproportions, from head to foot, he was almost ready to ask the cutting question, 'What! you?' but he could check himself; and his interest in the narrative assisted him.

Mr. George Bray then intermingled rather more than was necessary or desired, of his own history, by detailing his aversion to the law, and his dominant propensity to salt water—he stated elaborately all the advantages which he had proposed to himself, and the disadvantages he had apprehended in his marriage—the coolness of his deliberation on the subject, and the arguments which at last had settled the point—the offer that had induced him to go to the West Indies—his weariness of life and wife there, and his resolution to remain in England, 'if in any way he could get enough to live on.'

From this excursion, he came back to the expounding the arbitrary tenour of the will of the late Earl of Lynford, the baroness's father:—this was

indeed known to Mr. Broderaye; and he concluded that he was in possession of all the intelligence Mr. George Bray came to give him; he had too much temper to stop a wearisome narrator, who, in fifty impertinencies, might have one thing to say worth attention; but it was with a feeling of disappointment that he found him drawing in to the tone of a *cadenza*, when he had only recapitulated the contingencies of Lord Lynford's will, and brought them down to the hypothetical interest of Caroline Leslie Monterne.

Going back a little however, he in some measure atoned for this, by announcing the removal of one obstacle to her heirship by the death of

either with sudden joys or griefs ; but, in the present instance, he felt overwhelmed with surprise, which, for a moment, had power to prevent his attention from fixing itself on the person most interested in the truth of this statement. To poor Carilis indeed, it was highly important that Mr. George Bray's narrative should have truth for its basis—but what was the situation of Lady Lynford, if it had?—This presently occurred to him ; and with it came the recollection that, according to dates, his own enjoyment of the revenues of the vicarage had been illegal, the presentation had been invalid ; and that at this moment he stood beholden to his ward for his provision, and might lose it when she could enforce her rights. Connected as were almost all his ideas with the interests of the two young people, a momentary flash of recollection suggested the almost-whimsical chance he stood, of holding the vicarage of St. Emeril in trust for Mr. Frank Newson !

It was highly necessary to be cautious in showing that he gave any credit to such a statement ; and the baroness herself, had she been privy to what was passing, must have been satisfied with his jealousy for her honour and interests, and the tenacity with which he adhered to his habitual opinion of her—but yet there was, in what he had just heard, not only such a character of truth, but

such a nice fitting and coincidence with all that he before knew:—this one fact did so account for numberless others; and so many came up to remembrance, which could no otherwise be brought within any rule, that he felt as completely satisfied, as if he had had before him the letter of the baroness's father which revealed her husband's history —And the rapidity with which all this presented itself, while Mr. George Bray was proceeding in his discursive oratory, now with the technicality of one of his professions, and then of the other, till 'covenants, ejectments, and tenures' were confounded with 'masts, lumber, and sugars'—seemed to add the force of its passage

riable principles to whatever is presented to its decision. To do justice was in all things his first endeavour—to practise mercy he felt as a permission to stop short of exacting that which it is painful to demand—to walk humbly he had been early in life taught, by seeing the narrow path and steep precipices before him, where neither eye, nor judgment, nor guiding hand could avail him :—he was therefore ready in temperament, to meet any question, and to submit to any event ;—but all this was lost on Mr. George Bray, who as soon as he fancied himself and his story not fully accredited, thought it his part to be very angry. His anger producing no effect but that of making the vicar move to go away, it cured itself ; and he then, by what he perhaps meant for persuasion, tried to draw his new acquaintance into that sort of coupling which should make him assist, not in restoring Miss Monterne to her right, but in hunting down the baroness.

Hints occasionally thrown out, of the probable efficacy of money, were it offered him, if Mr. Broderaye should prefer screening Lady Lynford, gave the exact measure of his honesty ; but here he could meet with no encouragement. The vicar was much more likely to give her the advice which she had formerly received from Lord Winchmore, than in this way to purchase security dependent on

the honour of an informer, even if Carilis had not existed; but in the present state of things, though it could not be said that the matter was indifferent to him, his interest in the event was so far divided, that he could not suffer any wish to predominate. To ruin Lady Lynford or desert the cause of his ward, would have been equally his abhorrence: a compromise naturally suggested itself, but how was this to be accomplished in the case of a minor?—neither laws, nor equity, if resorted to in their fortresses, would admit of it: not even Carilis herself had a right to be merciful—all must be referred to the chancellor; and there could be no hope but in procrastination,

On the part of Carilis, her guardian's feelings

necessary to learn the ground of his assertion.— In the mind of the man of business, this however had not the first place: he was more earnest to get the vicar's assent to the validity of the provocation under which he let out that he was acting, and which he stated to consist of two parts (one of which, however, seemed to have been lost by the way), and this was a never-sleeping sense of mortifying treatment from the baroness, which his wife entertained to her last moments.

‘ Better, better, let this posthumous wrath cool and die away,’ said the vicar: ‘ in the recent loss of your wife, Sir, your judgment may borrow too much from your feelings:—they will abate; and you may wish you had not indulged them, when you have lost the power of controlling their effects. Revenge is a very unprofitable speculation; for, the more complete our success, the worse for us.’

Refusals to listen were made solemn by very coarse words: ‘ His wife,’ he said, ‘ had borne every thing, because she knew there was no use “ in showing one’s teeth where one dare not bite,” and she had been restrained in what he called “ doing herself justice,” by the fear of the stoppage of her annuity, but she had always said to him in her long illness, “ George, I hope when I am dead, you will not forget how I have been treated

by that woman—I have told you every thing—Wanston has told me, times without number, where he was born—he used to brag that he was a Roman—you have it in your power to prove the marriage—her father's will proves the forbidding her to marry a foreigner—therefore you will have the power in your own hand, and you are a fool if you do not make use of it." Now, Sir,' concluded he, 'one does not like to be called a fool, you know.'

It was in the power of Mr. Broderaye's manners to keep a little in order those of Mr. George Bray; and this power was increased by his being able to tell him, on his general knowledge, that

ance, in which were letters from his uncle, alluding in direct terms to the penalty incurred, and proposing farther demands on the baroness's purse.

‘ Can you produce a letter from Colonel Wanston,’ said Mr. Broderaye, ‘ acknowledging himself a foreigner? If you can, you have every thing in your power——’

‘ No, that he could not do.’

‘ Can you find any body who can prove upon oath Colonel Wanston by birth a foreigner?’

‘ I can't say—but I think I could try—I should think nothing of going to Rome myself—if I knew whereabouts to look—but my wife knew nothing certain enough; and she had such a head for confounding names of places and people, that I never heard any thing that I could remember, even if I could believe it.’

There was respite in this candid testimonial to the correctness of Mrs. George Bray; and the vicar gladly accepted it.—He did not offer his assistance in the search, though perhaps he knew, better than most people, how to set about it.

‘ What say you,’ said the interested informer, ‘ to going over to my aunt—my uncle's widow?—I dare say she could tell us something to the purpose—she is not above thirty miles off—we could have a chaise here; and it is but two stages—we

should be back time enough for you to be at home to-morrow—if you don't mind one night.'

It would have been to give the lead entirely out of his hand, had Mr. Broderaye declined such a proposal, nor could he himself be without some curiosity, or rather anxiety, to know what account Mrs. Bray, of whose former situation with the baroness he was not ignorant, could give of the matter in question.—If her affectionate zeal should make her ardent in her refutation, it might, at least, be a counterpoise to the less-creditable zeal of Mr. George Bray: he therefore professed himself willing to undertake the little journey, and not at all constrained by any domestic circumstances. He did not depart from truth in thus boasting his

was not less so, that her present comforts were derived from her bounty.

The once erect 'Goody Parr,' now the aged and decrepit Widow Bray, was ill able to endure the sudden entrance of any two persons to whom she was not familiarized by daily intercourse, even had they come only on the ordinary pleas of visiting. But when her husband's nephew, whom she cordially hated, and had not seen since she became a widow, began, in a coarse and abrupt way, to talk of 'business' and 'evidence,' the poor woman was shaken from head to foot.

To assure her that no attempt was designed against her life or her property, might have been supposed a judicious method of calming her apprehensions; but it did not conduce to this end, when Mr. George Bray, as if to release her from every fear, said, 'We only want to ask you a few questions about the fellow Lady Lynford married.'

Weakened as were her intellects, she yet saw instantly that these words had a connexion with a circumstance that had made too deep an impression to be obliterated from her memory; and her recollection was sufficiently clear to tell her, that her judgment, in its present state, was not equal to the conduct of a nice question. She therefore intrenched herself in negatives and ignorance, and

professions of imbecility ; but she did not omit to bring forward the registering in St. George's parish as a proof of Colonel Wauston's birth in it. Beyond this she could not venture.

Mr. George Bray knew enough of the world of chicane, to see through this, especially as the fact which he came to ascertain, was well known to himself as the cause of the extraordinary conduct of Lady Lynford's marriage. He had not to convince himself : it was the vicar who was to be satisfied : and nothing was yet done, or likely to be done, towards this, by the reference to Mrs. Bray.

Bad roads, a hilly country, the season of the year—and above all, Mr. George Bray's leisurely

was forthcoming ; and the whole collection was contained in a box, which, as the widow said, ' she had, some weeks before, *amused* herself with setting in order.'

For the world, this harmless woman would not have done a fellow-creature an injury, and, least of all human beings, Lady Lynford, with whom, as long as she remained in England, she had held that sort of correspondence which consists in complaints made by one party and relieved by the other ; but not at all remembering her own arrangement of this box, or the mistakes she had made in settling the contents of another more immediately her own, she knew not what it had to disclose ; and she might, as to effect, just as well have produced a certificate of Colonel Wanstons's birth in Rome, as have brought forward what she called ' Mr. Bray's papers.'

The key was ticketed, ' My late husband's manuscripts,' and her hand being ' *too shaky*,' as she observed, to find the key-hole, she gave it into that of the vicar. On the top, when opened, lay a proof of filial affection, in a paper, flat, and about the size of a letter, written on, ' My dear mother's hair, cut off after she was dead,'—with the exact date of the tonsure—there was no need to open this, but the old lady begged the vicar to look at ' her dear parent's silver locks : '—he

obeyed, so far as to open the paper ; but as her command had not extended to the ' silver locks ' to show themselves, he was not gratified with the reward of his labour, the envelope containing only about as much gold-beater's skin, as would have met the exigencies of a regiment through a summer-campaign. Then rose up a *fasciculus* which, deploring her mistake in the former instance, she advised him to look at for security -- though she believed it was only some bank-stock receipts for money, which a more characteristic shake of her head told had made itself wings.—She was again wrong, and was trying to recollect what it was that had mis-led her into being so—but recollection was all precluded, when, instead of bank-receipts,

ed as a hospitable hint :—its good intention might frank it—or Mr. George Bray might not see, and Mr. Broderaye might not *choose* to see, the syntax of the rhetorical figure.

There was no occasion to make farther comparison between outsides and insides—nothing occurred for some time, that in the smallest degree seemed likely to connect itself with the present object of inquiry; and whether any of ‘the late husband’s papers’ were in that box, was growing questionable, when the vicar lighted on a more bulky irregular miscellaneous parcel composed of many others, tied up very neatly in the most precise disorder and most accurate confusion. In a medley of bills, receipts, old news-papers, beauties to be in future sermons, and apparently the general-sweeping of a table surprised in long-standing accumulation, were letters received from the baroness after the disclosure to herself of the danger she had incurred, in which—trusting that her ‘P. S. Burn this instantly,’ would be a law to her correspondent, she, under the necessity of arrangement, referred to the subject.—No one, with the information now possessed by the vicar, could doubt the fact; but, had it been possible, the liberty of scepticism was removed by a letter from Colonel Wanston under apprehension of some opposing measure from the perplexed gou-

vernante, in which high-seasoned compliments—which probably humble vanity could not commit to annihilation—served to garnish that which was in itself a plain confession that he stood in the deprecated predicament, and was not born within the implied ‘four seas.’—General assurances that no harm could ensue—a courageous assertion that he saw his way out, and that the risque was only his, had had their power, perhaps, in pacifying conscience under breach of trust.

The preservation of Lady Lynford’s letters was to be attributed to pride and fondness—and in some measure to the poor woman’s official persuasion, that because she was to govern, she must be wiser than the governed.

taught him to annoy her in a way that might have made life almost intolerable. But he was, at the moment, very deeply engaged with a deed, in the bearing of which, he thought he had discovered a contingent remainder of the value of a few pounds in which he had a latent interest; and the box, from which he had himself taken this document, had been placed on a chair, was open, and had its raised lid next to him. To save time, he had authorized Mr. Broderaye to proceed in the search; and without any hope from such an advantage, he had been obeyed.

As soon as the vicar recognised Lady Lynford's hand-writing, he had seen enough to warn him to be silent; but when he met with the Colonel's letter, something more than silence was requisite to prevent the direful effects of this search. He could not think of what was regular or strictly form: he cared not for any risque to himself: he thought only how he might preserve the two females whose interests were so opposite, from the intrusion of this vulgar meddler: and, for this purpose, the concealment of what he had found was necessary. To leave these letters in Mrs. Bray's custody was unsafe—to remind her that they existed, was little less so: he therefore put on the semblance of a delicate forbearance on seeing that these were part of a family-correspondence;

and, without deviating from the truth, he discouraged his companion from farther inquiry in this quarter, leaving all others open to his choice; and in restoring the box to its pristine neatness of packing, he took a favourable moment for depositing the only important part of it in his own coat-pocket.

The house affording no accommodation for guests, beyond that which had been furnished, the gentlemen betook themselves to the inn for the night; and Mr. Broderaye appeared at leisure to answer Mr. George Bray's question, who were the individuals interested in the concerns of Miss Monterne. There seemed no particular necessity for concealment in this point: he had no one to

The journey back was a still greater trial to the vicar's patience than that of the day before. His companion, in the excitation of his mind, when it had nothing to act upon, made matters of curiosity for himself. Not a name on a passing waggon or cart—not the subject of a sign, nor an inscription in lieu of one—not a warning to leave scrapings where they were deposited—not a milestone—not a direction-post escaped without his proclaiming aloud his new information; and disturbed as was the mind of the vicar, he yet felt comparatively happy when he saw again the little inn from which he had set out, and having taken a very slight repast, found himself seated on the hobby with which Lady Mary had permitted the bailiff to accommodate him.

CHAPTER XI.

MAXIMILIAN Broderaye had abundance of subject-matter for thought by the way—and for thought so out of the track in which he had for years been thinking, that he felt almost a stranger to himself. If he asked himself which he preferred, the agitation into which he was thrown by this discovery, or the hopeless stagnation in which he had reared his fair ward, he found it impossible, under the existing circumstances, to decide; but he derived consolation and confidence from

investment of the other. Lady Lynford could not but be most grievously sensible to what she *lost*—Carilis must be artificially taught to estimate what she *gained*, and some injury must be done to her unsoiled moral sense, in teaching her to enjoy that which was extorted from the enforced submission of another, and that other, a person whom, on every consideration, she had been taught to respect and esteem.

The middle course appeared to him the only safe one. He had reason to hope that nothing so decisive of the important question as what he had safe in his pocket, was any where else to be found; and it was his plan, at all events to open a negotiation with Lady Lynford on the subject.—Whatever passed between them was to be known to no one; and he thought that with so much power in his own hand, he might obtain, at present, a comfortable provision for Miss Monterne, and such engagements for the future, as might make it the obvious interest of Lady Lynford to adopt her.—He might have used to himself, instead of ‘adopt,’ the better suggestion of ‘taking her to her heart,’—but for this he knew something more than his own endeavours to render his ward attaching to such a spirit as her ladyship’s, was necessary.

To find, and, perhaps, to follow the baroness,

were the next movements to be considered— the first might be accomplished by a short letter to her banker—the second required more than thought:—it needed money.—To spare—where there was nothing to be spared, but what must be felt as cutting to the quick—was as tedious in the process as it was uncertain in effect:—to borrow was hateful to him—to contract debts by diverting money from its proper channel, was, to his feeling, scarcely honest—at least, it was risking eventual injury to another.—What could he do to raise the sum necessary for an undertaking of unlimited extent and expense, that would injure no one else if it failed, and allow him the comfort of feeling that he did not endanger his success by a vicious outset? There seemed but one way: he had still some treasures to forego: he had fine engravings, bought for little in their own country!—of tenfold value in this! True, they were the refreshment of his spirits when depressed, were the relaxation of his over-worked faculties,—but, had he seen one of his flock hesitating in such a case, he must have followed the conduct of Abraham to assist his ar-

and he did not forget it for him

concern to interfere with 'little Carry's' business, he gave way to the buoyant character of his spirit, and with a sort of figurative allusion laid the bridle on the neck of his borrowed hobby, in full confidence that, having set out right, he should be carried safe to the animal's dwelling-place in this little journey,—and, under a Superior Guidance, should accomplish his purpose in one much longer.

The farm where his horse was kept, being nearer to the village than to St. Emeril's Court, he went immediately to his own house. No alarm, or even wonder, would have been excited by finding neither Frank nor Carilis there, had not the stupid stare and the wild gaze of the lad who answered the purposes of foot-boy, cow-boy, errand-boy, and gardener, awakened his attention, and his suspicion of something unpleasant.—The house-keeper now came up, before the boy could answer to his master's usual question, 'Where are the young ones?' and he had only to furnish patience to hear out the circuitous narrative of the one, and the corrections of the other, by which he was to be informed that a man, of a description that, under the lad's management, was of every possible contradiction, had called on Master Frank in the dusk of the day before, that Master Frank had gone out with him—and had not been seen or heard of since. From his having left a message

for Mr. Broderaye in case of his return, saying that he should soon come back, it was conjectured that he did not foresee his being detained ; and this, added to his known habits of punctuality and consideration, gave reason to apprehend that some accident had befallen him.

The interests of Carilis, the jeopardy of Lady Lynford, the movements of Mr. George Bray, and all his own plans, were, in a moment, driven out of the recollection of the vicar, by a shock for which he was totally unprepared otherwise than by his habitual watchfulness. His first care would have been to engage Lady Mary to break the matter cautiously to Carilis ; but, perceiving that his servants had entertained a hope that Frank

been called on, the day before, by a man, who, as far as her imperfect sight and hearing would permit her to judge, was the sailor who had saved the life of her dear boy, and from whom she had received him. He had questioned her, and had learnt where he might find him:—she had told him every particular, and ‘how good Mr. Broderaye had been to Frank and to her:’—the man had not revealed his design, but ‘she had longed to see Mr. Broderaye to tell him this, in hope that some good luck was brewing for the child—and so she trusted in God it would turn out, though she was sorry he was fetched away without coming to say “Good bye” to her.’—Mr. Broderaye, in tenderness, said nothing to abate this confidence, which was greater than he had looked for.—He was not then at leisure to resolve it into its principles, or he might have told himself, that had Frank been taken from Martha Pearce’s dwelling, he should have had to suggest to her, what she now suggested to herself. He shut the door of her one-roomed house, thankful, for her sake, that her aged feelings were so passive.

His own terror was abated—but he was little comforted. He could admit that Frank was most probably claimed by those who had the best right to him:—and that his lot could be worse than the best he could do for him, was not very much to

be feared.—In this reliance, he might have felt thankful ; but stoicism, which he neither possessed nor professed, was required to bear with equanimity, this sudden severing from a thing which his own practical goodness had made dear to him, and to which the success of his endeavours had attached him beyond the common feelings even of consanguinity.

In his walk home, he found himself proceeding too fast: he was at the point of land which obliged him to make his election of going immediately to wound the heart of Carilis, or retreating to his home to prepare his own for doing it: he was at this moment a coward ; and his feet were

was, in this excitement of feeling, considered as the overpaying of small endeavours: he could recollect only the pleasure of his duty—he regretted that his pupil had been torn from him, thus imperfectly educated—as his modest appreciation of his own labour, or his large ideas of possibilities, prompted him to think him—he vainly wished he could have foreseen this event; but he could not define any solicitude that he could have increased—any better use of time that he could have made.

Wishes so vague, were in danger of being erroneous in proportion to their extent.—‘All that he had done for Frank might be superfluous and unsuitable’—‘he might be reclaimed to a subordinate class;’ and a new apprehension was excited by, not so much the politics of the European states, as the one despotism in which the continent and its dependencies were then held. No life was safe in France, whither he could not but suppose the object of his anxiety was on his way: he was now, as might be conjectured, above sixteen, just an age to make a choice morsel for the rapacious appetite of the military tyrant.—Conscriptions which spared none, were open every where to make him the property of one man:—he might be entrapped by his conductor, or perish with him:—he had been taken from the only spot in

Europe, which had defied the foot of the gigantic autocrat:—he was gone probably into the very heart of danger;—and even if he escaped it, it might be by the sacrifice of principle under the influence of authoritative example.

This was indeed, as the vicar soon recollected, creating chimeras to his own terror. He turned to the contemplation of other possibilities: he tried to think on the little trouble he had had in erecting a goodly edifice with materials furnished by Him to whom Nature is but handmaid—and on the abundant harvest promised, compared with the scanty portion of seed he seemed to himself to have sown.—How it was to have repaid him, was a track of thought into which he did

dwelling, came up with poetical aggrandisement to his guardian's memory ; and he might have been overtaken by the night, where he was, had not the too intimate connexion of poor Carilis's present peaceful ignorance with his disturbing information, roused him.

However he had postponed, he had no choice of action : Carilis must be told of his own return, and Frank's absence ; and he felt it ungenerous to Lady Mary and pusillanimous in himself, to shrink from doing this in person. He turned his steps therefore towards the Court ; and almost fancying that he saw in his hand, the dagger which he could not but fear would reach her heart, he first sought an interview with Lady Mary, and having communicated his distress, entreated her support of Carilis under this severe trial of her sisterly affection.

The early occupation of Lady Mary's mind with the subject of that passion which had shaped her destiny, made her very expert in detecting it, wherever it *might* exist, and sometimes fancying it where it *did not*.—She had from her first acquaintance with the boy and girl, set them down for future lovers ; and had not the vicar's regulating deportment made her learn to consider before she spoke, she might have gone beforehand with his wishes. But, since the death of Mrs.

Broderaye, her ladyship's surmises had taken a new bearing; and as every day, about this time, was teeming with the most heterogeneous surprises in the proceedings of conspicuous individuals, she began to foresee, in the tenderness of Mr. Broderaye, and the devotion of Carilis, that, waiting only a few years, she would atone to him for his former annoyances, by disregarding a disparity then not much thought on, and accepting the honour of being his second wife.—Like the resolvers of enigmatical dreams, and the torturers of prophecy, every thing that she had seen since she took up the opinion, was enlisted into proof—she pitied poor Frank whom she looked upon as jilted—but she met something even in Carilis's unformed char-

burden; and if the young man *had* friends, it was as well that he should know who they were.'—Her ladyship talked excellent good reason, but it was very cold-hearted; it removed, however, all apprehension of her suffering severely in supporting the spirits of Miss Mouterne; and under this alleviation of anxiety, on a secondary subject, the vicar had less scruple in asking her assistance.

Had Lady Mary's mind been more disturbed by the recital just given her, she would, most probably, have *offered* her service in this way; but as it had made no inroad on its tranquillity, it was, like the undiminished store of a miser, worth keeping entire; and, to his surprise, she, in all gentleness but with no less firmness, declined the interference.—Before the unintentional unkindness had produced its effect, she indeed fully atoned for it, by very liberally offering the best abilities of Miss Sims for the purpose—observing that 'such people were used to such things'—and commenting on the comfortable construction of this world, which in general afforded undertakers for every disagreeable business that was to be undertaken. Her ladyship's practice being far less restricted by *want of sense*, than by *a sense of the expedient*, she threw into the scale in which she had deposited the proposal of Miss Sims for the office, all the consideration that she could bestow on the *means* by

which the end desired could be accomplished; and while the vicar sat absorbed in anxious thought, she had, as readily as she would have suggested half a dozen various *settings-out* for a dinner-party, proposed to his choice a series of little dramatic explosions, any one of which might be used on the occasion.—To these he could reply only by a wish for a few minutes' conference with Miss Sims.

With great good-nature, Lady Mary took the young people out of the way for the time: Miss Sims came, and entered into the distressing business.

Her feeling for Mr. Broderaye was that of one who knew how close the attachment *must* be.

The debaters were rising to go on this painful errand, when the door of the room burst open, and Carilia, wild, staring, haggard, entered the room, followed by the two little girls—the voice of their mamma, in vain, though audibly, calling them back, as if they had been entering a room where they must see a corpse.

It was evident that the apprehension of Carilia had been excited by the idea of some fatal misfortune to her guardian; for, assured of his safety, she seemed relieved; and Lady Mary in her cool admiration of her, under the now-removed terror, was beginning to warp into her old habit of supposition, and to pat the neck of her young friend, calling her, perhaps with more meanings than one, ‘The Child of Nature’——Mr. Broderaye was, just now, rather too much occupied, to recollect the designation of that from which the little piece with this title was borrowed, or he might have seen the counterpart of Lady Mary’s insinuated blandishment.

Still poor Carilis remained uninformed of that which must be told her—she was clinging to her guardian, and re-iterating her expressions of joy at seeing him. It might have been supposed that she would herself have contributed to her own information, by asking for Frank, as soon as her alarm subsided—but it had not been much her

habit, of late, to name him ; and this might have led Lady Mary still farther into *one* opinion. It certainly—for it had not escaped his observation—led the vicar into *another*, which did not abate his anxiety at the present moment.

The joy of her relief from the terror that had seized her, was subsiding into tranquil happiness ; and she appeared to suspect no new cause of disturbance. A pause ensued, which she broke by asking if she should get ready to return home ; when, before she had an answer, her ear caught the name of Mr. Newson, whispered by Lady Mary to her girls, whom she had withdrawn, in all prudence, to a distance. Turning quick at the sound, the accompanying gestures of Lady Mary,

ing was gone, contradicting her firmly, she laid her at her length, and made her sensible that he was not only safe, but had probably found his family.

To hope the best and submit to the worst, had not been preached to her for more than seven years in vain. When trusted with the truth, the vicar could make her imitate his confidence; but he did not tell her his remaining inquietude, nor did she tell him the difficulty she felt in resting on Frank's probable advantage, without adverting to her own positive misfortune.—She begged to go home; and Lady Mary clucked with sincere vexation, at having no horses to put to her carriage for her conveyance.—Miss Sims kindly offered her arm in conjunction with the vicar; and Lady Mary gave permission for her remaining all night with the sufferer, reminding her, at the same time, of 'Georgiana's frock, which could not be set about, till she had cut it out next morning.' Miss Sims gave her word to be at home in time for the frock, and, assisted by Carilis's own silent endeavours, the care of getting home was soon over.

Miss Sims was consistent, and suffered the grief of Carilis, which it was impossible to repress, to vent itself in tears, and then to seek its consolation in questions which she patiently an-

swered. The poor girl had no inclination to set up her own judgment against the hopes which she was told she ought to nourish—she *did* nourish these hopes—but human nature, or at least the instinct of a dependent affection, would interpose the question, ‘And what is this hope, if realized?—what is it to *me*?’—She had lost half her little world; and she felt that she might sink under her undivided solicitude for the other half.—Frank seemed now, to her wounded recollection, the spring and support of all that she had been able to accomplish—and she distrusted her own powers of exertion, under such a subtraction of the encouragement of his commending words and his exhilarating looks. A recent reading of ‘Paradise Lost,’ presented images to her mind, which she fancied

turbed by any operation of mind, it was by dissatisfaction with her own powers, because she could not forget herself. She returned to her duties like a sister whom the death of an only brother has left sole guardian of a father's age; and the vicar, though still comparatively a young man in years, and, without any qualification, young in all the energies of character, tried to flatter her by seeming to acknowledge the necessity of her care.—He talked of Frank as if it was comfort to himself to speak of him; and, for some days, he looked anxiously for the arrival of letters; but this reliance failing, he was driven with his ward into that unconditional submission which asks neither 'Why?' 'Whither?' nor 'When?'

The resumption of pursuits in which Frank had borne his part, was the opening of a second act of a tragedy that seemed leading to a disastrous catastrophe—but she saw that, in idleness, she deprived Mr. Broderaye of a solace which his affection made agreeable, and his uneasiness now made valuable to him. Under the gentle exhortation of Miss Sims, and with all those little sheathings of wounding edges which consult ease while they do not preclude wholesome exercise, she tried to be herself again in industry—Lady Mary was kind and soothing to excess—but her methods, Carilis was soon sensible, did little towards the improve-

ment of her fortitude : her own sensibility to her deficiencies, pointed out to her the treatment she needed—and she had honesty enough to resort to Miss Sims for correction, rather than to Lady Mary for flattering compassion.

CHAPTER XII.

EARNEST as the vicar was to put poor Carilis's affairs in some train, he could not immediately introduce the consideration of his requisite absence from home, while her mind remained under its first impressions. In a few weeks, her simple endeavour to do right on the principles that alone could sustain her, had operated so favourably, that he thought he might venture to hint to her, that her probable benefit required her submission to a short separation, during which Lady Mary would most kindly receive her. A revelation of as much as he thought prudent, of the purpose of his former absence, prepared her mind: he told her that her unknown distant relation, of whose existence, and her own pedigree, she had been previously informed, was dead; and he represented himself as entertaining a very faint hope of gaining a small portion of Lady Lynford's attention for her, in consideration of this removal of an intervening interest. She did not catch at what he held out; and it was necessary to show her, that he had no option in performing or neglecting his duty towards her, to reconcile her to his taking any trouble for

ber. Concurrence in this dire necessity was made easier by Miss Sims's suggestion, that, under her grandfather's seeming forgetfulness of her, it was requisite to Mr. Broderaye's having any chance of obtaining the means of providing for her, or perhaps of continuing his charge of her. Nothing farther than London was named to her: the baroness's bankers were talked of as the negotiators, and she brought her mind down to this submission, which the coming spring was to demand of her.

New anxiety now disturbed her. With all her deference for her guardian's judgment, she could not but fear he should so far misunderstand her, as to suppose she would willingly take shelter in dependence as a refuge from labour. The consciousness to her precarious provision, and the know-

With feelings, yet at the best, not far removed from those of a widow about to part from a protecting father, she prepared herself for this trial, without bargaining for the consolation of letters, or specifying a point of time beyond which her patience under his absence would not last:—she grieved that his trouble was for *her*; and she expressed her highest confidence, that he would make his absence as short and as light to her, as his convenience permitted.

It required some management to keep from her observation the seriousness of the preparations made for this journey. She indeed was to remove to the protection of Lady Mary, and her wardrobe and implements of industry must go with her—the former was not bulky enough to excite her suspicion when told to remove it entirely. A friend was to come into the vicarage-house to take care of the duty; but this seemed to be consideration for the stranger; and it was Mr. Broderaye's plan to get his ward out of the house, in time to prevent her seeing his care in quitting it.

The curate had been rather negligent in writing to settle preliminaries; and within three days of his coming, Mr. Broderaye received a letter which he concluded was from him, and might perhaps put him to inconvenience by procrastination.

* The letter was franked: the envelope contained these words:—

‘ Rev. Sir,

‘ The inclosed was put into my hand hastily, by a young man in the French dominions; but in what part I dare not reveal; as I have by great exertions and at great hazard, myself made my escape from thence, and suspicion of having aided me in it, might fall on a person who is not yet in safety. I hope and trust some terms will shortly be agreed on, by which those who have given no offence to the existing government in France, may be restored to their own country. In the mean time, I have the satisfaction of assuring you that

But here her good habits interposed to his obstruction :—she did not presume to be inquisitive:

‘ Can you suppose it possible, my dear Carry?’—said he, seeing her still intent on her own occupation at the moment—‘ Can you suppose me a coward at this instant?—I really am afraid to open this little billet—I do strongly suspect it will tell us something—of Frank.—Does it not look like his hand?—It is directed only “ Vicar, St. Emeril, Devon, England.” ’

‘ Let *me*—let *me*,’—said Carilis hastily—‘ If there is any pain to be suffered, let it be *me*—you don’t know, Sir, what I can do *now*—and bear *now*—I can bear any thing—joy or sorrow—I can indeed—any thing but seeing you unhappy—you look pale—O! pray sit down—pray, pray, give it me.’

Mr. Broderaye stood, indeed, pale—Carilis, flushed and with eyes sparkling into tears, broke the seal in assumed bravery—and saying only, ‘ It is—it is!—he’s alive—and well—and love to *me*,’—she let the paper fly—and ran out of the room.

The vicar could not follow her—he took up the paper, on which was written :—

‘ Safe with my nearest friend—well—in hope—not idle—grieved for what you must have felt—O! that I could know that what I have written at every chance has reached you—Love to her.’

In another hand—a man's hand—and that of a person more advanced in years—was added :

‘ You have not preserved the worthless, nor served the ungrateful.—A time will, I trust, come —till then.’

In the joy consequent on the removal of so much of a load of anxiety, and the substitution of such hope, neither the disposer of his fortunes nor the sharer in them, could be long absent from the mind of Mr. Broderaye.—He was quitting the room to seek Carilis—when he met her—not indeed wearing exactly the countenance which he had expected to see, but one, however, expressive rather of embarrassment than of pain or pleasure.

She anticipated his question or communication

were strengthened by the recent alleviation of their most oppressive anxiety; and under her guardian's management, it was for a short draught that she calculated her fund of patience. The heavy black veil that had darkened even common objects, was removed; and her simplicity let out a little more information, when, as if to comfort Mr. Broderaye under his concern for her, she said, 'O this is nothing—I have nobody *now* to care for but myself—it seems as if I was more in my own power *now*.'

Lady Mary, who always took the most good-natured, placid share, in the events of the vicarage-house, accepted Carilis with her usual kindness: and as soon as the few involuntary tears—which had been kept back while she was in the vicar's sight—had dried on her cheek, her ladyship was ready with her moanings on the departure of 'that delightful man,' and her rejoicings on the safety of 'that delightful youth,' to place the balance of Carilis's mind just where she had found it.

Mr. Broderaye's first letter from London, intimated the probability of his lengthened absence, and his intended pursuit of Lady Lynford, who, after various wanderings, had got to Paris, where, associated with an American family, she described herself, in her communications with her bankers, as

‘sitting in the whirlwind,’ though not ‘directing the storm’—and, if her expressions were not dictated by policy or imposed by necessity, the whirlwind and the storm seemed but too well to suit the turbulence of her state of mind.

St. Emeril's Court, abundant as it was in all the possibilities of enjoyment, was not, by many degrees, so cheerful a residence to Carlis as her own home. The party occupying it, bore no proportion to its extent; and in what was done there, there was not that spirit which makes the end proposed by labour, sweeten the means. Lady Mary had her settled divisions of her time, as of her accounts; and, in an attention to regularity which had an air of superstition, she satisfied her-

qualities necessary for the agreeable discharge of this office, to her ladyship's own girls, the charge of her was well repaid. To Lady Mary she appeared more charming than ever—not, probably, that she was, in fact, so very agreeably altered, but that she was judged of by a mind more at leisure than heretofore, to accept her endeavours. General Vaseney had removed to Brussels: he could conform to all systems, and changes of systems, and had facilities which left him little to fear in an enemy's country: he was either successful at play or very fortunate in speculations—or wondrously prudent in his expenditure; for his accounts of himself described his affairs as very prosperous. His lady, therefore, had less care than was her usual allotment; and, amused by her young companions, she felt an indulgence of her tenderness and a diffusion of tranquillity over her mind, which was comparative happiness, and which, when it became familiar, suggested the usual wish to improve it—and also the usual means—those of disturbance and subversion.

Having, some time before, assured herself that she might remain tenant of St. Emeril's Court at her own pleasure and convenience, she had begun to contemplate the possibility of quitting it and joining her husband, under the pretext to herself of finishing the education of her two younger daugh-

ters. Contracted as the family was, the difficulty and expense of moving were much lessened.—The two elder daughters were entirely out of all question : whether the distress which Mrs. Penrowney had described in her application for assistance, had increased, or diminished, or been removed—whether she was incapacitated from writing by the operation of misery, or had been relieved from the pressure of it ; and how her unmarried sister fared with her, — was all uncertain and uninquired : Lady Mary therefore sat lightly burdened with care or *cortège* ; and she had the unusual indulgence of time to think what would be agreeable to herself—an indulgence, perhaps, with which it was the least safe to trust her.

cast about for the best means of obeying her husband. She wrote, in her most persuasive language, to her brother, and then took out her account-book.

There was but one superfluity in the family—this was the governess; and her ladyship pleading the general's orders and her own subjugation to them in her usual placid manner, which, contrary to the common rule, was, almost always, more difficult to endure with patience than any thing it could have to introduce—gave Miss Sims the same gentle warning that she would have given to a servant, and suffered her, in the kindest manner, to frank herself to London, utterly uninfluenced in her choice of resources; and in the most obliging way, permitting and encouraging her to write to her whenever she had a prospect of an engagement. To no part of this intention was Miss Monterne privy:—Lady Mary re-iterated, times without number, in the course of a day, her comfort in having 'so prudent a little personage' to apply to in all cases; and if a morning-visitor called in, Carilis was represented as the female Solon of the family—but this decision, not, perhaps, coming within the department of an *equitable* legislator, she had been her own counsellor; and her guest was little less astonished than the

person on whom the measure operated, when it was made known.

In any other partnership it might have been called rather an arbitrary proceeding in one contracting party to act without the concurrence of the other; and as, though Carilis had ceased to be a scholar of Lady Mary's academy, her ladyship uniformly accepted the moiety of Miss Sims's salary from the vicar's hand, the postponement of her dismissal till his return, might have been looked for;—but economy has no nerves; and all opposition from the ex-governess was precluded by the solemn secrecy of the transaction.—There was no danger of Mr. Broderaye's telling tales—he never betrayed those from whom he blushed.

culiar situation in which she was herself placed, and submitted to be told, that though she could no longer love, she must continue to be grateful. She might indeed have been put to difficulty, had she been called to imitate any example of prodigious fortitude in this separation; but Lady Mary was very amiable on the occasion:—she clucked and lamented the departure of ‘that good Miss Sims,’ and encouraged ‘her sweet Carilis’ in all her tender feeling of regret:—she asked Emma and Georgiana if they were not very sorry to part from ‘dear Miss Sims, who had always been so good to them,’ directing all her gestures to the affirmative side of their voting-properties—and all this so exactly in compliance with the classic rule of ‘*suaviter in modo,—fortiter in re,*’—that she did not herself know that the words or her duty had been mis-understood or transgressed.

A great subduction was made from the comfort of Carilis’s life at St. Emeril’s by the dismissal of Miss Sims. She had, under the appointments of Lady Mary’s regimen, shared her chamber and her bed; and her conversation had supplied, in no small proportion, the deficiency of female tuition on small matters, to which Mrs. Broderaye’s helplessness had left her. Carilis was Miss Sims’s superior in the higher departments of cultivated intellect; but Miss Sims had the ad-

vantage in practical information confined to the female character; and under the impulse of Mr. Broderaye's urgent recommendation, his ward was daily availing herself of her useful talents—till, by docility and attention, and that disposition which creates good wherever it is exercised, she had got together the features of a character that bid fair to sustain itself under any very probable trial.

To all this merit in her young friend, Lady Mary was, to do her justice, fully sensible; and no opportunity was ever passed by without commending it. Emma and Georgiana not having yet lived in the world, had not been awakened to envy; and in the mutual kindness of the young people, her ladyship saw sufficient encouragement to a slight

This *cong  de travailler*, in its operation resembling the commission of the Roman Senate to a dictator to see that the republic sustained no detriment, spread itself like water from an elevated spring over the surface below it ; and Carila, who went to bed at night in the character of Lady Mary's guest, visitor, ward, charge, or whatever implies disparity of experience, rather than of natural situation—rose in the morning, after due reflection on these few words, the gratuitous governess—but still the constituted governess of the two young ladies.

She had imbibed enough of Mr. Broderaye's spirit, to prefer a graceful submission under inevitable circumstances, to an ungraceful resistance which could avail nothing. She had now an opportunity not only of showing her gratitude, but in some degree of adjusting the balance of obligation ; and she did not throw away the advantage.—She was not to seek in her new situation—she had learnt with her pupils, had always been before them, and had had the additional benefit of her guardian's wide field of knowledge, and of Frank Newson's communicative spirit, which had often compelled her to take an interest in that which had nothing attaching to her mind in itself.—Neither had she been reared in ignorance of the art of imparting what she herself had attained.

Her exertions had always been called for at the vicarage-house when they could be useful; and she had had an occasional pupil allotted her, if a girl had a prospect of a good service, or a chance for making an useful wife, but for her deficiency in reading or writing. In her education the end of labour was more regarded than the apportionment of it to time, and she had been taught by the least circuitous modes that Mr. Broderays could devise for himself or suggest to Miss Sims. While the girls of the village-schools were filling page after page with figures of one, followed by that addition to their forms which turns them into the letter i, a girl under 'the

CHAPTER XIII.

THE party which might now again be called 'the school-room party,' had taken advantage of a lovely forenoon to return the visit of a family, in which Lady Mary thought her presence might be excused; and she was beguiling time with her little details of abstract computation, when she was roused, as if from sleep, by her man-servant's coming into the room, and saying, that, with various other parcels from the London-coach, a higler's cart had brought a poor old creature, whom nobody could understand, farther than that he wanted to see Mr. Broderaye, and was vexed, even to tears, on hearing that he was absent.

'Poor soul!' said Lady Mary—'let him come in—perhaps I can make out what he says—let him go into the breakfast-parlour, and I will come and speak to him—for I have got all my papers about me here.'

Drawing on her gloves very decorously as she crossed the hall, her ladyship saw this claimant on her compassion, led by the higler and the footman into the parlour, and there rather bumped down into an arm-chair by his own weight and infir-

mities, than seated. She halted that he might be settled—and in the reflection of a pier-glass she saw him take off his gloves, unbutton his surtout, lay aside his hat, and remove a handkerchief which had been tied over his head. She saw him cast a gazing look round the apartment, and shake his head as if making some painful comparison, or indulging some bitter recollection.—She advanced, and in all her gentle graciousness inquired how she could be of service.

Lady Mary did not find it so very difficult to understand the old man as she had expected. It was only the mongrel English of Mr. Vanderryck that she had to explain to herself; and having heard, in the course of conversations with the

and almost instantly annihilated. He was despoiled—he was ruined—and was now subsisting on the little that his near connexions could share to him.

It was all together a sort of scenery and suffering into which Lady Mary could fully enter; and as she led him on into details of his misfortunes and their aggravations, her yet fine eyes ‘shone in tears’—and Vanderryck, who must have lived beyond the age of the patriarchs, to have become insensible to ‘the power of beauty’—broke off his narrative to say, ‘Vat a briddy creature you muss av been wen a littel one—nod, indeed, like my voif or my Garline—bud very very briddy.’

Between a disposition to smile and to frown, Lady Mary took the medium of forbearance to a weak and probably weakened intellect, and proceeded in her encouraging and sympathizing queries. The old man did not indeed gush out into disclosures, but he intimated that his troubles, which might have been at an end, had he found Mr. Broderaye, must now probably overwhelm him:—he spoke of him as having, some years before, taken the care of a little grand-child of his; and there was in his muttered manner of speaking on this subject, something so like a confession of delinquency, as to carry conviction of his being the person he claimed to be.—Lady Mary was not

wholly ignorant of the complexion of business between him and the vicar ; and had Myubeer come in the plenitude of his accumulations, a friendly resentment for one whom she esteemed as she did Mr. Broderaye, might have made a part of her reply ; but now she saw before her, an aged man suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty ; and she thought only how to meet the present evil.

So much good-nature on the part of Lady Mary deserved some indulgence, and she was disposed to take it by giving an agreeable surprise to the old man. She meditated the same to Carilis ; but not knowing how it might succeed, she thought it safest to warn her of an occurrence that might

was situated; and before she was answered about the tulips, she ordered the picture to be brought to her.—But here peeped out the inherent quality of pecuniary emulation.—No concern was expressed for these merchant-princes, comparatively fellow-sufferers with himself: he put the picture aside, with ‘Dake id away—dake id away—Hope is de ridge man szdill—he come here—vine house—vine dings!—And vor de dulibs, I did never like dem mudge—dey are dings dat do doi—and wen dey doi, wat is dere? and I do nod underztand dere wat you call noarsing—and de vine color is noding—I did like, my ladie Vat-your-name—I did like de ben-an-ink money—de hundert dousan pouns—dat wass *my* way—bud I do believe,’ added he shaking his head, ‘I ad bedder av mind de dulibs—for iv I zay dat dey doi—I may zay, and where is de money? Ah! my ladie Vat-your-name, dere oughd do be zomding bedder den de money an de dulibs in dis oorld, or id is nod wordt living in.’

The young party and their attendants returned; and Lady Mary’s vigilance prevented all unpleasant surprise or *rencontre*.

Mr. Vanderryck had declined all

‘——the soft solitudes of dress,’

and remained where he had been deposited on his

arrival. Lady Mary met Miss Monterne, and whispering to her, that there was an elderly foreign gentleman in the breakfast-parlour, who had wished to see Mr. Broderaye, she cautiously acquainted her with what had occurred in her absence, and with her intention of very agreeably astonishing her grand-father.

But even this gentleness of preparation was almost too little to enable Carlis to bear the awful sense impressed on her mind by the idea of seeing some one related to her, and in this superiority of degree; and Lady Mary had to wait the subsiding of great emotion, and the relief of a shower of tears, before she could realize her kind intention of giving a rare pleasure. The

countenance declared, even to the foggy perception of a Dutchman, something uncommon.—On the approach of ladies, he tried to get out of the arm-chair into which he found himself inserted; and with a contortion of countenance that might have suited the painter of Marsyas for a study, and in a voice between a scream and a howl, he cried out, ‘My Garline, my Garline!’ and had it not been for a stout table which received his hands, and bore his weight without flinching, he must have fallen on the carpet.

Lady Mary assisted him in re-seating himself, and he was beginning again to breathe, when his grand-daughter, overcome by the pressure upon her sensations, fell on her knees before him, and hid her face in his hands.

‘Meess’—said Vanderryck, as soon as he could speak, ‘I beg your bardon—I was misdake—it was a—I done know wat you call id—you are like a shild of mine—but nod now—she did nod do so.—My Garline ad no knees vor her poor fader.’

Carilis could not understand this figure of speech—still kneeling, she looked up at Lady Mary, who raising her, said, ‘But, my dear Sir—do not let us disturb you too much:—I meant indeed a pleasure for you.—This is vour daughter’s daughter—your dear grand-child—under my care while

Mr. Broderaye is absent—and a dear child she is to me.'

'My Gott!' exclaimed the Dutchman, raising his eyes and hands—'and how briddy she is!—come here—my shild—wy you are briddier den your mudder, but nod briddier den *her* mudder, vor she was an angel—bud wad your name?—your religion-name, I mean—I know your oder enough.'

Carilis looked to Lady Mary, as if fearing her own powers of articulation might play her false.—Her ladyship answered for her, by giving her baptismal names, and explaining that compounded of them by which she was called.

And now the Dutchman, all fondling and given up to the dotage of feelings which even in

perception of female beauty, his admiration of his grand-daughter did not discredit his taste. She was indeed the pretty thing, the pretty creature he tried to call her, if a fine slender form justly proportioned, a skin healthily tinged, but pallid to the treacherous revelation of every meandering vein, and to the increase of every suffusion excited in the heart, could constitute prettiness.—Eyes that spoke every thing tender, teeth that had ranged themselves in proud order, as if to attract notice to their enamel, hands formed for elegant purposes, and feet nicely suited to the light weight they supported, finished a figure which reared in a crowded city, or quacked by anticipating care, might have proved too delicate for exertion; but which, under simple management, failed in none of its functions.

It required a little time to develope the probable consequences of Mr. Vanderryck's thus casually lighting on his grand-daughter's temporary abode; and Lady Mary was naturally anxious to know whether the ruin in which he described himself as, for the present, involved, was decidedly his permanent situation, or an inconvenience existing only during the contested subjugation of the continent. Conversation tending to ascertain this, was not held in the presence of Carilis. The

Dutchman was indulged in the full enjoyment of his ' briddy greadure's gombany,' and Lady Mary enlarged her hospitality to satisfy her kind curiosity.

Discussions between the affable hostess and her guest produced confidential communications, which Lady Mary, with the best-tempered patience, picked, syllable by syllable, out of the embarrassed diction of the Dutchman; and on his own representation, she saw no prospect of lucrative inheritance for her young favourite from his means:—there was no consolation in his *exposé* of his own circumstances; but, introducing Mr. George Bray into his narrative as a person of whom she might know much more than he did, he

keeping quiet, she took a few turns in the apartment, and then sat down to feast her ears afresh with that which had been too agreeable to them, to admit of questioning its reality.

She had known from Mr. Broderaye, solely because it would have reached her in a worse way, as it was no secret to his wife—that there was a distant connexion between Lady Lynford and his ward; but he had uniformly represented the interposing life as precluding her from all expectation, even should the baroness not marry again—and her utter dereliction of her, he stated as barring the access to all favour.

When the necessity of quitting home for the purpose of conferring with Lady Lynford, obliged him to say more, he had kept that medium between ungracious reserve and incautious confidence, which prevents the perception of distrust and the evil of disclosure. Lady Mary knew from him as much as did Carilis, on the subject, and no more: her best wishes for success went with him, but his failure would have occasioned her no surprise, nor would it have called forth from her, any vehement blame of the baroness. It was not more difficult, nor was it more painful to her feelings, to conclude that Lady Lynford's interest for this branch of her house, might have

been alienated by the unequal alliance with a merchant's daughter, than it had been for her to justify the Dutchman's resentment on the diametrically opposite ground. But that such a woman as the baroness, a woman whose very exterior, as known or described, had uniformly declared all her departures from common character to be connected with consideration for herself—that such a woman had been guilty of such an oversight on so important a point—was as incredible as that she should have determined to disregard the prohibition.

Still it was no more possible to contend against assertions than against facts; and Lady Mary was forced to keep her mind in equilibrium: but the

raying in her mind all the circumstances respecting the baroness which she could call to remembrance. —She knew that her marriage had been of a kind that claimed silence from polite people—but now, with the key furnished by the Dutchman, she could understand clearly, and reconcile to rationality, all the obliquities which it was known had marked Lady Lynford's actions, from that period; and, like the vicar, she *felt* rather than was *convinced* that the report was true.

Life seldom flatters with so vivid a pleasure, as that which now seemed ready to overpay all Lady Mary's cares for Carilis. What indeed could be a more vivid pleasure, than to be thus, as it were, appointed to tell one so dear to her, and so deserving, so pretty, and so pitiable, that all apprehension for her future welfare was removed, and its place filled with the feeling of security for herself, and of an authoritative influence on the happiness of him to whom she owed her very subsistence? There was no restriction laid as to the prudence of the disclosure, or the manner in which it should be made. She could not but be impatient to make it—this was very excusable—and if there was any doubt on the subject, it was whether Carilis's spirits would bear the communication without taking wing. Lady Mary knew where to find her at an early hour in the morning :—she therefore,

arming herself with her sublimated smelling-bottle, crossed on her path, and withdrawing her from her own girls, gave her the exciting information.

But poor Lady Mary's calculations often misled her. Instead of delighting as well as surprising Carlis by this recital, she embarrassed and shocked her; for, instead of congratulating herself, she argued against the probability, as if to prove it impossible, would have been pleasant to her:—she could not conceive that, if Mr. Broderaye had been confident on the subject, he would not have given her some intimation of it, or that he would have expressed himself in the terms that he had done at parting. It had been one of his last

that he did right, because she had always found that what he did was the best and the kindest that could be done.'—'But what,' she asked, 'could she say to him now that she knew it?—it might hurt him or distress him. He might say that she believed another person rather than him—it appeared as if she had been trying to find out something in secret—it did not look fair and open—and he might say that, if she made new friends, he would take no more care of her.—In short, she wished she had never heard it—she could not—she would not believe it,'—and, at present, merely influenced by her habitual deference for Mr. Broderaye, the novice in this world's temptations stood firm.

This, it must be confessed, was not the most encouraging way of accepting the good intentions of a friend, to communicate happiness—but it was far too respectable to be blamed—it was too right to be corrected—it was the unquestioning obedience of a faithful disciple—it was the genuine refusal of innocence to let any thing less pure touch it—the delicate repugnance of an unspotted conscience to be soiled. Lady Mary could not appreciate this: she could not entirely brook the being *out-prudenced*. There was a silent claim of superiority in being so *very* right, that was not quite agreeable to her; and, on the same principle as that on which fathers feel grati-

fied when boys show 'a little of the devil in them,' and mammas make gesticulations of satisfaction when little girls are caught craning up to looking-glasses, she would have been better pleased with 'a spice of human nature.'—If the principle be not obvious in itself, it may be translated into the comfort felt in seeing the standard of moral virtue kept down to our own adjustment of it—a comfort that degrades in the acceptance!

Lady Mary was not indeed offended; or if she was, the feeling led her into nothing that wore the semblance of displeasure—she nodded and smiled Carilis into a conviction of her *worldly incapacity*:—she patted her,—told her she was a very good little girl, but professed herself convinced that

must turn out prosperously, and then assuming the care of her. Carilis, whose heart was not where she was sitting, heard all in a sort of silence which she thought imposed on her, which to others might appear submissive—but which, in reality, was as dignified as if it had owed its origin to the spirit of Lady Lynford.

Lady Mary had no cause to fear the diminution of her kind-hearted delight in the prospects of Carilis by any argument that an inexperienced country-girl could bring forward to check it. When she next spoke on the subject, she had the encouragement of finding that she had shifted her ground of opposition, and that she gave credit to Lady Lynford's having done as was represented—but with that vexation and distressing misconception which her ladyship compared, in her own mind, to 'a child's sewing a pocket-handkerchief into a bag, instead of hemming it when it was all got ready,'—she found Miss Monterne, instead of thinking of her own happiness, shuddering at the misery entailed on Lady Lynford, and asking herself 'How should I like this myself?'—'Really,' as her ladyship observed, 'it was too childish—or a vast deal too wise—she could not decide which—and she was almost sure that Mr. Broderaye would think, if he was gone in quest of the baroness on this business, that it was hardly

worth the trouble to take pains for one so insensible to his exertions.'

'Not to his *exertions*—my dear Lady Mary,' said Carilis meekly;—'insensible I am, and I hope shall ever be, to the temptation of happiness at the expense of another.—Were it you yourself—were you the owner of this place, do you think I could bear to see you turned out, that I might come in?—and as for Mr. Broderaye's thinking ill of me, he *cannot*—because selfishness is his abhorrence—and he will not think me too wise, or pretending to be too wise—for our little Susan was not older than I am, when she refused to go to London with that captain who offered to provide for her

sorts of lights; and Carilis was forced to hear from her ladyship and Mr. Vanderryck every painful inference that could be connected with her threatened felicity: she had to listen to the *memoranda* given to the Dutchman, by Mr. George Bray, for his contemplation to spur him to active vengeance,—and of the retrospective bearing of the forfeiture on whatever had been spent or done.—She was in possession of the fact, that even the presentation to the living was null and void.

She was compelled to listen, till starting up from her seat, she ran out of the room, saying—‘I shall lose my senses—I am all confusion—nothing seems firm about me—the earth under my feet will give way—O dearest Lady Mary! do unsay what you have said.—Tell me it is only a dream—and I shall be happy.’ Of the two persons sitting in judgment on her proceedings, the Dutchman was the more merciful! She had reasoned with him, nearly as she had done with Lady Mary; and either her simplicity, or that still stronger claim to his clemency, her being ‘zo briddy,’ won upon him; and at the conclusion of something like a defence of her, he gave it as his newly-formed opinion, that if ‘de men of de oorld minded de dings of de oorld no more den diz maikin, id mighd be all de bedder.’

Lady Mary’s next kind attempt was to raise

her young friend to importance in her own eyes, by flattering her with the idea of power consequent on wealth.—It did not succeed—Carilis was not confident enough that she should know how to use it:—it alarmed her as much as the former idea had shocked her.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL was now disturbance and confusion in the hitherto-monotonously tranquil great house; and had not Miss Monterne earnestly entreated and obtained a promise, that the most perfect secrecy should be preserved on the subject that distressed her, the commotion might have extended throughout the county.

Emma and Georgiana had been neglected without knowing why:—their good-nature was alarmed for Carilis; and, to satisfy them that it was causeless, she again devoted herself to them, not at all regretting the separation from Mr. Vanderryck, to whom she was conceiving no small aversion, as the author, or, at least, the editor, of all that had given her uneasiness.

She had, however, very soon a consolation, if not support, in a letter from Mr. Broderaye, who had reached Paris in perfect safety, and gave her the kindest assurances that she might be at ease about him, as, amongst his father's surviving connexions, he had found persons in situations that facilitated his progress, and secured him from the dangers and vexations to which travellers had been

subjected. He had not then found Lady Lynford, but he had heard of the family with whom he knew her to reside:—he wrote in good spirits, and with the kindest affection; and Carilis fancied the distance lessened, and the time of his return drawn much nearer, by the arrival of this comfort.

But the perusal, the possession, and the agreeable delusion, of this letter, were not its only points of value. Mr. Broderaye told her how to address him, and expressed an earnest desire to hear from her!

This was an outlet for feelings, which were accumulating too fast for a mind so far short of its full growth, to sustain without suffering. To communicate to him what oppressed her—to tell

her intention of writing: however reluctantly, therefore, she was obliged to adopt the necessary measure of privacy; and the pain it cost her, made her more than ever impatient for the time when she might yield up to her guardian, the very troublesome liberty of action to which she felt herself consigned.

It was at break of day after a sleepless night, and with every precaution lest Emma and Georgiana, who were now quartered on her chamber, should awake, that she, in as few words as possible, stated to her guardian the circumstance of her grandfather's arrival—the purpose of his coming, and the communication he had made: she did justice to Lady Mary's goodness to her; but she implored him to assure Lady Lynford, if there was any truth in what she had heard, and he approved her sentiments, that no consideration on earth should ever induce her to take advantage of it. 'If, indeed,' said she '(as I am told, she would have a right to 500*l.* a year), she would, on my renouncing all this cruel claim, when I am of age, let me change places with her, and be so good as to let me have the 500*l.* a year, she could never feel that she had done me an injury; and I should be the happiest of all happy beings; for I should be very rich, and she could not be hurt.'

No *ruse* of diplomacy was ever executed with

more trepidation than this not only innocent but commendable exertion of prudence was made by Carilis, whose mind, however well directed, could not furnish its own support or give her the comfort of knowing that it needed none. The letter was written, folded, sealed with a wafer, and directed, before Emma or Georgiana waked—it remained only to get it to the post-office of the village; and this could not be accomplished without the assistance of a servant.

Educated in an abhorrence of every thing clandestine, and particularly cautioned against making a servant a participant in what might be followed by injury to integrity or the forfeiture of confi-

over the same ground, to make Carilis aware of the price-current of this world's blessings—she stated herself as but too well informed of their value by the privation of them—but this connecting itself only with individual gratification, Carilis could quote in her own defence, Mr. Broderaye's unremitting anxiety to keep her mind free from covetousness, and disposed to prefer the lot that seemed to be hers, before any, that she could fancy for herself. 'My guardian,' said she, 'dearest Lady Mary, is not a man to make a show of what he does, or to seek praise from telling the motives to his goodness—but *we* know him: I mean *I* know him, and I know that he has but one rule for himself and for *us*—for *me* I mean. I never can get rid of the awe on my mind which I have felt, when he has made us, after family-prayers, kneel down with him, and as if he had been only one of us, putting his hands on our heads, has prayed to God to keep us from all evil ways, from pride, from discontent, from covetousness, and from all the temptations of the world. Now, were I to feel any pleasure in this prospect, I must disobey him; and what then should I have to rely on?'

'O!' replied Lady Mary, 'you think too deeply—I cannot say I am fond of philosophizing young ladies—your guardian would never be severe—he would not turn you out of the vicarage,'—

said she laughingly—‘and if he does, I will take you in.’

‘It is not being turned out, that I mean when I say, What should I have to rely on?—I mean, where would be my confidence?—I should be a coward, as I am by nature; for it is nothing but his teaching me that I have nothing to fear while I do right, that gives me courage—I should tremble like an aspen-leaf, at every thing, if I could not say as he has taught me—“The Almighty will protect me.”’

‘Well! this is an odd kind of courage in my opinion—at least, I am certain it would not serve *me*.—My courage is founded only in the persua-

When we mean to be witty, it is very mortifying to be stopped by a request to be intelligible; but Carilis was obliged to be guilty of this irregularity; for she had no conception of Lady Mary's meaning.

She explained it, by saying that 'the honour of being, in a few years, the second Mrs. Broderaye, would probably content her.'

Now what became of all the moderation in the character of the two ladies?—No one of Mr. Broderaye's precepts was at hand to direct the deportment of the younger one—the case was new;—and her feelings directed those of the elder one, when the indignation with which the suggestion was met, required her to take her own part.

Carilis, in tears of extreme anger, resenting for her guardian an imputation that seemed, to her, to reduce all he had done for her to a scheme—an imputation which her untutored sense taught her must have made his conduct during the term of his marriage, questionable, and which, if not effectually wiped off, must imbitter her home to her—kept no terms with Lady Mary. She saw her no longer, as she had done, the prudent though feeble mother and mistress of a family—she regarded her not as her friend and protector—but as one whose words she must weigh and whose actions

she must examine, before she could decide on trusting or approving.

Lady Mary could not endure the reception given to that which, had the novice caught at it, she might probably have explained away as *badinage*—she justified herself without any call made on her self-defence—and as if supposing that the disparity of age would be pleaded against her, she fortified that point, by saying ‘she saw no difference in happiness, whether a woman married a man five, or five and twenty years, older than herself—that those things all went by destiny, and that there was no withstanding our fate.’

This being too childish for even Carilis, she

was catching hold of it as a mere story for her to

for marrying her own good fortune—and she comforted her and herself, with recollecting the nugatory character of all this wise precaution, and good-humouredly retracted all she had said respecting the ambition of being ‘*vicareess* of St. Emeril.’

But she drew out the weapon only to wound more deeply: perhaps a little encouraged by her companion’s blundering between the singular and plural in describing the vicar’s solitudes, she saw where she might strike; and acting in utter disregard of what she knew to be the delicate caution of Mr. Broderaye under circumstances that required peculiar forbearance, she yielded perhaps to the same impulse as had misdirected her own youth, when taking Carilis’s hand, and peeping under her eye-lids, she only named ‘Frank Newson,’ and asked what he might, at some future time, say to her obstinacy. Momentary as was the touch, the contagion was communicated:—Carilis, while she felt the sound penetrate to her heart, was, in an instant, taught by an indefinable sensation to dissemble—she awkwardly tried to seem unconcerned, and betrayed herself the more.—Lady Mary left her, and sought Mr. Vanderryck, every moment more convinced by her own disposition to activity, that there was much to do in this business, or at least much for her to do.

Quitting Carilis in perfect good humour, she joined Vanderryck, and represented to him, far more powerfully than was requisite, the absolute necessity of their acting together.—And now not at all leaving things to take their own course, she was managing every circumstance—Carilis was, in her apprehension, instantly a ward of the Court of Chancery, with a liberal allowance from the Chancellor — and herself, Mr. Broderaye, and Mr. Vanderryck, for her guardians;—and now no longer shrinking into quiet, she saw herself accompanying the delicate minor into the presence of this general protector of the wealthy youth of the kingdom, and in an instant, with that deviation of thought

thing to reprove or correct in the means by which this might be accomplished; and perhaps in a former part of her life having been as sensible to the omnipotence of the name Augustus Vaseney, as she wished Carilis to be to that of Frank Newson, she might think the path now prescribed to her by her duty as an indulgent friend, to be that which she was most prone to take.

Carilis had retired from this confidential interview, in the state of an unsuspecting guest poisoned at a delicious banquet. No painful symptoms indeed manifested themselves immediately—on the contrary, she felt exalted to happiness by this recognition of a pretension which she had never dared to make—and now, bitterly did she repent the precipitancy of which she felt herself guilty, in writing and sending clandestinely the letter to Mr. Broderaye, the least consequence of which, she could not doubt, would be the ultimate forfeiture of his active friendship, if not of his regard and pity for her, if she had done wrong. She had not hinted the smallest wish for forbearance, therefore she must expect by the earliest possible return, if the letter reached him, the most severe expressions on her folly and presumption; and if he saw the matter in the same light as her ladyship did, her self-confidence in acting thus on her own judgment, must offend him, as much as her want

of ingenuousness must, however secretly, have hurt Lady Mary.

There was still a more galling cause of repentance in her having shut the door effectually against any advantage to Frank Newson. Lady Mary's repetition of his name had indeed not been the first collision that elicited from her heart a spark of hope that Frank regarded her with an affection tending to their passing their lives together. Left, by his sudden departure, to make her own conjectures, to recall to memory past moments, and to find her own consolation, it was neither surprising, nor in any way reprehensible, if she aggravated her sufferings by thinking what, without the cause of them, she might have hoped for or promised

only that which was obvious to every one, and for the loss of which she must have claimed general pity ; but she felt, in prospect, as completely cast out upon a desolate world, as ever did any woman of twice her age, who had consigned a husband to the grave, on whose life depended her daily bread, and her shelter from the skies.

The mere certainty that Frank was in existence and not in danger, had been her restoration to hope and confidence; and if he had found a friend or relation, so much was her condition improved; as a doubt of his kind disposition could not enter her mind;— and now in what she had done, should he ever think of her as his wife, she had cut him off from that which, in its fullest extent, whatever that might be, could not, in her estimation, exceed his merits or discharge her obligations to him. The hint she had given of her preference of the income reserved to Lady Lynford, to that immeasurably greater emolument, the property forfeited, now appeared to her, romantic folly. What would 500*l.* a year be to Frank, compared with that which he must, at one time or other, know might have been his, but for her arrogant interposition? Concealment, under any circumstances, was unnatural to her; and towards *him*, where she alone was concerned, it was impossible. He must know it, and at all events he

should know it from herself, if ever she had means to tell it—what then must be his reproaches?—or what rather must be his silence?

To recall her letter was impossible—to write another therefore was her only resource; and to do this, she again sat down in secret, trusting to Lady Mary's being fully occupied with Mr. Vanderryck.

She had no disturbance: the letter was written under no perturbation but that of her own mind;—and with more attention than she had bestowed on its precursor, she read it over in what she thought her coolest judgment;—and again she was disappointed in her hope of her own approbation. What she had represented on paper, when col-

fort, than with that which she had considered so injurious to Frank Newson. Instead of preparing her letter for conveyance, she tore it into shreds, and dropping on her knees, in a convulsion of distress, she sobbed out an unformed supplication, that at least she might not be permitted to offend that Power before whom every secret of her heart was, she well knew, laid open.

She rose, encouraged by her own ingenuous submission—she felt as if she had entrusted herself and the guidance of her, to a superior hand; and now asking herself which of the two letters which she had written, she could with most confidence present to the judgment of Him whom she had long since been taught to know as ‘of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,’ her heart involuntarily claimed the former one as its own language; and her disquiet was all over.—She might, she confessed, have acted imprudently as to *this* world: she might have injured Frank Newson, but this world was not the only one in which she was to live; and she was confident that Frank, if he returned with the generous heart he carried away with him, would far more probably commend her disregard of his interests, than such a regard for them as her second letter displayed. Nor did the concealment from Lady Mary again harrass her. In comparing her ladyship’s opinions and power

of judging with her guardian's, she could not but discern their inferiority; and she saw now with perfect clearness, that to accomplish a purpose, which every moment more strongly convinced her was right, she had not the option of communicating it to even so kind a friend.

Whatever were the plans or intentions of Mr. Vanderryck and Lady Mary, Carilia considered herself as completely fenced by her own proceeding, from any participation in that which she could not think right. She had made Mr. Broderaye her counsellor in the affair, and was therefore herself at rest; and under the information of her conscience, she could behave with perfect ease, and without the least fear of giving offence to her

ryck felt as if only entering on his share of that abundance and ease of heart which was directing itself in the course of things towards that 'briddy greadur his Gariliz.' Lady Mary corresponded for him with his friend Mr. George Bray, who was in London; and no assurances on the part of either were spared, that could satisfy this supposed friend, that the interests of Miss Monterne were attended to:—nothing however could be done till her guardian's return, and for this they were not a little anxious.

CHAPTER XV.

HAD Lady Mary been 'at ease in her possessions,' it is very much to be questioned whether her naturally-harmless spirit would, with so little allowance of mercy to Lady Lynford, have taken up the cause of Miss Monterne. Satiated with abundance—informed of the disproportion between the power ascribed to wealth and distinction, and the real advantages connected with them, she might long ere this have sighed for more here

ness of her heart, and perhaps with anxiety to keep his from truancy, indicated that she held him in remembrance in her exhortations to Miss Monterne, and in her toleration of the impoverished Dutchman—and that in sowing seeds of kindness, she foresaw a harvest of gratitude. Her ladyship ought better to have defined her duties—but she was poor!

There was a contrast to her frame of mind on this occasion, in the feeling of Mr. Vanderryck, which if it had not almost drawn tears from the eyes of an observer, must have produced a smile. He had lost every thing but a bare subsistence—but with his accumulated wealth, he had lost his ardour in accumulation.—It would indeed have been, at his age, a vain hope that he could raise another pile of gold to any height; but it was not merely a feeling of despair that unnerved him:—he had had time, while his fortunes were declining to their present state of ruin, to contemplate their unstable foundation and their real character: he had rested on them, by habit, for want of other resources of mind, and when they failed him, he looked at them with more of contempt than regret. Thus much is to be said in detraction from the moral merit of this philosophy—he had never known the use of riches—except indeed when he lavished them on his ‘Garline;’—and surely *she*

could never teach him to esteem them for the gratification they brought !

In his own country, while watching the inundation of despotism, as he would have watched the rolling-in of the sea on the cutting of the dykes, he had, with no heedless eye, contemplated the better case of those, who untethered by wealth and cares, could change their land, or comfort themselves, if they remained, that they had little to lose ; and with this cooling of mercantile fervour, he had resolved to abide consequences.

It was in this wholesome settling down of his judgment, and this rational contemplation of the disturbed world, that Mr. George Bray's zeal for justice to a stranger—for revenue of his deceased

—an empty lecture-room delivering its experience in echoes, and giving the sum-total of its profits in vacuity!—Want of title had kept it unpurchased; and want of decoration had repelled temporary occupiers.—It had stood waiting for better days, till it became an attractive scene of sport to the boys, who quickly demolishing the glass in the windows, excited the compassion or the disgust of the neighbourhood, to obtain for this once dignified mansion, the protection of a few deal-boards.—Predatory attempts had succeeded mischievous sports—the iron and the lead were gone, but the walls seemed still to preach patience, though they could suggest no ground for hope. Vanderryck stood before it, ashamed to say that it had been his.—He chose an early hour of the morning for this survey; and suffered a bricklayer going to his work, to tell him his own story.—‘Ah! well, well!’ said he, as he turned away—‘id is gone—bud I shall go doo—I av losd all bud my garagder—dad is nod gone.—De war an de vi’lence av ruin me and dousands—bud nod de vine doings, an de bamber my abbedide—bedder bedder a dousand dimes, *be* ruin dan *do* ruin.’

With great diligence he had sought out his faithful clerk Shelly, whom he had found in decent comfort trafficking in the money-market with his savings, and happy in seeing ten children

growing up in habits of moral virtue corresponding to his care of them—‘Habby, habby goundry!’ exclaimed Vanderryck—‘You, Meester Shelly—you English none of you know ow abby you are.—I know your way—you grumble and mudder—you dreaten and you ghick—you abuse your ghing, and you dalk of blogs vor de heads of your minisdry—bud go all where I av been—zee wad I ave zeen—an you will all be glad do av your ghing, and your daxes, and your minisders—and den dimes worse—deach your shilder to be gondent, Meester Shelly; vor de oord *gondent* means more den de half million—I gan dell you.’

It was no ungracious answer that the old ser-

self to his friend Shelly in despair, but for the hospitality of Lady Mary Vaseney.

Charmed with her manners, prepossessed by the still-fine lines of her features, he saw in her kindness nothing but the spontaneous exercise of benevolence to himself and his grand-daughter: his own speculations had never gone out of the track of commerce—he had bought, as he told Mr. Broderaye when disclaiming the extraneous taste for pictures—he had bought when ‘de mark’t was cheap, and zold when id wass dear’—but his intellectual circumference contained no repository for schemes of ostensible charity, that made the two ends of a virtue meet in his purse.—He might have admired Lady Mary’s ‘business-head,’ if he had got sight of one of her postscripts to the general; but if his eye had turned upon his ‘briddy Garliz,’ he would have decided that ‘de good head mighd be very good ding—bud de good hardt wass de bedder.’

In all the business that was to be transacted on this important concern, Lady Mary took an unwearied part; and she prepared every thing, against the expected return of the vicar. Carilis, devoting much of her time to the two girls, and stealing what she could for those pursuits which were to prove to her guardian that his exhortations to industry had not been disregarded by her, or her

obedience relaxed by airy imaginations, left her counselling friends full liberty and opportunity for the arrangement of their plans for the ensuing campaign. She preserved a silence, not presuming in its obviousness, not ill-humoured in its aspect, not stiff in its texture—but firm, modest, placid: she set up no opinion of her own—she detailed no feelings—she quoted no Scripture;—but she had her opinion and her feelings, and a law, promulgated by the highest authority, written on her heart.—She could give no offence by referring to the time when her guardian should arrive—she could not be reproved for possessing that patience which it is the duty of a teacher to

seduced to feel awed by the conduct of one whom she had compassionated, and instead of having occasion to make allowances for youth, might have to ask them for her own maturer age. She had tried cool statements, enlightening reasoning, inducing persuasion—and had occasionally resorted to that pretty *badinage* which hinted at Frank Newson and his claims—but even this weapon had lost its point: Carilis, in settling her opinion of Frank Newson's judgment, had settled her own conduct; and that housewifery of her peace, which perhaps the short measure with which it had been dealt out to her, had taught her—added to the painful intensity of her feelings when suffered to get the better of her, made her, on prudent considerations, as well as under the regulation of duty, cautious of disturbing herself.

One circumstance of her situation, very much in her favour, was her incessant occupation. Besides the care of 'just seeing that Emma and Georgiana did not lose what had been so *expensively* paid for,' which included a daily trial in every branch of their education, made unpleasant by the dull aversion of the one to any act of industry, and the volatility of the other, Lady Mary now 'paid her the compliment' of doing nothing without her participation or at least her advice; and it was so very convenient to say 'Do,'

and 'Go,' and 'Tell,' and 'Take care,' instead of, in person, doing and going, and telling and taking care, that it was not matter of wonder, that a deputy should not have a sinecure-post. In a little time, on a fortunate discovery that 'sweet Carilis' was very clever at figures, the analytical account-books were turned over to her;—and on a difference with her waiting-woman, her ladyship really thought that the upper house-maid, who had only Emma and Georgiana to attend on, beside the superior part of the house, would do just as well for her, 'if dear Carilis would only just be so good as to assist her occasionally with her nice taste, and just, now and then, look into the store-room and see a little to the household-linen.' Still

to gratify her vanity in the old man's exterior, or the manner of his introduction, or in any thing connected with him: Lady Mary, when she spoke of him to her servants, kindly called him, in a compassionating tone, 'The poor old creature,'—and clucked heartily when at a loss to contrive his dinner, if she had thought there was 'just enough for four;' but the old man's habits were so frugal, and he was so little inclined to enlarge his allowance to himself, when it was at the cost of another, that, in any reproachful expression uttered against him, she must have expected a reflection on her own precipitancy, in thus making him a burden.

That he might not be felt as such, was one of the first cares of Carilis, who always called him her grand-father, and expressed the most affectionate respect for his character, which as it daily developed itself, was indeed more and more entitled to her veneration. By preserving himself honest in a corrupt world, and even by that seemingly trifling—and perhaps, to many, *ridiculous*—abhorrence which he had entertained of defrauding even the public treasury, to the injury of the country in which he was amassing wealth, he had kept firm a foundation for still higher moral virtue, and preserved a delicacy of honourable feeling, the best preparation for the disinterested philosophy

of Christianity. The natural tenderness of his heart—nay, the very weakness of his nature—united him to his fellow-creatures in bonds of charity, while his genuine admiration of female beauty, and his relish of the elegancies connected with it, made him a lenient censor of that which must be allowed to a rising generation.

Bitter as had been his resentment of his daughter's hard-hearted ingratitude, and the deception she had practised on him, he retained the recollection of her with melancholy regret, rather than with anger, and was candidly inclined to attribute her faults to her education and the loss of her mother. In proportion to his sense of her deficiencies

her hair over his fingers—putting on his spectacles to look at her hands—admiring a ribbon that he thought new, and fancying her a child—he soon found a most valuable companion, not only able to entertain him, but affording, in the unsophisticated integrity of her heart, a lesson from which even threescore and ten might profit. Lady Mary's character he soon saw through—he admired her fine person, her manners, her politeness—and he did not receive her favours to himself ungraciously; but when he grew confidential with his grand-daughter, and began to understand the ground on which she refused to listen to what he came to urge, he saw the difference between the protectress and the *protégée*—‘My ladie,’ said he, ‘is very goot and very jarming; bud id is all, I gan see, ad laad vor *zelf*—bud you, my Garliz, av no *zelf*—I shall lofe you, my Garliz, iv you will led me.’

If he was a little anxious to know whether he could depend on her for any improvement of his reduced situation, he might be forgiven, especially as he was content with her promise to do her utmost, whatever might be her means; and thus understanding each other, he dropped all impatience, and leaving Lady Mary almost alone in the question, he took up rather the moderation of his grand-daughter, and joined his experience to

her natural feeling, in arguing against all departure from right, in the hope of advantage—he had felt the vanity of the world himself, and could not recommend to another, a pursuit that had misled him.

He talked to her of Frank Newson as described by Lady Mary, and gently questioned her as to her expectations from his affection. She might have feared rough persecution or jocular disbelief from him, when she disowned all claim on the companion of her infancy; but Vanderryck was truth itself; and he was not disposed to act against any one as if it must be extorted by authority, or affronted into producing itself.—He gave her credit at her first word, and listened to

mated, she was the first to point out the various impediments that might stand in the way; and she showed her mind prepared to allow them all their force.

Vanderryck's admiration of her was more than just—it was astonishment—he knew not what English girls were who had been well trained; neither had he ever had it in his power to contemplate the heart that is so often to be found in young subjects, on whom the world has not operated. He naturally, under the feelings newly excited by this most agreeable association, wished to acquaint himself with the machinery which so delighted him in its productions; and when Carilis could only refer him to Mr. Broderaye's instructions, and Mr. Broderaye was not at hand to take him as a pupil, he was forced to content himself with the book by which he found she had been taught; and reverting to the very same point as that on which he had held forth to his own daughter, he again gave his testimony in favour of that which he feared had been forgotten in *her* education—and saying to Carilis, ‘Gan you nod, my briddy dear, wen you read your Bibel vor yourzelf, read id vor me doo?’—he easily induced her to this act of piety, and listened to her soft voice and pleasing cadence, with a stillness of satisfaction that seemed to admit no recollection of misfor-

tune. When she was called away, he would read again what she had read, till, in a few weeks, he had acquired the habit of reading to himself, and when she offered her service, he would say, 'I am avraid, my briddy dear, I mind more your briddy reading, den de woords.'

Carilis could not judge of what she was doing, because she was ignorant of Vanderryck's previous habits: she could not boast herself the instructor of a man whom she knew not to be in want of instruction:—all her allowances were made for his imperfect knowledge of English; and she could not possibly comprehend that she had any advantage over him, but in her fluency of language; and even had he made her his confessor, and ex-

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Broderays's search for Lady Lynford in Paris was successful; and when her residence was known, he wrote to her, in terms calculated to warm the heart of a sojourner in a foreign land, towards a countryman, entreating her to see him: he had a most obliging answer from her—she would see him the next day at an hour she named;—and she did not disappoint him. He had prepared his documents, so as to give her as little trouble and disturbance as possible, and had endeavoured to bring his arguments of persuasion into a point that should make it her choice, as well as her prudence, to coalesce with him: he had a plan in his mind, which, if accepted, would have kept the important question in a state that could wound nothing but her pride, and that secretly, till Carilia should be of age; and he trusted to his knowledge of his ward, that her power to oppress would not be carried to an extreme.

When approaching the hotel at which he was to find the baroness, he might say to himself as others have done when so severely tasked, 'The

human frame ought to be iron and steel to endure such service;—but if he *did* express this weak diffidence, the feeling was soon over; and he did not disgrace her recognition by any failure in self-possession.

Either he had omitted the word *alone* when he requested her to see him, or she had disregarded the hint—for she received him into a room where were many visitors, and where conversation, in which she appeared taking much interest, was rapidly carried on.

In person, she was still more shattered than when he saw her in London—in complexion more artificial:—her reception of him was still more vividly gracious—it was ‘a scene,’—or, what

appointment for the morrow, which in the evening she postponed, and then broke, under the plea of indisposition, promising, however, that she would 'indulge herself in the gratification of seeing him,' at the very first moment of her ability.

He waited a week, making daily inquiries in person, which produced nothing satisfactory; and at the expiration of this time, he went armed with a few lines which could betray his business to no one, but which amounted to little less than a denunciation of worse evil than that which she made a pretence, if she continued obstinate: he concluded with comforting expressions of probable advantage from compliance, and urgently entreated her to be advised.

He might have spared his paper and his labour:—her ladyship was two days before him on her road to the south.

He followed her without delay, and heard of her at various places. No exertion on his part could enable him to overtake her; and, from circumstances that betrayed themselves, he was led to imagine that she was acquainted with his progress, and that she accommodated hers to it.

His spirit was now roused; and he resolved not to give up the pursuit: he followed her, and soon found she had changed her direction as if to perplex him, but he tracked her till he was certain

that she was making her way to Geneva, and found her, as he had expected, at Socheron, where she was making agreement for a *bijou-house* on the lake. After as much dodging as would have secured any denounced spy, he saw himself in the same room with her, and having once gained this advantage, he was determined, however imperfect the means of detention in his power, that she should not again escape him.

In the very first interview, after allowing time for her anger at being thus followed, to evaporate—after throwing her out of all the play by which she hoped to avoid the mention of Carilia—he not only obliged her to hear his justification of the part he had taken in behalf of an orphan whom

every assurance that, as far as he had been able to discover, the proofs remained with him ; and she needed not many words to convince her, that she had nothing to apprehend from his disposition towards her, would she but show herself disposed to do justice. Mrs. George Bray's treachery had not astonished her ; and she could laugh at the foundation of the revenge which she had commissioned her husband to take.—With the disobedience of the *ci-devant* Goody Parr, she was very justifiably offended, and hardly inclined to admit superannuation as any excuse—but it was in vain that she tried to fix Mr. Broderaye's attention on these incidental appendages to an important fact :—he uniformly returned to the charge, and she derived no more relief from the subterfuges to which she had recourse, than is to be found in looking at the equipages in a gay street of London, when the dentist, whose window affords the view, is waiting impatiently for the courageous moment.

In the distress of mind and consequent bodily suffering attending the conflict and the defeat, Annette, who still retained her post of *fille-de-chambre*, was called to her lady's aid, and the quickness of her obedience might suggest a suspicion that she could hardly have been out of hearing.—Her deportment met the vicar's perception as that of almost authorized insolence ; and her zeal for her

- lady expressed itself in language such as Mr. Broderays could not, with any propriety, endure.— She dared not reply otherwise than by a look attended by a profound curtsy—but the look and the curtsy had their meaning. The vicar took the liberty to shut her out as soon as her services could be dispensed with—and then proceeded to warn the baroness, mildly but firmly, that, on any second attempt to escape him, he would set off for England, resigning to her the living of St. Emeril; and, agonizing as it must be to him, as her friend, and her debtor for much kindness, that he would suspend all personal consideration, and, as Miss Monterne's guardian, proceed against her, under the direction of those in whom the trust

been at rest, called him to her ; and he was repaid for some part of his uneasiness, by finding her improved in patience and rationality. She now received him with tears and bitter self-reproaches, repeating frequently her wish that she had known him, before she had so entangled herself by want of circumspection.

With grief he contemplated the ravage made in her person by the disturbance of her mind. All power of sleep had abandoned her, and she was writhing under the irritation of her nerves. She made him listen to her while she professed herself incapable of supporting such a trial ; and as if anxious for posthumous affection, she assailed his pity by a highly-coloured picture of her younger life :—her father, and all those whom he had employed in the care of her, passed the ordeal of her severe review ; and if she omitted to name any fact, it was because the necessity of condemning herself, discouraged her. The legend of the miniature was detailed without exaggeration ; the idea of Colonel Wanston had long lost its power of exciting hyperbole—and she was mortified down into an acquiescence in the censure she merited.—The episode of Lord Charles's unavowed courtship, and her reception of Lord Winchmore's proposals, were passed over in utter silence : they could not be mentioned by one so equally distant

from submission to shame, and from that which spares the feeling of it.

Farther in her own memoirs she had no cause to proceed : she could remind him of even his own acquittal of her while her conduct was under his eye—since that time, life had been passed in shunning him, and in attempts to shun herself.

Hoping that, by taking time to improve opportunities, he might be able, without proceeding to extremities, to bring her into such sentiments towards his ward as would tend to unite their interests, he fixed himself near her, and daily and hourly, when he could get access to her, tried to moderate her subjection to the opinions of a world in which she had so abused her excess of ill under-

ing of them—had she shown herself entitled to unqualified esteem; and had her personal distinctions and intellectual pre-eminences been still greater than those so unsparingly bestowed on her by nature, she had nothing to fear from the presumption, or to hope from the impressibility of Maximilian Broderaye.—The point which he had in view, was not to make her heart tender towards him, but her conscience alive towards herself; and to facilitate this, he urged the claims of Miss Monterne as a relation, her destitution, and her promise of worthiness. He went, indeed, as far as he dared, in holding out the hope of advantage from an immediate acquiescence in necessity—he represented, as part of the character of his ward, an exemption from all selfishness, and a pitifulness of nature which might eventually be favourable to any one trusting to her construction of her right:—but even *this* demanded caution in the suggestion, as an indignant feeling of inverted power was immediately excited by the recollection of *prostration*, as her ladyship termed it, before one far better entitled to her contempt and hatred than her respect and affection.

Still untractable, though harrassed and terrified—one moment defying and the next deprecating the evil which she had brought on herself—remonstrating against the merciless tyranny of making

her responsible for an inadvertency, yet not able to justify her own portion of this self-deception—it seemed at last, as if the want of strength to endure the conflict, must, even without conviction, bring her to a better spirit.—From almost taunting Mr. Broderaye with a representation of what she saucily affected to consider the point aimed at by those imaginary personages, whom, most unwisely and provokingly, she chose to denominate her ‘persecutors,’ she would turn to assail his humanity by adverting to the complicated deception that had entrapped her, and by a heart-breaking picture of the degradation to which he was striving to reduce her; but, happily for his feelings, dealing largely

such men as Sir Thomas More ; but he did, what perhaps is as useful in common life, and as exemplary in a lower walk—he made the best of an evil lot :—when he had lost his princely domain, he pleased himself with the pictures of it—deprived of his fine Paris-hotel, he repaid himself by mimicking the distribution of its apartments in his cottage.—And I am confident,’ said he smiling, ‘ that the blue-damask drapery-curtain which he hung up over the staircase-window because it was a sole survivor, was a powerful consolation to him, in suggesting that nobody else in that part of the kingdom had curtained a window in such a situation—it restored distinction to him, and he accepted it cheerfully.’

‘ Now, my dear Lady Lynford,’ resumed he, more seriously, ‘ what do you think I should have said, in gratitude, to any one who had secured to my father an income of five hundred pounds a year?—and what would he have felt himself?—you must make allowance for any soreness of recollection in him, as I do for the same in you.’

‘ Recollection!’—she repeated disdainfully—‘ Your father had something to comfort him in *his* recollection—he made the sacrifice to necessity or to principle, or to something that consoled him—he fell with others—he was not a single instance of degradation, amongst a crowd who maintained

their honours and distinctions.—And even in your suggestion of the *convenience* of such a pittance, you do not argue fairly;—how would he have liked to have received it from the bounty of the low wretch invested with his property?—Could he have gone to his palace-gate and stretched out his hand with the ‘*Dote obolum Belisario,*’ to a menial servant, to be reported to the inflated usurper of the mansion?—Am *I* to stand before —your — your favourite — your darling — your nurse-child, and, having represented that I come for my quarter’s allowance, wait her pleasure, while her cofferer, her treasurer, or some passive fool whom she may have made her husband,

see you shrink at her name—you must learn to bear it, and to bear it, Lady Lynford—these feelings, forgive me if I say, are beneath you—they are childish.—Miss Monterne, or Carilia, or my ward, or what you choose me to call her, shall never, if I can frame her docile spirit to my purpose, feel any thing for you but esteem, respect, and love. She can assume no height, she can treat you with no indecorum.—Your attending on her, you well know, can never be required;—but you exaggerate merely to keep up in yourself the spirit of provocation—which, believe me, can have no effect on me, either in your favour or against your interest.—Entreat me,—I can do no more for you than I will and shall do without entreaty—provoke me—I shall do no less than I would and should do, under no influence whatever.—But why all this disturbance of yourself, and vain attempt to disturb me?—You are losing that time in fancying impossible evils, which would be profitably employed in considering those which are real. Bring yourself at once to resolve on some plan consistent with that which is secure. What I should advise, would be your settling here, or in a country such as this, and doing it in a way that should justify and exalt you.—You cannot imagine that I would recommend any dishonourable pretexts; but were I you, I would profess myself submitting to ne-

cessity, and bring my mind to an identity with my words;—I would prevent every unpleasant rumour, by avowing my having been over-reached in the circumstance on which all this unfortunate business hinges—I would do myself justice, by showing that I had erred through want of suspicion—and I should then have no difficulty in making it known, that, yielding to the operation of a severe edict, I had no choice but of the place in which I should conform to its bearing on me.—Your choice would confer obligation wherever it fell—and your residence—you may trust me, for you know I never flatter—your residence would be a blessing:—no disgrace could attach to you.—You

have I, or even now shall find?—The world has not been very liberal in its friendships towards me:—I have experienced little from it but envy and deceit—except from you:—forgive me—forgive me’—said she, bursting into tears—‘I do not mean to be unjust even in my distress—you are an exception to every thing—but my situation is one that would drive the strongest mind to madness.’

‘No, no, no’—replied Mr. Broderaye; ‘I cannot allow you to rave thus—I do not wish to be harsh, or to force you to comparisons too violent to be easily admitted—I do not talk of the lilies of the field to *you*; but I say that your feelings cannot be correct, if you do not admit that Miss Monterne’s situation will be a painful one, and the more eminent, the more eminently so — You complain that the world has afforded you no friendships—will it afford her more when she comes into an inheritance thus devolving on her?—with what eye can she, poor girl! be regarded at St. Emeril’s?—she may be called usurper, the receiver of property arbitrarily forfeited, the supplanter of a rightful owner.—And if you knew her gentle spirit, her strict integrity, her uncontaminated principles, her insensibility to all artificial good, you would acknowledge that she claimed respect, and demanded consolation, and you would see your advantage in having to deal with a heart

that the world has not yet spoiled. I know that she cannot do what is not perfectly consistent with feminine tenderness, and with the morality of our religion.'

'O! do not mistake me,' interrupted the baroness—'I will accept nothing from the young lady's bounty.—Were she to throw herself at my feet, and lay her crown and sceptre on the ground, and entreat me to be beholden to her for the restoration of all she plunders me of—I would spurn the offer and the person who made it—the very transfer of the right would have polluted it altogether.'

'How perverse!' exclaimed the vicar. 'Who talks of crowns and sceptres in the case of an

—I will, if you choose England for your residence, be still your friend, and at hand if you wish it, to testify my high estimation of you, and my sympathy for you—or I will, if you choose to reside out of England, betake myself to the situation of a travelling-tutor, as soon as my ward's affairs are settled, and I can establish her to my satisfaction—or I will contrive some use of my talents by which I may subsist and keep myself out of your thoughts. You may command me; but you must do your part.'

To be insensible to such generosity of procedure, Lady Lynford must have renounced every great quality by which her mind had been characterized. A strong difference exists between the merit that is obscured, and that which is extinguished; and on this nice perception, Mr. Broderaye's unwearied patience was founded. He had a decided advantage which it was his care not to mis-use or to make oppressive: he had confidence in her good sense; but how long it might take to make her listen to it, was uncertain, unless he set limits to it by showing that there were some which he himself could not enlarge. At present, the progress was small; but to have made her hear him was something, and on her request for time, he again made her renew her promise not to attempt escape, and was merciful.

In that same day, however, she sent for him again, and was then calm through exhaustion. She began to talk as if sensible that her powers of existence were inadequate to the call made on her feelings : she professed herself ready to meet her fate—but in the grave rather than in the world : she tried what reflecting on the vicar as the cause of her sufferings and their consequences, would do—but this did not succeed any better than her other endeavours. She then, seeking elsewhere for the indulgence of her fermenting feelings, expressed her confidence in his friendship, and the energy with which, she was convinced, he would in all cases serve her ; but the possibility of availing herself of it she regarded as passed by : and

the occasion were, as usual, prodigiously excited; and she was very much disposed to recount what she had learnt of this sufferer's situation, instead of thinking on her own; but Mr. Broderaye, considering it as a subterfuge, would not permit it. He meant to keep the high ground he had striven for; and if her ladyship would not follow in the path in which alone she could proceed with any profit, he saw no reason for indulging her in excursion.

On this principle, he was disposed to refuse the truce for which she begged on account of this engagement; but she begged very hard, and urged that the stay of her guests could not be long, as they were on their way to Paris, where was their home.—They claimed her best attentions, which she could not offer them if harrassed with the daily denunciation of 'the public execution' preparing for her. Again she attempted to describe her charming *protégée*—but the vicar had no ears.

He was wrong.—What she would have told him was worth his attention—and he would have confessed it so, if he had drawn from it its due conclusion—but proverbs have told us that man's wisdom is not always his pocket-handkerchief—or if it is, that he occasionally mis-lays it—and sometimes, alas! when he needs it.

He held out, till the carriage containing this

'interesting' company, was positively in sight, and then insisted on a renewal of the baroness's promise not to depart.—'On my word,' she concluded, 'I will not remove—and indeed I will endeavour to think with patience on what you have said.'

Unwilling to deprive her of any refreshment of her spirits, he, though greatly to his inconvenience in every way, consented to grant the truce she asked; and as it left him at liberty, he accepted for a few days the invitation of a friend, who offered him many indulgences of taste and agreeable recollections, in one of the most beautiful situations of this Gallo-classic country. He had been there two

CHAPTER XVII.

LADY Lynford's letter will not be intelligible without a preface; nor will a preface render it clear without a hasty glance at her proceedings while, apparently exercising the glorious privilege of liberty, she was in reality wearing out her exile. She had cleared, with a bound, all those obstacles to a vagrant life, which for years had compelled the more sober-minded of her country-folk to chew the cud of timely travel, or to content themselves with the information which the British isles could afford them. Arrived in safety with her highly-appointed friends at Malta, she had been the ornament of society and the solace of private life; and with the utmost reluctance they found her, after a residence of some length, listening to excitations of her awakening curiosity, and accepting the undertakings of persons who had much in their power, for the safe indulgence of it. Once set in motion, her feet were no more inclined than her sensations to rest. Sustained by a nervous insensibility to danger—impelled, on one hand, by the unnatural hatred which she had conceived against her proper place, and attracted, on

the other, by the hope that she might for a time be charmed into forgetting it, she denominated herself a traveller, and bent her whole attention to foreign countries, regardless, or worse than regardless, of her own.

Her progress was eventful in proportion to its risks; but very much indebted to that aversion to recede, which had more than once given the character of headlong to her progress, she had not only got into countries and cities, from which others were scared by reports, but she had left little unseen which she wished to see. Even where an aversion to those of her country prevailed, she could find means to remain and; could feel, while others were hastening out of Italy, a sooth-

coming was sudden, and it was little they could accept; but whatever was to be done, all who knew Lady Lynford would know, must be done in the best way; and she had attached these persons sufficiently to her, to make them very desirous to see her again.

The distressed lady who accompanied them, was indeed an object of compassion. She was originally of a family made rich by the most liberal processes of industry, and consequently not out of sight of those further advantages which wealth leaves its votaries still to sigh for. Reared with a view to elevation, habitually obedient, and having no opposing reason, which she was authorized to bring forward, against their disposal of her, she had acquiesced in that which she was assured would establish her own happiness and that of her family, and had become, at a very early age, the wife of a man rising, by his talents, to great distinction in the diplomatic department of politics: he had been attracted by her person and manners, but having no time to bestow in courtship, he had acted in his own affair as he would have thought wisest in the interests of his master, and simplifying the business by making that his commencing application, which a man at leisure might afford to make the finishing one, he had demanded an audience of the father, delivered his credentials,

found them accepted,—proposed articles as the foundation of a treaty,—and made it definitive as quickly as possible; not a little facilitated in the negotiation, by the pride of the lady's mother, who, in her anxiety for her daughter's splendid establishment, had not overlooked the possibility of this offered relation, or been wanting in her endeavours to represent the young lady as exactly fitted for it, by maternal solicitude in her rearing.

Exalted by her marriage into the rank of a Neapolitan countess, and distinguished as the wife of Count Forestieri, whose rising power procured for him the homage of all who hoped to profit by it or feared to suffer by it, she was for some months amused by novelty and parade—but, ac-

chosen, was no chime-clock or piping-bullfinch. Retirement would have been her choice, if a choice had been allowed her; and in retirement she could have pleased whenever encouraged. In the bosom of her own family, she was esteemed, by better judgment than that of her parents, a treasure—permission to be useful was received by her with gratitude, and an intimation that she could give pleasure was a command.

In a fine hotel in Naples she was lost—in a beautiful villa a few miles out of it, whenever the count could make leisure to attend to her, she gratified his pride and rendered him the envy of his friends. Sensible to the loss he sustained by this local deficiency, he got round her, as qualified teachers, such women of rank as were then coming into notice on the foundation of talents adapted to the artificial demands of the time.—But these associations were far more painful to the young countess than even her own deficiencies:—she soon saw herself environed by females of attractive or commanding powers, but who, in intimacy, declared themselves utterly worthless. Against such friendships, therefore, she remonstrated; and, being allowed to substitute for them her own assiduous endeavours, she taught herself, under this necessity, what she was required to learn, and, thrown back on her own good sense for guid-

ance, succeeded in obtaining her husband's approbation of her measures, and in convincing him that his interests might be furthered without resort to low expedients. The necessity of acting had shown how capable she was of understanding her part; and in a variety of foreign situations, Countess Forestieri acquitted herself with a degree of dignity that satisfied her husband's pride, and with a courtesy and refinement that won the good opinion of all who came within its reach.

The only stipulation she had made on her marriage, was for liberty to visit her family, and it was never refused her, neither was it ever granted:—the count had neither leisure nor taste for such relaxation; and to spare his wife for a time suffi-

But at length, when injured in health and impaired in fortune by diplomatic missions, the count had requested the government under which he found himself, to accept his services at home, he felt himself supplanted and unnecessary:—the next gradation, he well knew, was to the rank of obstacle and impediment; and this he scarcely had seen verified, when his violent removal was projected; and his wife's having presumed to act well spontaneously, was a call upon those whom he had first summoned to instruct her, to coalesce for the punishment of husband and wife.—Violence was necessary where justice could do nothing; and the persecuted pair were driven to all the extremities that slumbering revenge, which had only waited for its day of rotation, could inflict. In obscurity that left their existence doubtful, they had in vain sheltered themselves: in this, the countess had learned the death of her father, and had become a widow; and having with great difficulty, and under great peril, escaped, in a state of privation that left her to the temporary charity of her kind friends, she was making her way home.

No expectation of sober pleasure or of exciting interest, that Lady Lynford had formed, was disappointed in the arrival of her expected guests. Her friends were delighted in seeing her; and she had all possible gratification of that pride which

attends the return of courtesies, and the consciousness that, in her own house, and at liberty to indulge her feelings, she must appear to advantage. Her villa and its appointments testified her good taste and her enviable opulence—she was proud for her country as well as for herself, and at perfect ease in showing what an English peeress could be in a foreign land. Her visitors were capable of appreciating this ; so that she was not an actress without an audience.

The distressed lady, whose situation was too serious to be likened to that of the Countess Trifaldi of the inimitable Cervantes, had been introduced, in whispers which announced some remaining apprehensions, as Madame de Faiville, and her claims

indebted to her friend's purse, had consulted economy.

That the lady was polite and wished to show her due acceptance of every thing done for her accommodation, was soon evident. She seemed to have a mind superior to seeking the compassion or calling out the interest of those whose tranquillity she was disturbing. No more had been told Lady Lynford than that she was the recent widow of a man once in power, but become obnoxious to those whom the never-still spirit of revolution had placed in authority—that her proper appellation must be concealed—and that her safety in her journey onward, depended on the circumspection of those who protected her.—In Paris, which was her present destination, they had hopes of security for her; but in their journey thither, she was liable, on more pretexts than one, to be detained.

The baroness never but once descended from her pedestal without previously considering the soil on which she was to set her foot—nor did her judgment, except in that one instance, ever betray her into inconvenience; she

‘ — never did repent of doing good.’

The condescension which her heart and all its kindly feelings now prompted, met its return; and Ma-

dame de Faiville's expressions, earnest as she was to make them the messengers of gratitude, seemed to call in the aid of whatever her countenance could lend, to make them just to her feelings. That she was decidedly reserved, under her present circumstances, could not be taken as offence—to show the wish to be otherwise, atoned for it. Lady Lynford was too correct in manners to be inquisitive; and her enjoyment was too great to allow her to risque any part of it by imprudent self-indulgence.—O! that she had; but thought thus coolly, when St. Emeril's was the possession in question! No one could read better lectures than her ladyship—she was one of the almost-entire population of the globe, who may, on self-

saw that Lady Lynford could not, in the nature of things, be accustomed to tempt a sickly appetite to take its food—to dry tears from a stranger's cheeks—or to do, in the course of *years*, what she did, for *her*, many times in the space of a *morning*.—And that this was all done as if she thought herself fortunate in the power to be useful, and without a word that could be construed into paying herself even by ostentation, rendered all that she did, doubly and trebly valuable.

The stay of these respite-bearing sojourners would not have exceeded three days, but for the expectation of letters, on which, it seemed implied, that Madame de Faiville depended for more than direction of her movements, and which ought to have met her. Lady Lynford hailed their detention on the road, as the boon of Fortune to herself, but without any unfeeling stoicism towards the distressed lady. They came when the party had been ten days together, and when, if Lady Lynford could have detached her thoughts from that which was before her eyes, she must, at least, have been *beginning* to ask herself what Mr. Broderaye might or might not suppose of her silence. But their contents did not bring relief to her by whom they were anxiously looked for. On the contrary, they increased her grief and her dejection. Their import was made known to the ba-

roness through their common friend: it was of a nature not to be otherwise communicated; for the cause of distress was the second marriage of Madame de Faiville's mother, by which she had, for her life, given up all control of her property, to a man who was making the common use of such an advantage. Influenced by disapprobation of his son-in-law's political conduct, and under various considerations, the father of Madame had placed this confidence in his wife; and she had quickly abused it. A short letter under her own hand, testified her having been made sensible of her folly; and others more explanatory from relations, contained the comfort of remittances, but

influenced to make a point of her compliance, under the fancied protection which this association offered against Mr. Broderaye's intrusions. Madame de Faiville saw her friends depart without her, with consoled resignation; and the baroness, who would not have given 'poor Carry' a night's lodging, felt a pleasure new even to her experience, and pleasant as new, in the ability to shelter one so needing the comforts she could bestow. It was not disturbed by the apprehension of what Mr. Broderaye might next do:—she saw some great and many small impediments to his plans of annoyance—and she meant to make use of the office which she had undertaken, to parry his efforts for his ward.

Confidence, if it could be with any safety bestowed, might now be expected by the baroness—but it would have been still her consistent pride to avoid every thing that should tend to force it.—Any revelation of herself—any detail of her distresses, beyond what attached to public circumstances, her guest might, with propriety, have been led to make in the course of a morning's chat, a walk, or in contemplating the propitious softness of the moon reflected in the lake which the windows and a magnificent terrace commanded.—The season of the year, now summer, gave the

best opportunities; and the various day called forth all the feeling that could promote this *épanchement du cœur*. Or for any effect produced under these circumstances, the baroness might have waited, and have met the agreeable result without surprise; but it could not be without surprise, that, on Madame de Faiville's turning towards her when the carriage of her friends was out of sight, with an expression of countenance and manner that indicated the sense of grateful but sole dependence, she heard her, in very good English, which she had not yet spoken or appeared to understand, profess herself her country-woman, and beg to be accepted as such:—the letters which had stopped her in her way were brought forward—

‘ My dear Sir,

‘ It is only this day that has enabled me to keep my promise of again submitting myself to your jurisdiction; and even now, I am not alone—but having no prospect at present of farther loss of society, I will not try your patience longer.

‘ I am enjoying the respite you granted me from a trial to which the worn-out state of my nerves is ill suited—but my punishment, like that of Alcibiades when departing for Sicily, hangs over my head; and I must, you may tell me, prepare to undergo it.

‘ In one way, I will prepare myself—I will do away the only unfavourable impression you can have received—the only lowering sentiment you can have entertained of me.—This is not to be effected by the humiliation of a confessing penitent, or even by the strong asseveration of indignant integrity.—I can prove to you, by more than words, that consideration for myself as connected with your friendship, however influenced by my own misfortunes or any circumstances attaching to you, has never been of that species which could need excuse, or impeach the disinterestedness of my respect.—I confess your claim to every tribute that the heart can offer you;—but you must not tyrannize over me, as if you supposed that I cannot

rebel.—You do not yet know me—you will, when you have read this letter.

‘ I am suffering under conflicting impulses.— Every feeling of general benevolence or particular sympathy—every recollection of times comparatively happy, or at least undisturbed by my present torment—nay, even the very memory of your father, prompts me to consider only you in what I have to say—while my native pride, my resentful sensibility, my jealousy for my own exalted integrity, warn me not to endeavour to do that good which even you may mis-understand, nor to risque an act of generosity which may be calumniated as a bribe.

‘ I disdain the imputation—I will not accept

be succinct. You would not hear me, when I would have interested you in the little I then knew of the sufferer whom my expected visitors were conducting homewards.—Will you *read* what I have to say?

‘ She is left with me—and must remain with me till she has farther advices from distant friends. While my visitors remained—and it is only within a few hours that they are departed,—apprehension of their domestics made it necessary that she should be known only as a Frenchwoman returning to her family in Paris.—She has no family in Paris—she is no Frenchwoman : her title (for she has a title as the widow of a foreign nobleman), struck my ear as not new to me.—When I asked myself where I had heard it, the scenery of our beloved Wye rose up to my view, and in my mind’s eye and ear, I saw and heard your father talking of his *bon petit Mar*, and describing the family to which you had then attached yourself in travelling.—In short, I was immediately satisfied that the lady who is now under my roof, and who was introduced to me *ostensibly* as Madame de Faiville, and *confidentially* as the widow of Count Forestieri, is no other than the daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Wayville, of whom your father used to talk, as the friends with whom you were travelling, when I first knew him. I pause,

that you may recover your astonishment, and believe me.

* * * * *

‘ I have no dissimulation—I am persuaded that, on your part at least, there is more to be considered than the mere lighting on a lost connexion, or even the painful calling to remembrance your early friend her brother. I might have continued to think the dear count, your father’s, anxiety for you over-measured, when he was alarmed by your looks on your joining him, had not your recovery convinced me that he expected no more from them than was just;—but I was soon induced to think that your affection had received some impression; and when I observed your si-

family-name while absent—and I asked her to correct my error in the name of her brother's friend. She answered me then, with less pliability of manner than I have ever before seen in this finished woman, "Hermont."—I was then satisfied that I was right in the supposition of your identity.

' Now, if you are really interested in this discovery, you may be disappointed, in my having nothing to add, but that the subject was dropped by the countess, without her seeming to have even the common wish to hear more of a countryman, or one with whom she had been acquainted.—The remembrance of her brother may account for this; but I leave you to your own construction of it.

' Weary and disturbed as I am, I cannot close, without doing justice to myself by showing you that I cannot, even under my present injurious treatment, withhold the eulogy that this charming woman merits:—I have never yet seen her equal—never met, in my own sex, with one whom I could so unreluctantly own my superior.—Her conduct is precept and example—she will return to a home, if she ever reaches it, embittered to her by worse than natural calamity—her father is dead: her mother has cut her off from present means of subsistence, by a disgraceful marriage:—with the gentlest spirit she has enough of my high feel-

ing to disdain dependence on the man whom her mother has married ; and she talks with firmness of sparing herself the misery of contact with this disgrace, by making a lucrative use of her talents.

‘ I am ready to act in this nice business as you may direct me. I have only to say, that, next to peace for myself, which you are not disposed to allow me, yours is dear to me.—I can fancy that this heroic endeavour to promote your happiness will repay me for the effort, and that to see you sensible to it, will atone to me for much that I must endure;—but I cannot trust myself:—I may be deceiving myself when I say, that if I am to be plundered, I could feel consolation in retiring on

under the favour of a mercantile house, written to his ward, in some uncertainty, whether his letter would reach her, but anxious for the quiet of her mind ; and he now was at leisure to wish that Lady Lynford would dismiss him.

One reading of such a letter as hers, did not put him in possession of its contents—nor was he as much master of himself as usual, when he had finished a short billet, saying, that, waiting only the return home of the friend with whom he was wearing out the time, and which could not detain him two hours, he would be with her, in the hope that, till his arrival, she would preserve perfect silence, and then admit him to a private conference.

Lady Lynford received the billet, and felt that her and Mr. Broderaye's situations had very much changed in their relation to each other.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON arriving at his lodgings in his way to the baroness, the vicar was not surprised at finding himself expected and inquired for:—he could not hesitate in concluding that Lady Lynford had, on the receipt of his billet, sent to expedite the interview he had requested; and he was ready to precede her messenger. But he soon found his mistake when he was seized, as a denounced person, by two of the *gendarmerie*, who formed the military police of

dépôts then constituted as cages for entrapped travellers, where he had time in abundance to reflect on Lady Lynford's communication, and on the cruel choice of the most interesting moment of his life, for this peculiar severity, and to trace it back, under the information of his conductors, to the *patriotism* of Mademoiselle Annette, whose look, on his first interview with her lady, he well remembered had promised something, not much less than what she had so very dextrously performed.

The prisoner's thoughts did not want subjects of occupation : his companions did not disturb them more than their service required:—' Poor Carry'—' dear Frank '—' Baroness Lynford '—all put in their claims, with the business of his detention, for his regard ; but if he had ever professed that the three former he never could for a moment *forget*, he had now departed from the letter of his professions—the last he certainly was not quite prepared to *forgive* ; but Mademoiselle Annette's malicious pride might have felt mortification, could she have seen the oblivious shade into which her brilliant exploit fell, to make way for a very dissimilar subject of contemplation.

One minute's permission to leave the room in which he had been seized, had given him time to tear into fragments which defied construction, the

letter he had received from Lady Lynford :—he dared not keep it, pleasant as might have been the re-perusal of a part of it. She of whom it spoke, was still dear to him, as when her amiable brother had encouraged him to let him try Sir Robert Wayville's disposition towards him, and the design of bestowing her on Count Forestieri had been avowed in time to prevent further question. Her then-blooming excellence was remembered in all its promise; and to have heard of her, after the lapse of so many years, was to have recalled defunct recollections from their preternatural in-tombment. He could not now consider her as lost to him, unless the coldness with which she had received the mention of him, was to be interpreted

science; but he could still cast a retrospective glance on his earliest love, and say that he might have asked a blessing on it. What he had endeavoured to inculcate on his wards, he felt well founded in his own instance: all the affections of his heart were interested, with energy increased by opposition, and he could not predict the event of that which interested them; but he had not forfeited his pretensions to success—he must wait, and he could trust.

The possibility of improving his misfortune by making inquiries for Frank Newson, recalled his thoughts into activity. As he had been described as in France, and amongst the many who were deprived of liberty, it was to be inferred, that those to whom he belonged, were foreigners with respect to that country, and, without doubt, English. He therefore framed his search for a lad of a certain description, between sixteen and eighteen years of age, attached to some English person or family, of the class, either of prisoners of war or *détenus*, most probably the latter.

He had not left the letter behind him, to which he owed his information, on quitting St. Emeril—he had foreseen the assistance which it might afford him, should he, in his pursuit of the baroness, be carried near any of the towns in which he knew his countrymen to be impounded; but under his pre-

sent circumstances, it seemed requisite to the security of others, to conceal or destroy it.—Unwillingly he took the safest course:—it was the sacrifice of one more reliance, but he made it.

No inquiries in the place where he was set down, procured him any satisfaction: the persons with whom he was compelled to associate, while waiting the event of immediate and powerful remonstrance against his detention, were not of a class amongst whom he could wish—far less hope—to find Frank Newson.—In that rotation of allotment which seemed to consider only the enriching every *dépôt* in its turn, by consigning to it those who could afford to be the most lucrative, the place of the vicar's detention was in its worst sea-

the consciousness of no bank at home to honour his signature.

His prospect, at the best, was not very supporting—perhaps, had he been purely of English descent, he might have propounded questions to himself which might not have increased his fortitude—or if greater praise seems his meed, than that of a mere physical effort in which his will bore no part, the early study of his father's conduct under various difficulties, might now be profitable to him: he put in action every mean for getting free; and, allowing time for returns, he endeavoured to make the best of his lot, which, in the present instance, had not fallen on the best ground.

To wound the heart of his little girl at home, by denominating himself a prisoner, which he feared she would accept in its least qualified sense, was so repugnant to his feelings, that he preferred her suffering by his procrastination, relying on her calling to mind, to sustain her under the anxiety of delay, all the precepts with which he had striven to fortify her—and led on from day to day, sometimes by favourable receptions, and at others by the success of persons in a similar situation, he hoped out one fortnight, in the persuasion that another would not only release him, but restore him to his own country. It was requisite, indeed, to see and confer with Lady Lynford: nothing

must detain him—the baroness must give him her decided determination, and, let it be what it might, he must, at all events, get home as quickly and as cheaply as he could.—On another interest he must not think too deeply.

But there was a latent evil even in the exertion of so much that was praise-worthy, which escaped the vicar's observation : he did not perceive, that, however buoyant the natural character of his spirits—however firm the constitution of his frame—however determined was his resolution not to care for himself, he was demanding too much from the decreed infirmity of human nature : he could tell himself, in his attention to habits of neatness and decorum, which the want of specta-

to calm irritation of spirits by procuring what resources of intellectual amusement he could find; and these soon failing, to take, first to the ragged couch in his apartment, and next to the bed in the adjoining closet.

In a severe illness of many days, which called rather for resignation than fortitude, he found that there were virtues, or degrees of virtues, to be practised, which even *he* had yet to learn; but while he confessed this with humility, he did not disturb himself with blaming his previous ignorance, or considering as erroneous, the path in which he had pursued his duty.—He might have been too confident in his own powers of endurance—but his confidence had never been confined to them—he might have indulged hope to excess; but hope he looked on, as he did the exuberance of youthful spirits, as a superfluity bestowed on mankind calculated for accidental expenditure—as the gale which assists to bring the vessel into port, though it may, in the course of the voyage, sometimes carry it out of its due direction. With no more weight on his mind than his own concerns imposed on it, his spirits might have supported him; but Carilis was a living anxiety that kept him from repose;—and Lady Lynford's communication, notwithstanding all his endeavours to be quiet, had awakened at least a curiosity, which took its turn in

keeping up his fever of spirits whenever he had at all succeeded in calming the other subjects of his solicitude.

He met with kindness from the persons with whom he was lodged, but his small store consumed fast under a species of disbursement for which no contract could be made. The necessities of those in his own situation made the best use of their means excusable when exertion was practicable; and as he was not known to bear all his wealth about him, and nothing yet in his external indicated it, forbearance was not obviously a duty. Perceiving, when he could first leave his bed, that his finances called for whatever succour he could obtain for them, he

he found himself in one of the best of the French towns in which the English were deposited, availed little.—On his entrance, he saw persons whose appearance declared them sufferers in the same misfortune, and whose looks towards him might have given hope of sympathy, had the power to hope remained ; but under the fatigue of his removal, he saw no use to be made of association, no comfort but that he should die amongst a better class of his countrymen—whether he perished by disease or want.

To inform himself who these were, was an effort which he made under the apprehension that it might be the last demanded of him. To find a name he had ever known, was a wish he scrupled to indulge : the catalogue gave him no pain from sympathy—it presented no one for whom he could individually feel an interest—for all were equally strangers : the *corps* consisted of London-merchants and idlers, persons who, either in the prosecution of business, or for want of it, had come into France.

The designation of most importance, he could not but know, as it existed in the peerage of his own country ; and the estates connected with it, were in the county adjoining that in which he had now for many years resided.—He knew this personage to have been reported in the west of

England as *détenu* ever since he had himself resided at St. Emeril, but he knew no more ; and as Lady Lynford, in all her disclosures, had never thought it incumbent on her to divulge to him her coquetry with the deceased Lord Charles, or boasted her playful rejection of the overture of the Earl of Winchmore, he had had no opportunity of sympathizing in their fate, or acquiring an interest for the survivor of them. The record therefore of '*Le Comte de Winchmore et son fils le Vicomte Astham,*' was lost on him.

In health, he would have put himself forward, in the confidence that Englishmen would feel for an Englishman—and he would not have doubted that his professional character would have been

made head, he retreated again to his bed to die in decency.

The distress of Lady Lynford had increased with every answer her inquiries obtained for her.—She had taken an interest in the affair which she was managing, that made her impatient for the vicar's arrival: his delay was at first vexatious; and when it was extended beyond the term imputable to accident, she tormented herself with fancying that she was mis-understood, and her communication contemned. These ideas were removed, when rumours of the seizure of an Englishman made her apprehend the truth; and other anxieties connected with her own situation and that of Madame de Faiville, forbade her even to think this privation the worst she had to dread. Intimations were whispered to her, and circulated amongst her acquaintance, of the prudence of a timely retreat; and she was about to give some orders of that tendency to the *faithful* Mademoiselle Annette, when she received—whence obtained she knew not—assurances that she was in no danger. She might, through more indignant contempt for her means of security, have disregarded the benefit, had she known how entirely she was at this moment in the hands of her waiting-maid; but Annette took care never to show her face when she pulled wires.

To conceal from one with whom she was so intimately domesticated, as with Madame de Faiville, the species of uneasiness under which she was suffering, or the name of him who called forth such friendly anxiety, was impossible, or, at least, inconsistent with her natural frankness, and the uncertainty of the period during which she must endure this restraint.—The labyrinth—the denounced labyrinth of ‘dear Meryon,’ in which, notwithstanding all his warnings, she had, so much to her inconvenience, lost herself, had given her an abhorrence even of the slightest shade over truth.

Madame de Faiville, therefore, knew who Mr. Broderaye was, and his close connexion by friendship and obligation with her protecting friend.

connected with the recollection of her brother. That his friend had veiled his pretensions, excited no surprise that had an agreeable aspect : it seemed rather to displease her—yet, in replying, as far as good manners required, she intimated that her brother was probably intrusted with the truth—but what were her grounds for this supposition, she did not disclose—nor could Lady Lynford have inferred from her manner, that Mr. Broderays had been as much a favourite in her family, as his grateful expressions bespoke him.

Somewhere there was mystery, but it eluded detection ; and as nothing short of point-blank questions, and better excuses for putting them than she could bring forward, would have removed it, she still exercised forbearance, and suffered not even this suspension to abate her confidence in the vicar. She could call him her ‘persecutor,’ and in the inconsistency of irregularly-excited feelings, she could *say*, if not *think*, very harsh things of his strict performance of his duty—she would not see the gentleness which attended his conscientious exertions—she could talk, as if he aimed, not only at her *property*, but at her *life*, in what he was doing against herself ; but had Madame de Faiville attempted to justify any unfavourable opinion of her own, the baroness would probably have stood forth his most earnest advocate, and

claimed the privilege of treating him ill, as one which she could not condescend to share with any body.

This supposed imperfection of confidence on the part of Madame de Faiville, was an abatement too small to be regarded in the baroness's enjoyment of her society. Her guest was by some years her junior, but far her elder in practical acquaintance with the world. 'To call her accomplished,' said her ladyship, in describing her to a friend, 'would be to bestow on her petty praise.—There is as much difference between her and what is called an *accomplished* woman, as between a person who has learned the individual meaning of technical terms borrowed from the learned languages, and one

a bee, she would have been respected as the most industrious of her hive, not, perhaps, because she could wander farther, or bring home a heavier load than her sisters; but because she would have directed her flight to the most productive spots, and have incumbered herself with nothing that would not turn to profit; and by this economy of time and trouble, she has made herself not only rich in valuable information, and acquired a fund of written experience which makes her superior in judgment and foresight to most women—but she has kept her mind in the habit of pointing out to her the most accurate and shortest methods of doing every thing;—and all this natural and acquired power has fallen to the lot of one possessing a heart equally alive to every duty—equally tender to every impression—equally retentive of all that can stand the nice criticism of her conscience—and a temper that, however pressed on, seems never to lose its elasticity of goodness.’

The woman who gave this praise deserved some herself—especially when that woman was that concentrating personage baroness Lynford.

But fascinated as she was by the charm of her companion’s talents; and novel as was, even now, to her, the indulgence of a female-friendship, she was not supine in her endeavours to learn the fate, and state of discomfort of St. Emeril’s pastor—

but to no purpose were her endeavours : circumstances connected with the attempt of some of the *détenus* to effect their escape, called forth strict orders against all communication ; and the Bastille in its rigorous existence, was not more faithful to its trust, than were these less appalling, but not less constraining holds of the mixed multitude of unfortunate and improvident.

Her ladyship's zeal having now fallen into the track of pitying sympathy with one particular set of the unhappy, her recollection of similar sufferers was quickened ; and her next-county neighbour and former admirer, Lord Winchmore, took his share in her thoughts. There were regards to be observed in the interest she was even so well

captivity by licentious pursuits. He had not been wanting in promoting the comfort of those suffering with him ; but, for a long period, the range of his benevolence had been contracted by the severe chastisement a successful attempt for the liberation of his wife had drawn upon him : he had been incarcerated in that fortress the most deprecated by the whole *corps* of *détenus*. From this she was told he was lately removed, and, on certain conditions, indulged with a residence in the central *dépôt*. In the hope, and for the very remote chance, of equal good-fortune, or an eventual extension of grace to Mr. Broderaye, she wrote to his lordship, and put her letter into hands that claimed confidence. It was of no more present use than poor Carry's protest against the good offices of her kind friends, which she had written from St. Emeril's :—there was no post for prisoners—the letters were not indeed uniformly destroyed ; but they ended their journies short of their destination.

CHAPTER XIX.

WITH all the imputed fragility of human nature, and all the right which is assumed to complain of the bad workmanship of its Great Artificer, there is truth, as well as jocularly, in the observation, that we, in many cases, 'take a great deal of killing' to finish us. Maximilian Broderaye was a happy proof of this tenacity of life, when he lay, for three days, scarcely looked at by the people of the house in which he had sickened, and exciting no other curiosity than to know when they

in its original position, with only the intervention of his head :—but the good people let the pillow and the vicar alone, and he lay, in a world of his own imagining, in which poor Carry played a principal part, with wings on her shoulders—Frank was *zephyrizing* around her—the late Mrs. Broderaye, extended to an enormous breadth, was vexatiously standing in such a direction that he could not clearly see a lady who stood behind her—and Baroness Lynford was flying in the air, on a Pegasus of her own grooming.—With all these persons he was holding appropriate conversation, when the sound of wheels, moving with great expedition, close under the windows of his apartment, restored him to something rather more of kin to common sense—represented to his recollection the probability that these wheels which had now stopped their whirling, were coming to convey him where he most wished to be—and giving him the strength he had not, enabled him to faint away in his anxious endeavour to spare their waiting.—When sensibility returned, the day was fading.

‘ Pray, pray try, my dearest friend, if you love me, try to swallow this,’ said the voice of some one behind him, who was raising him, while another person offered a glass of liquor to his lips.

The vicar opened his eyes—there was nothing to repay them—the voice was still, and the man,

a gentleman in appearance, whom he saw before him, he knew not—he felt one of his wrists hindered from moving, and looking for the cause, perceived that he was under medical contemplation:—feeling pressure on his chest, he turned his eyes thither, and saw two long young hands, the arms to which were supporting him. The request to him to drink was repeated—he listened—but all was confusion—he looked at the stranger who was kindly and cogently offering him the medicine. Ulysses could not have withstood the invitation—he drank; and whatever transformation ensued, was in his favour as a rational being—the owner of the hands had not appeared; but the cup-bearer and the doctor remained in sight—the patient was

ceased ; and the same long hands came to support him : he now drank without entreaty—and knew nothing, nor even imagined any thing, till it was again broad day-light.—Oh ! how grateful was the refreshment he felt when, with new life infused into him, though yet deplorably weak, the sensation of waking crept over his frame ; and he could wish to know to whom he was indebted for such offices of charity !

Two persons were in sight, whom he could now distinguish as this kind friend, and the medical practitioner.—Nutriment was then presented to him—the long hands were not there to support him, but the supposed friend performed the office ;—the sick man bowed his thanks, and again slept.

The progress of recovery had been quick enough, when the day again faded, to restore the power of speech. He begged to know to whom his thanks were due. ‘To *me* none,’ said the medical assistant ; ‘I am only doing my *duty* :—to his lordship here, Sir,—to the Earl of Winchmore, I believe I may say you owe your preservation :—have no doubts, I entreat you, of your recovery—you can have no fears of being again neglected, Sir ;—you will have every thing that can restore you, and I trust will be on your feet in a very few days.’

The vicar held out his hand to the earl in

speechless gratitude.—His friend shook his head, as if declining all thanks; and the companion in his kind care, made something like a sign to him, as if he was in danger of betraying that which was designed to be concealed. — Lord Winchmore kindly reproached Mr. Broderaye with not having made application to him on his arrival—‘ I have, it is true,’ said he, ‘ been absent for the last ten days, therefore knew not of your being here; but, as you may suppose, I was at no great distance—and in such a case I always leave orders for my immediate recall, on any fresh arrival amongst us unfortunate beings, if I can be of service: consequently your inquiry for me might have spared you some

Sir—Lady Lynford I have known from my boyhood—but there is sometimes acquaintance, Sir, where there has been no interview.’

‘ She may have mentioned me.’

‘ No, never :—I have, as you may conclude, known nothing of her of late—I have been out of England a very few years short of twenty—and I seem likely to end my days here ; but yet I hope.—Still, Sir, I know *you* ; and there is not a being on earth, for whom I have a higher respect, a warmer affection—or to whom, I may say truly, I owe so much.’

This was very awakening flattery. What could it all tend to ?

Why, it tended to, and it ended in, the gentle communication of Lord Winchmore’s particular circumstances, and in the cautiously-prepared introduction of the possessor of the long hands, and the editor of the sobs from the floor, as his lordship’s only son, Viscount Astham,—and Mr. Broderaye’s enraptured recognition of him—as Frank Newson !

Hours were too short—days were too short—weeks were too short, for the full enjoyment of such a large portion of restored comfort—such a termination to mutual anxiety ! It was not enjoyment that precluded remembrance of others : it

was of that species which extends the wish for its diffusion, to every human being.

If ever childless man felt himself blest to the utmost wishes of a father, if ever the single stem of a family felt itself supported by a branch from another root, it was Maximilian Broderaye, when, one hand resting on the steady arm of Lord Winchmore, and the other on the officious shoulder of his son, he made his first essay to quit his chamber, and inhaled health at every step. To it he returned no more: he was placed under the same roof with his friends, and commanded to 'take no thought for the morrow' or for himself. It was summer, but the heat was not oppressive: all

information as would souse me, and then such a dribbling as would provoke me to fancy your arm the pump-handle, and to use it accordingly.—From Lord Winchmore I may hope something more regular.—But if you ask him to indulge me, do not, I beseech you, let him distress himself—I fear your being brought to England he cannot dwell on—therefore let him consult his own ease—you can fill up chasms.’

‘I certainly lost my mother,’ said Lord Astham, ‘when I was saved by the sailor; and it has been a deep wound to my father’s feelings; but he can bear to talk of it. You will find him not a showy imposing character; but he is the best creature that ever existed.—Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel, a most lovely, charming, sensible woman, here—who has been very kind to us—I wish you knew her—says he is no study for the botanist, but a treasure to the mineralogist—Most fortunately for me, he is a famous scholar, and will read with me as you used to do—of mathematics, indeed, he is not very fond—but you know that I had had enough of them under you—my father delights in your own track of classic reading—and, when I tell him of your plans with me, he adopts them.—See here,’ said he, taking out of his pocket a small Horace—‘I have read thus far again since I came here—this is my amusement—Thucydides is my

fag; and I am sometimes astonished to see how my father will unfold a difficult sense—I tell him he must bring a great deal more knowledge than is on the page—there is a *must-be-because* in his mind, that helps him astonishingly.'

Mr. Broderaye took the Horace out of the young man's hand to ascertain what he had reached.

In the transfer of the small volume from hand to hand, various bits of paper fell out.

'Heigh-day!' said the vicar, 'where do all those little birds come from?—are these your *notes*?—*that* is not according to any rule of *mine*: why not get your book interleaved?—I suppose a prisoner could get that done.'

'That's the worst,' said Lord Astham, picking

paper—but neither is it *nothing*—it is a lock of hair :—if it is nothing, it is of no value ; therefore you may throw it away—come, away with it—it is a very unscholar-like sort of “ treasure-trove ” in a classic author—come, away with it.’

The young viscount threw out his hand, but he did not part from what it inclosed—he shrunk from the eye of his friend.

Here was the first breach made in the *entier*ty of an invaluable happiness !—Frank Newson had never shrunk as did Lord Astham—he had never made a show of obedience, to deceive, as he did now : he had never answered, that a thing was nothing, when its embodied existence was matter of ocular certainty—he had never shuffled—and, on the other hand, he had never eulogized any female in the terms which he had bestowed on Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel :—the inference was obvious :—the *ennui* of personal captivity had been relieved by some captivation of the young senses—and now, at best, what was very unpleasant to a friend and must be still more so to a father, must ensue :—in Frank’s restoration to his rank, it was yet more important.

‘ Come, come,’ said Mr. Broderaye, desirous to spare the earl as much as he could of this foreseen distress—‘ tell me, my dear fellow, the history of this lock—you cannot fear *me*—we have

known one another too long for distrust—you used to have confidence in me—and, indeed, in my opinions, even when they opposed yours; and I should be sorry to have forfeited it.'

His lordship was silent, but not sullen.

Again he was urged:—he then declined answering.

'I urge you as your friend, my lord,' said the vicar—'not with any claim to your obedience—I have none.'

'*My lord!*' retorted the young man—stamping his foot—'call me any thing else—*My lord!*—and from *you* who saved me from a parish-workhouse—*My lord!* what have I done to deserve this?—But I *do* deserve it,' said he, letting all the sails of his emotion flag at their pleasure.

‘My dear young man,’ said the vicar persuasively, ‘in mercy to my weakness, be calm;—I cannot bear much—I am disappointed, I own,—and this is quite sufficient, as much as I can bear.’

‘Forgive me, forgive me,’ said the viscount—‘I forgot—how could I be so inconsiderate?—it was only for a moment.’

He seemed on the verge of compliance, but it went no farther than seeming—he, indeed, considered his friend’s weak state; but he consulted it only by going out of the apartment and remaining absent.

In about an hour—a very painful hour to the vicar!—Lord Winchmore joined him, not aware, till within a few minutes, that the invalid had been left to himself: he apologized for the remission of care, and, perhaps, perceiving some little failure of looks, urged the prudence of taking food—it was easier to comply than refuse—but the vicar’s best restorative was his lordship’s mention of having left the young man in the riding-house.

Poor Broderaye was compelled to bid his existing anxiety ‘Avaunt,’—as the earl seemed disposed to improve the opportunity by satisfying the curiosity which, probably, he had just heard, from his son, the vicar had expressed in a way that indicated its not being urged upon him too soon, if it came now.

His lordship began by stating the imperious call made on his duty as a son, when his mother was dying in a foreign country, which had ended in the most violent seizure of his person and property, and his detention on his way home, at a time when to be made prisoner in France, was to be precluded almost from all hope of existence. In the midst of horrors not to be dwelt on, his personal endurances had been ten-fold aggravated by the sufferings of Lady Winchmore; and he had at last succeeded in persuading her to avail herself of a casual opportunity of escaping with her child in the disguise of poverty, and under assurance of furtherance from a captain of a smuggling-vessel. —By the offer of a large reward, this man was induced to undertake for Landour the countess and

being obtained at second or third hand, he was left with something still worse than no satisfaction.

The consequences of this escape fell heavily on his lordship: he had been removed to that *dépôt* most to be dreaded, in which he must have perished, but for the expectation entertained of his at last yielding to the exorbitant demands made on his purse for the *hope*—not the *certainly*—of freedom.—On a change in the oppression of the country, he had found friends who could procure his removal into the situation where the vicar had found him, if he would undertake to recal his son.—He could not hesitate—his captivity, he was assured, would be lenient—and public affairs wore a much better aspect than heretofore:—the condition accorded well with a father's feeling, and having, under every disadvantage of being staked down to a spot, opened a communication with the captain who had served him in the former instance, he had succeeded in obtaining an interview with the sailor himself who had left the child in Devonshire, and had engaged him in this service, in which neither the captain nor the man dared openly to appear.

From Lord Astham himself Lord Winchmore had learnt the sequel of the story—that he had been called out of the vicarage-house, in the evening of the day when Mr. Broderaye was absent from

home—that the man whom he found waiting to speak to him, had shown him a letter from Lord Winchmore, claiming him—that he had convinced him that a refusal to accompany him, would not avail, as he was prepared to carry him on board the vessel—that the death of his father would be the consequence even of successful resistance—but that, if he would trust to him, he should be at liberty, immediately, on reaching the French coast, to inform his friends in England of what had befallen him. This promise had been kept, but the letter had been neglected.

Lord Winchmore could not speak of his own feelings on receiving his son. His gratitude for all that had been done for him, had been expressed in every thought, word, and look, since he had reached

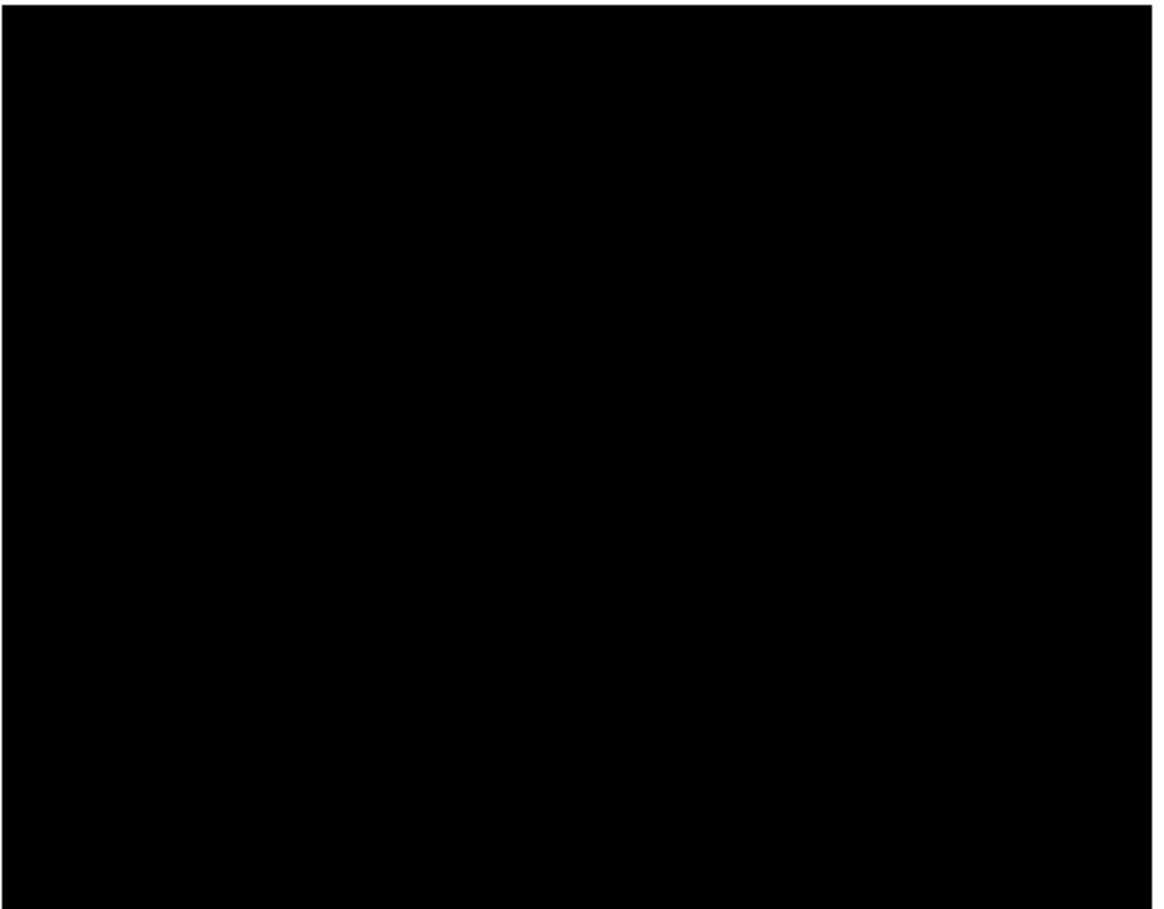
ideas of my own indulgence must not be admitted ;' —but now, an important certainty had escaped from his grasp, and he had his uneasiness for Lord Astham :—he might have consulted the father on it ; but he postponed, in the hope of some alleviation of his own oppression, before it should be quite requisite to communicate it to the earl.

THE END OF VOLUME III.



HERALINE.

VOL. IV.



HERALINE;

OR,

OPPOSITE PROCEEDINGS.

BY

LÆTTIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi-même, il est inutile
de le chercher ailleurs.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

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HERALINE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. Broderaye, not yet restored to his usual firm health, made use of his first powers to write to Lady Lynford, with caution, but yet so as to remove apprehension for his safety.—It was to no purpose—the letter never went out of the place in which it was written; and if his time had been valuable or paper scarce, he might have blamed himself for not accepting Lord Winchmore's assertion as admonition, when he told him, that, under the present arrestation of the wonted progress of the world, it was to no purpose to add matter to that which clogged its wheels.

After the experience, short as it was, of what French detention had the power to inflict, the vicar could not but confess his present situation, as to external circumstances, enviable. Lord Winchmore and he met on equal terms, as gentlemen, as informed men, travelled men, men of regular

habits and sound opinions : there was enough of diversity in their track of knowledge and observation, to afford novelty—there was enough of similarity to produce connexion of interest.—In the west of England, they had had common acquaintance with many persons, and in all local reference could understand each other. In short, they were, in every respect, companions ; and Lord Astham, however crest-fallen—yet not betrayed to his father by any reduction in the vicar's deportment to him—could, even then, rejoice in the great improvement of the earl's situation by the addition of such a friend. Their walks, their table-chat, their mornings at home and evenings abroad, wanted nothing but forgetfulness of Eng-

sight,—to accompany a voice, nay, your power to make three strokes go for a human figure, and to play the conjuror—all these, and whatever else you can do, are current coin, wherever your lot may be cast ; and I would have nobody condemn such acquirements—I will not call them substitutes for greater things ; but they are very necessary appendages ; and the man who cannot find an interest in that which passes before his eyes every hour, may spend his days in solitude, even upon the Royal Exchange of London.—I very much question,’ concluded his lordship, ‘ whether any part of Johnson’s stupendous abilities would have proved so useful to a pauper pedestrian in a foreign country, as Goldsmith’s small performance on the German flute, which, as he candidly confesses, was odious to all who knew any thing of music, but which propitiated the hospitable peasants of Flanders and Germany.’

‘ I will not forget,’ said the viscount with grave humour: ‘ I was made to thank Nurse Pearce every night for my ’tatoes and milk, and my bread and cheese, and whatever her poor but ungrudged stores afforded me ; and now I will make a new catalogue for my still better friend :—I believe it must be alphabetically arranged ; for, if they are my obligations to *him* that are to be re-

counted, they are too numerous for us to undertake for being correct.'

'Well said, my boy,' cried the earl; 'I like that glowing spirit:—between us, I hope we shall keep the list perfect.'

It is very painful to be *all but* satisfied—*all but* certain—*all but* confident, especially when we have, at a former period, been satisfied, and certain, and confident; yet to the suspension of these feelings so requisite to repose, the vicar must submit, and even to being *less* satisfied, *less* certain, *less* confident, at the close of each succeeding day; for the young lord gave him no satisfaction on the point which made him anxious;

which the friend of his early days had to deplore—but it was a sad abatement of his delight in the prosperous issue of his endeavours.

Unwilling as he was to disturb comfort recently restored to a father so deserving as was the earl, and to blast the budding hopes conceived of so fine a young man, the vicar was compelled to wait; but this not precluding observation, he, after a few invitations which he had accepted with his friends to the *soirées* of the inhabitants, ventured to say to Lord Winchmore, ‘Who is this Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel, who is so much admired?—Is it never to be my good fortune to meet her?’

‘She is, you know, I presume,’ said the earl, ‘one of the daughters of the *préfet* here—she is the youngest of many, and is a completely spoiled child, indulged in every wish of her wishing heart, and of universal influence with her father.—She is really, I believe, very deserving, though you cannot suppose me much disposed to partiality towards the prefecture or its appendages. Her father lives in show, and will, I conceive, die insolvent. She is not, in my opinion, very beautiful, but she is, I confess, very striking—she is taller than the Frenchwomen in general, has a profusion of fine ringletty hair, which the men here worship like the “Coma Berenices,” is very showily accom-

plished, and has about her that—I don't know what to call it—that point of character which makes all she says—whether *from her heart*, I will not say—but certainly reach to the heart of all to whom she addresses herself, if they are not very much on their guard.—My boy was a new target for her to strive to hit in the right place ; but I should not, at any rate, have liked to see him bleeding with wounds made by second-hand arrows which I have helped, sometimes myself, to extract from the hearts of some of our foolish countrymen here :—I do not consider her as very formidable, because I think she soon betrays her vanity, and vanity is not conciliating ;—a young man is first mortified, and then provoked to find that what he

what you have effected, that I rely. As I should have done in giving him a Vida or a Prudentius, I warned him that, in introducing him to this popular *belle*, I was not following my own taste; and I am sure this would have its effect; but beside this, I have dealt very frankly with him on the subject of female connexions. Any thing illicit I never will permit; and this he knows—no connivance can he expect from me. My family have always been people of regular habits, and such I hope we shall remain—it is as easy to keep up this character, as that of an hereditary oppositionist to the ministry, if it is once heartily adopted, as my son seems inclined to do, especially when he can find in his own family no authority for deserting his party.—I do not intend to make his task harder by any undue exertion of my authority—I have told him I shall expect him to marry as soon after he is of age, as we are out of this grievous captivity, and that I will not make a point of any thing but agreement in religious principles, unblemished morals, and a good origin, that is to say, a decorous origin—for if he fixes his choice beneath his own level, he may repent it;—therefore she must be of fit parentage; the daughter of such persons as his poor mother would have recognised.—Beside this, I stipulate

for one thing more, and that is, that I will be made acquainted with his wishes before the young woman is spoken to on the subject.—It has always been the custom of our family, to proceed in the regular decorous way of treating between parents, when the wishes of children have been made known, and I impute our untainted blood very much to this mode of acting—as well as our uninterrupted domestic happiness.—As for mine, indeed——’

‘ Ah ! my dearest friend,’ resumed his lordship, after pausing, ‘ had Heaven blest you with a daughter a year or two younger than my boy—how proud should I have been to have grafted her into our stock !’

‘ Better, better as it is,’ replied Broderick.

exuberant honours of her magnificent *chevelure*;—and, not to give credit to other demonstrations, would have required him to think as highly as did the earl, of what he himself had been able to do for Lord Astham's protection.

The lady's deportment was strongly marked with fabricated character. To Lord Winchmore, she was *obéissante*;—to the vicar she was every thing that could express the tenderest sympathy in his late illness and personal endurance, with a respectful feeling of his superiority to her pity:—on the viscount she seized, as if by privilege—her conversation was full of allusions, that made it seem continued after interruption, while, in language that left it to be asked whether there could be any thing of which she was ignorant, she threw to a distance every one who presumed to differ from her in taste or sentiment, and made the vicar almost confess that Astham must be more or less than a young man, if he escaped.—While her admirers, to do their best against such an adroitness of talent, were hesitating, in awkward emulation, for words to convey some dainty meaning, she cut the sentence short, and borrowing, now from painting, now from music, now from chemistry, now from mathematics, some illustrative term, she forced the assisted speaker to feel agreeably indebted to her superiority and

promptitude.—Dancing, singing, the harp—all in turn, called forth her powers—and from these, she would fly off to mingle in some childish sport with a younger groupe, whence, having astonished and delighted them, she would return to unravel some *bijou*-puzzle, pleading, in case of probable failure, her perfect ignorance; and then shaming those who boasted the frequency of their own success, but of which, the means, resting on the memory instead of the understanding, had been forgotten. She spoke the useful languages gracefully: she dressed admirably—she was studied—she was copied: she was courted—she was, as Lord Winchmore had hinted, worshipped—but, in England, she would not have been trusted



than ever solicitous about his young friend, yet feeling precluded by Lord Winchmore's confidence in his son, from making any use of his conviction.

What had passed, had been, to him, so glaring, that he expected, on the meeting with the earl and his young lordship in the morning, to see the former more grave than usual, the latter more subdued; but he was deceived in his expectation. Mademoiselle Lunel was no otherwise spoken of than as any other young lady of a fashionable house of reception which had collected a large company, and who exerted herself for their amusement, would have been. The viscount could look Mr. Broderaye in the face, and showed the most tender anxiety lest the exertion of the preceding evening had been more than he was yet equal to. His friend could only parry this by professions of perfect health: allowances were made for him; and some portion of solitude was prescribed for him, to give him time to recover from this fatigue.

This was not exactly the use to which he put the liberty allowed him. It served to call to mind every circumstance that, however remotely or contingently, could contribute to his annoyance; and there was one which was rather too prominent to be overlooked.

'Poor Carry' had nothing to boast of in the

recollection bestowed on her by the viscount. Mr. Broderaye was far advanced in his convalescence before she was even named by the young man ; and then she was asked after as ' Miss Monterne,' with 'a hope that he left her well.' Her guardian could make every allowance for this ; and far was it from his views, even to lead *Frank Newson* into an attachment, the propriety of which could ever be questionable. But knowing what he did of *Carlis's* relative situation, he could not, at once, decide on her great good-fortune, in case Lord Astham should have forgotten her ; and retaining in his own heart—the tenderness of which had never run to waste—a sense of that consideration to which every female whose affection has been claimed, has a right, he could not but take up the

or could have no possible claim, not merely on his son and heir, but on society at large, asked the vicar what were his views for her; and in such a tone, that if he had added an offer to place her in 'the asylum for female orphans,' or had regretted the inadaptability of this power to circumstances, Mr. Broderaye could not greatly have wondered.

It was no part of the duty of a guardian, nor could any delicacy with regard to Lord Astham make it necessary, to suffer Carilis to be thus regarded. Lord Winchmore was a man entitled to all the confidence that could honourably be given him; and though Mr. Broderaye would at no time, and, more particularly, at the present, have made the young man privy to any hopes for Carilis from Lady Lynford, yet there was no reason why Lord Winchmore should not be told just so much as that the interposing life which made Miss Monterne of no account in the house of Beltravers, was removed—this removal only placing her, to the apprehension of persons not acquainted with the bearing of the late Earl of Lynford's will and the predicament in which his heiress stood, within the possible benefit of an intestate demise.

Lord Winchmore and Mr. Broderaye, though unconscious of it, stood nearly on the same level of information with regard to the baroness's jeopardy. The former had possessed the se-

cret from the time when Lady Lynford had found it necessary to oppose his friendship to Colonel Wanston's duplicity; and it had often occupied his thoughts—but to no purpose, but that of distressing him. For the person to be benefited by her behaving honourably, or to be injured by the contrary, he could have no more interest than for common justice; and of any alterations in this succession, he had not been, till now, aware. When, therefore, Mr. Broderays replied to his query as to his views for his ward, that the real business which he had had to transact with the baroness was to obtain for his little Carilis a maintenance out of the family-property, and that the stimulating fact was her approximation

moment, that lively caution which his heart-felt concern for Lady Lynford added to his natural and acquired discretion.

But, after this time, Lady Lynford and Carilis became very much topics of discourse between the two friends, whenever they were alone—but never otherwise. The earl made no scruple of disclosing the original views of his family with regard to his marriage with Lady Lynford, nor did he veil his rejection as any wound to his pride. He was very generously merciful to her ladyship in describing the manner of his repulse: he made every excuse for her; and he joined the vicar most cordially in blaming the manner in which the management of her had been conducted. Of the peculiar construction of her father's will neither spoke—it formed a barrier, which, perhaps, each might think it prudent to keep entire, when a step too far might do mischief.

‘How have you managed,’ said the earl one day, when walking with the vicar, ‘to keep my boy so much on his guard when you have brought up a girl with him? As she was pitiable, and he has a very pitying disposition, I should have supposed I should have heard of her as almost making him repent his coming to me.’

‘Perhaps,’ said the vicar, ‘I ought first to apologize for the risque I ran in suffering these two

children to grow up together under my roof; but my choice of means was small; and I was so destitute of guidance as to Frank—Lord Astham, I should say—that the chances were equal as to the injury I might be doing to the one or the other.—I was compelled to trust, under heaven, to doing the best that circumstances then admitted; but I have had many an hour's thought on the subject—nor could I ever be as certain as I am now, that no mischief has been done.'

'I should hesitate in calling it *mischief*,' said Lord Winchmore.

'And I might have hesitated,' replied Mr. Broderaye, 'before I came hither; but I cannot now—I can see clearly on which party the mischief would have fallen—it is a great comfort to

‘Never,’ answered the vicar—‘on the contrary, it was one of the severest trials I ever underwent when I lost him.—But, I own, I should have been sorry had he ever made any claim to my little girl—who is, indeed, cautious as I am of praising a thing that I have, I hope, contributed to improve, a most incomparable little being—and will be a treasure to any worthy man—I should have been sorry to see her affectionate heart impressed, since, I think, Lord Astham’s has taken another turn—or, at least, is weaned——’

‘Why, what turn has it taken?’ asked the earl, anxiously—‘For God’s sake, my dear friend, give me your perfect confidence: I will never, on my honour, betray it, even to my son—but do, pray, tell me what you have observed.’

With very great reluctance, Mr. Broderaye related the occurrence of the lock of hair that had escaped from the viscount’s pocket-Horace, painfully watching its effect on Lord Winchmore.

He was firm—‘There is no faith in a forehead if *he* has deceived me,’ said the father—‘and, if in *that* point, I give up the world as the entire fee-simple of our worst enemy.’

It was impossible for any two men to come to a compromise upon such a question.—Mr. Broderaye could only state facts and repeat expressions—the first stood stiff and stubborn; to the last,

he gave the most favourable construction allowable.—Lord Winchmore could not abate his confidence—the matter must be brought to issue, by demanding an explanation from his young lordship, and this was carried into execution at the first opportunity, by his father in the vicar's presence.—No tricking was used—there was no 'We will say,' or, 'It shall seem.'—Carilis was, indeed, not named—it was not necessary; but the earl stated the point on which his and Mr. Broderaye's belief were at variance, and called on his son to produce the lock of hair, and declare whence it came.

He did not fire, as he had done.—He took out his pocket-book—a new purchase, evidently bought

‘It appeared to me to be like the hair of the lady to whom I was introduced as Mademoiselle Lunel—perhaps there is some hidden trap laid for me.’

‘None upon earth, nor under its surface,’ protested Lord Astham—‘and above it, I think there is no danger of your being ensnared——’

‘Will it be any satisfaction to you,’ continued the viscount, ‘if I request Mademoiselle Lunel to appear to-morrow evening in her *natural* hair?—I dare say she would do it at *my* request; and you would then see, that if I had borrowed this, or stolen this from her tresses, I must have borrowed or stolen that which she paid for.—O fie! father,—and for shame! Mr. Guardian—I thought you had known better, but now you must be punished:—I will answer no more questions to such examiners—but of this I will assure you, for your joint comfort—that you may both trust me.—On my honour, I will never disgrace myself by any *clandestine* attachment, nor hurt your feelings, my lord, as a father, and an excellent one—or yours, Mr. Broderaye, as my invaluable friend—in any partiality I may *avow*;—but it is only on English ground that I will tell to whom this lock belongs;—and when we are *all* there—I will proudly tell;—therefore, the more you stir for our release, the shorter your suspense——’

‘ ’Tis one of Lord B——’s sweet girls,’ said the earl—‘ they were just sent away from hence before you came,’ said he to the vicar—‘ I can have no objection *there*, Astham:—God send us *all*, as you say, in England!—I remember there was one of them very fair.’

‘ Thank you, my lord,’ said the viscount—‘ you have set my heart at ease.—But not one of Lord B——’s sweet girls, if you please.’

So ended the matter:—the earl was still confident in his son—Mr. Broderaye not quite so—but he had no cause to be otherwise, unless he thought too much for his little girl at home—if he did, it was excusable.

country. Habits of decent observance were maintained in the little family. Mr. Broderaye was chaplain; and Lord Winchmore permitted no relaxation of the even less important regards which his situation allowed.—The viscount chafed a little now and then, especially when well-laid plans of solicitation failed, but was as averse from any unjustifiable attempts, by which the sufferings of others might be increased, as his cooler seniors. Even his worst temper was a merry one—his spleen vented itself in humorous caricature and in playful poetry; and his presence made his father, at times, almost forget that he had any thing more to wish.

The services which the vicar had been able to render to Lord Winchmore in the person of his son, were now of inestimable value, not only to the recipient, but to himself.—On no other consideration could he have borne the seeming dependence to which he was reduced; and even as it was, an insolent pride might have distressed the generosity even of Lord Winchmore; but Maximilian had no insolent pride: he knew his own worth; and being uninfluenced by egotism, he could judge for himself, as he would have done for another. He gave the earl credit for feeling relief in his abundant power of requital; and having no sinister view of transferring the pain of

excessive obligation from himself to his neighbour, he could, by only expressing what he really felt, make himself very easy in accepting that, without which he must have distressed the common humanity of his friends.—But the delicacy of Lord Winchmore anticipated even these feelings, and by the absolute transfer of that which he showed he could well spare, and which was only a generous compensation for all that could be compensated, he, at the first opportunity, made Mr. Broderaye independent of him, placed him in circumstances that admitted of the resumption of his tastes, and left him under no accumulating obligation, but that which his attachment to the earl and his son made pleasant to him. His little girl at home, in-

in Lord Astham's cheerful spirits and good looks. He became, as winter advanced, more and more uneasy:—he absented himself from his father and his friend:—there were topics of conversation which never failed to make him depart; and it was very much to be feared that the subject of their inevitable detention was the most powerful of those topics.—His friends were soon confidential with each other on this alarming alteration; and the earl was in an agony of fear, lest his son should have in contemplation some such desperate expedient, as was not without example amongst the *détenus*, under the consequences of which others were then suffering.

The cloud was a little dispelled when a hope dawned upon the English prisoners, that either some necessity of listening to what was reasonable, or the expediency of exchanging one cage-full of captives on one side of the water, for another on the other, or of giving up individual for individual, might end in general liberation, or in the local relief of particular districts, or in such a *cartel* as would include persons conspicuous in rank.

The earl, as much alive to this prospect as his son could be, uniformly added to the discussion of these possibilities, a fervent wish that the trio might not be separated.—The viscount showed himself no less generous.—‘I stay with Domine,’

said he, 'if Domine is left behind.—You must go, my lord, and get every thing at home in order for us, and trust to our following.'—'No, no,' said the earl; 'Domine shall be ransomed, if we even mortgage Winchmore abbey.'

But it was in vain that they listened, hoped, and discussed. Every foot that seemed to be bringing good tidings, turned aside from their dwelling: every sound that promised to speak of liberty, mocked them—till fading from the eye, and dying on the ear, these delusions left them more sensibly prisoners, for the pause given to despair.

Disappointment fell heaviest upon the one most sanguine; and the viscount appeared almost

duty, instead of an indulgence of inclination. If the day was cold, he was perishing—if it was not cold, he found it oppressive; and as no part of this caprice belonged to his character, nothing urged against it could avail: it was rather to be feared that any urgency would induce him to go still farther beyond his powers, that his deficiency might be less evident.

The relinquishment of public amusements and private associations was followed by a repugnance to exercise, and an aversion to air—then came feverish languor, and all that sad consecutive series of yielding, which ends on the couch and the pillow. Yet even here, he had not the common comfort which his naturally good disposition might have purchased: he was tormented by unexplained self-accusation, and by remorse that seemed to have no cause, but unattended by any feeling of repentance that could make his sense of guilt or error profitable, or bring him, by conscientious ingenuousness, within the reach of his friend Broderaye's good offices.

No affliction that the father or the friend had ever suffered, equalled the trial of the present moment. The submission to which they were called, required that their feelings should be not merely subdued by reason and principle, but overpowered by a force to which they blamed them-

selves for yielding.—That it was Lord Astham's mind which acted on his frame, they were convinced; but there was nothing to be extorted from him—he was gentle—but firm in denying all satisfaction—yet not at all in a state to look to death with placidity:—he rather seemed to be waiting for a reprieve, of which he had no hope.

But when exceedingly sunk, he was revived by a report, that some persons, by getting leave to go to Paris, on the bond of their countrymen, in case of being remanded, had obtained their own liberty and that of friends, and dwelling on this possibility as his only ground of confidence, he earnestly begged his father to leave him and avail himself of this privilege, which, now it was once accorded to

trouble of solicitation and attendance. To her communication of what she had been able to do, she added a request in the prefect's name, that the transaction might remain private, and that the description of the person for whom she had applied might not be divulged, as the knowledge that permission had been given, would subject her father to repeated solicitation, which it was painful to him to disregard; and as, in the present case, there was no distinction of rank to deter others from supposing they had equal pretensions. All this was very fair, and very gratefully accepted; and Mr. Broderaye, who could indeed have preferred the not withdrawing himself at such a moment from his suffering friends, set out.

Leave we him travelling with all the speed befitting his appointment; and let us look how Baroness Lynford has been passing her time to this period, when spring was about to offer its poetic beauties to all; but the sick, the sorrowful, the prisoner, and the imprudent.

CHAPTER II.

THE spirits of Lady Lynford, vexed, fretted, and worn by friction of her own contrivance, were very ready to accept from any occasional contribution, that lubrication which should make them act with less disturbance to herself; and none could be more soothing to them, than employment which could not add to their questionable excitations a doubt whether they were well or ill acted on. Benevolence and hospitality—money unsparingly disbursed in procuring good for a stranger—and

rejoice in the now-too-well ascertained detention of Mr. Broderaye, but still it seemed an event in her favour, and one of the many, which, in the course of her life, had assisted her to get out of difficulties, and to look not only with confidence but presumption, to the respect paid her by 'the nature of things.'

But Fortune, that blind leader of the blind! had still another accommodation in store for her; and a great calamity seemed to be called forth purposely to make it known to her. The death of so small an individual as the zealous Mr. George Bray, would never, probably, have reached her consciousness on the lake of Geneva, had it not been marked by a West Indian hurricane, which, while he was winding up his affairs with a view to settling, perhaps on the coast of Devon, and there ending his days in that mimic representation of a mariner's toil, the *puppy-istic* equipment and management of a sailing-boat, submerged him and his projects.

What now had Lady Lynford to fear? Lord Winchmore and Mr. Broderaye were the only two persons existing who had the information necessary to annoy her:—the one she respected—the other she loved; and in both had the highest, the best-founded confidence.—Goody Parr she regarded not.—Every person who had the will to do mis-

chief was removed; and of those who had only the power, she still considered herself as having the command.—The earl stood too high to be doubted—the vicar must be lost to all feeling, before he could do more than threaten her—and beside, he was himself incapacitated.—At worst, an occasional thousand pounds given to him ‘to dispose of as he thought best,’—for, to his darling, she would never submit even to be generous,—would keep him quiet; and many things might happen to ‘such a child’ before reaching the age of twenty-one, that would defeat the vindictive purpose. In short, Madame de Faiville was the lady-paramount of her thoughts at the moment—

pretensions.—Least of all things did she endeavour to captivate or interest: there was a propriety of thought about her, a straight-forward pursuit of that, which, on the best foundation, she knew to be right, that, without calling forth any great features of character, threw to a distance all the zig-zag provisions made by a less mind for the demands of individual hours. She was calm, consistent, firm, perfectly resigned to her lot, whatever it might be; and when satisfied that it would not be severe, most thankful. In contemplating her, with the sympathy, the kindness and esteem which Lady Lynford's generous nature was ever ready to bestow, when not driven out of its course by her own mistakes, she could not but ask herself in what consisted that powerful influence which she felt acting on her own affection: she was too well-bred, even in private with herself, to draw or attempt an invidious comparison:—she did not stand before a mirror, and tell herself she was in height, in command of deportment, in striking expression of features, Madame de Failville's superior—neither did she challenge for herself that advantage which is obtained by the certainty of pleasing, or the right to defy disapprobation; but in the leisure of her speculative mood she fairly sat down to analyze the perceptible difference.

In London, had she been promised an introduction to Countess Forestieri, as an object of admiration, she might have examined her claims, and revolted against the offered favour; but, in her present situation, her self-love was propitiated by the credit of making the discovery of them for herself; and tenacity to her own opinion was a defence against the operation of caprice. The countess did not come forward in society; there was no defection of worshippers in her favour; and when Lady Lynford returned home, or dismissed visitors, after every brilliant display that the most fortunate circumstances could afford her, satiated with that food which her pride best loved, and found her friend, without all this expense of

component parts of the landscape, in which her new mind was to dwell ; and, perhaps, not knowing that she was trying to do right, though taking very ill aim at it, she was alternately elevated by her heroic intentions, and depressed by looking at that which she was called on to renounce. To do as she was advised ; to submit to an arrangement which Mr. Broderaye had stood before her ready to propose, by which her worst fate might be averted for the present, and a better might be hoped, as soon as Miss Monterne had power to act for herself, was still, as little as ever, her disposition.

Female friendship, such as can exist only on equal terms, was an indulgence new to the baroness. She had paid for the distinctions of life by foregoing some of its best privileges, and knew little of its connexions but as she submitted to, or exercised, control. On the banks of the Wye, she had been fully sensible to the charm of social intercourse ; and such as could subsist between persons of different sexes, she had enjoyed in its fullest perfection ; but in this, there were restraints and observances which, though never relaxed, even in her wishes, were felt. In Madame de Faiville she promised herself the resumption of all that she had thus enjoyed, with the addition of that soothing power which she might expect from the

tenderness of her sex. The countess had been educated with her brother, without deviation into the *petitesse* of a girl's ordinary training, and with a disdain of trifling attainments. Her father, a man of comprehensive mind and various pursuits, had associated his children with himself in whatever he undertook, and while he employed their hands, made his conversation their instruction. Her mother, a woman of moderate intellect, and of no mental energy, could do no more than sufficed, to prevent the inconvenience that might have resulted to a girl from an irregular mode of cultivation, but had committed her to the care of a friend more than adequate to the task of adding to the

was not unworthy of her; and though her youth was cheated of all that which makes its departure regretted, she saw advantages in not having cause to look back on it with a wish for its perpetuity, and in the improving character of her years. She had been married in a style little differing from the heartlessness of a royal union; and, with the grateful feeling of a princess who finds herself happy when she expected only to be great, she made the most of every circumstance that she could construe in her favour. When reverses of fortune effected disastrous changes in the situation of her husband, her virtues were all called forth; and in the esteem she entertained for him, she found a stimulative sufficient to carry her through every duty. He had died consoled by her attention and sensible to her merit; and, as his widow, she had no occasion to plead against any self-reproach, that he was a husband chosen by her father. His death she could not regret; that which would have given his life its value, was gone beyond recall; and to presume on her power of cheering, to any purpose of enjoyment, the latter days of an ill-treated and broken-hearted statesman, who had no pursuit that could engage his attention, or any resignation of mind that could make inaction tolerable, was not an error into which she was in danger of falling.

It was with no vulgar stare, that Lady Lynford contemplated such a character. She would sit, at times when Madame de Faiville was employed in a way that suspended conversation, and in silence continuing the comparison between them, would consider her friend and herself as two paintings by two different masters. 'She is a Raffaëlle,' she would say; 'I am a Le Brun; she is in fresco; I in water-colours, perhaps tolerably finished—*very* well finished, I will say, but still *finished*;—while she, in her very nature, furnishes that which is, in my instance, the work of art. What should I have been in circumstances similar to hers? I cannot tell;—what might I not have been in those which were afford-

out to be the best which had no one of the attributes for which we stipulated. Had Lady Lynford projected a confidential friendship, she never would have drawn the portrait of Madame de Faiville as that of the friend to be sought for the purpose. If she had whispered ingenuously to her own heart for its information and direction, she would have told it to seek, in the bosom that should be tender to her distresses, every thing that could pity, nothing that could condemn; a spirit that she could mould as she poured her words upon it, and an intellect that could devise for her the means of extrication.

These qualities, properties, and possessions, were not belonging to the person on whom she was about to make an experiment; but as, in most instances, Lady Lynford's inclinations had grown stronger under her *prudent* contemplations, and that had become obstinacy, on mature reflection, which, under precipitation, might have been more tenderly denominated, she listened only to the dictate of her feeling; and, determined indeed not to mar her plans by haste, she, in a gentle way, endeavoured to wind round her visitor those silken cords of amity which should make it difficult to her to break away.

She had little cause for apprehension from any want of sensibility in Madame de Faiville: her

favours could not be accepted in a more gratifying way, for Lady Lynford could not have admitted any thing servile. She saw a woman of perfect dignity of character, condescending to owe to her, a shelter and the participation of that which could not be offered without great delicacy, and this from choice, as, under the arrangements made by her family, she was competently provided for. As time wore on, and she endeavoured to bring her acquainted with various 'notes of preparation,' all went well; and Lady Lynford pronounced a perfect approbation on her own discretion which had led her, while seeking relief for herself, to look for it in a mind that had its claim to praise for integrity, as well as to love, for its softer qua-

on the path of the countess, which, on his liberation, was not improbable.—Should they meet as friends, the countess would not be so subject to the effect of his revelation, if she was prepared for it;—should she still maintain the distance she had hitherto seemed disposed to preserve, she would be better inclined to remain a partisan of the baroness, when in possession of facts—perfect confidence therefore was her decision.

Once decided, she was impatient of delay. She was tiring of argument held with herself—she recollected, that, should liberty be given to the English, Mr. Broderaye would certainly seek the countess, and, in case of any understanding between them, that she must inevitably be exposed and disgraced. Miss Monterne's attaining the age of twenty-one, which, while undecided, she thought so far off, she now told herself, drew nearer every time it was recollected; and under her new view of her own necessities, she considered it as impossible to exist longer under that restraint of silence, which, till now, her interest in it had made her choice.

An indignant feeling would, however, at times, arise when she could not repress the sense of a shackling degradation to which she had subjected herself, and of which the existing moment formed a crisis.—Lady Lynford had seldom felt the

anguish hot and cold of children brought up under common restraints:—she had, at times, finessed for her own purposes, and too well she remembered the address demanded by the controlling agency of Colonel Wanston;—but such a subjection as that in which she felt herself involved, was new to her.—She could ask herself what she had to fear, and answer to herself, ‘Nothing;’—but it was her pride that she was exposing to attack—and she felt it ‘Every thing.’

With regards almost superstitious—with consultation of time and circumstance amounting almost to looking for omens and auguries, Lady Lynford chose the moment of revelation.—Repeating in more connected order those parts of

the aid of line or rule, a pyramid of the broadest basis that can be fancied, placing its apex on the earth, she could pity, if not sympathize with, the error so wickedly ingrafted on a young mind.

In the narrative through so much that was rotten in its foundation, there were circumstances on which the historian could rest while she passed on to safer points.—She could not dwell too much on the incapacity of Lady Drummannon, or the low artifices of Miss Wyerley; and she paused, at intervals, to give room for the kind acquittal which her hearer was anxious to pronounce, of any young person so ensnared.—How much, indeed, was the baroness's own ensnaring of herself—and what the ease with which the snare might have been broken,—was not made obvious, and therefore received no correcting comment. Lord Winchmore's kindness as an interposing friend, and the release from matrimonial bondage by the death of Colonel Wanston, whose ineligibility was not brought to view, were subjects that claimed their appropriate reception; and Madame de Faiville showed how warmly and sincerely she could return the commiseration which her own distresses had excited.

To proceed farther, was an exertion that required a fresh acquisition of courage—therefore was deferred—and the countess, under this garbled

information, was left to suppose, that she had to pity nothing more than a marriage which had been a temporary evil. Her consolations could not, under such an error, apply; and the baroness soon found that she had rendered her situation not only worse but untenable, by the half-journey she had made in the land of communication. If her friend saw her out of spirits, she endeavoured to make her recollect that her uneasinesses were clouds that had passed, and bade her look round on the bright sunshine that enviroined her.—This was intolerable.—Her feelings had been skinned in the attempt already made; and what even Madame de Faiville intended as emollients proved irritating

mated her hopes of prevailing on her to give up all thoughts of another home; and there was in her manner of treating the privileged waiting-woman, an alteration that might be construed into the effect of a new influence.—The discontent occasioned by this, had for a short time growled at a distance—it now grew louder, when the increased gravity of her lady's manner towards her, which resulted from the unpleasant occupation of her thoughts, indicated the progress of unkindness. The nearer Lady Lynford's ruminations brought her to the crisis which she had settled with herself to bring on, the more alarming were these symptoms; till accumulated provocation, or what comparison with former indulgence made appear as provocation, exhausted the remaining patience of Annette; and her violent expression of it threatened to force the baroness upon making her election between her friend and her waiting-woman.

Lady Lynford had, however subjected to this inverted assumption of authority by her own inverted habits, always maintained that situation which kept her the mistress of her servants, in every question: she therefore received this affronting behaviour from her, with calm dignity; and foreseeing, that in her projected association with Madame de Faiville, Annette would be troublesome, she met her threats of departure with ac-

ceptance, and defeated every purpose of ill-humour, by co-inciding in opinion, that she would consult her own ease by thinking of establishing herself without servitude. Expressing a kind concern for her provision and comfort, she was let into the secret, that Mademoiselle Annette's *quondam* husband was not far off, and that he had it in view to settle with her, whenever it suited her convenience, in his favourite occupation of contraband-dealing between France and England.— After much wear and tear of feeling on the part of the baroness, which she yet preferred to repetitions of discontent and the increasing difficulty which she foresaw, the point was arranged, and Annette ended her long service, generously remu-

was fostered, till at length the pressure of thought became again so irksome as to court relief at the risque of what might ensue.

The moment chosen was not studied as before ; —it had rather been the appointment of the auditor, who, seeing her kind friend under great oppression of uneasiness, had endeavoured to meet the cause, by expressions that were very readily construed into what was wished ; but still the leap was in the dark. It was, however, taken ; and the principle of self-preservation having the ascendancy at the time, Madame de Faiville was called upon, with a vehement demand of concurrence, to blame the arbitrary tenour of Lord Lynford's will, and the cruelty of those who would carry it into effect.

But the comparatively low impulse under which the generous nature of the baroness was acting, was momentary. She sunk from passionate railing, to pity of her own misfortune, in being obliged to think harshly of a man 'whom she had so delighted to honour' as Maximilian Broderaye.

Madame de Faiville, evidently under the greatest emotion, seemed ready to reply—'Pity *him* rather.'—But she was silent, and suffered the baroness to represent the predicament in which he had placed himself and her, as resulting from an indiscreet effervescence of generosity. But, even

now, she was no calumniator: she did justice whilst she blamed effects and deplored her own undivided suffering under them; and she acknowledged great virtues where she had found great cause to wish they had not existed. Even the not-necessarily connected episode of Frank Newson was revealed with plaudits. Forgetting her own interest as she went on, she could not find words strong enough to depict the goodness which she had to state; and when she meant to have held up Maximilian Broderaye as an object of aversion, to one concerned for her welfare, and Carila as the intruder on her rights, she found herself calling on her hearer to join in admiration of his generous benevolence, and using such epithets of compas-

girl, to whose uncorrupted bosom Madame de Montespan betook herself in a thunder-storm.

Advice as to the conduct to be pursued, had not been asked—nor was it obtruded. Lady Lynford had divulged no intentions; therefore, it was to be supposed, she would yield to circumstances: it would, indeed, have required something more than courage to have declared, immediately after having herself acknowledged, by recapitulating, the circumstances against her, that she meant to resist and to set at defiance the powerful means that might be brought to bear upon her. She therefore stood ostensibly an object of respect and pity: and both these feelings were called forth towards her from the bosom of the countess. But the conflicting constitution of her nature for ever producing the most inconsistent contradiction, could not long remain inactive. She had surprised Madame de Faiville, by not preferring a preparatory accommodation of herself to the expected event, to the seemingly thoughtless risque at which she was living.—It was evident that she relied too much on former instances of good fortune; and Madame de Faiville saw, with astonishment, one of the most exalted minds that had ever come under her observation, brought down to a level with the vulgar who refer all their proceedings to the operation of chance.

She was herself placed in circumstances that might be called delicate. The disclosure had embarrassed her ; it had not been without its impression on her most sensitive perceptions ; but she had put a double and a treble guard on every part that she could suspect of weakness that might betray her. Obligated as she felt to the baroness, she could not think of seeking even the relief she felt necessary to herself, by withdrawing from discussions and repetitions in which she had an interest, which she must not suffer to appear.

How long this state of suspense might exist, was uncertain ; for Lady Lynford's sake, it must be wished to continue till Miss Monterne was of age, in the hope that she might exercise more

that some changes, of which news had reached her, were very much in favour of the friends of her late husband, and consequently might obtain respect to his memory, and consideration for his relict, an order came for her immediate removal to a situation within a day's journey of Paris; and with only the delay of twelve hours, she was enjoined to set out. Her journey had not a compulsory appearance; it was a sort of permission, which, however, had a most authoritative force.

Lady Lynford was almost dumb with astonishment on the revelation of this dire necessity. In losing her friend, she was losing every thing, and she was dismissing her, full fraught with whatever could increase the danger which she had it so much at heart to abate by reducing the number of witnesses against her. She now bitterly repented her confidence; she was for making terms for herself; she was anxious to know, in case the chances of detention should bring Mr. Broderaye and the countess together, how she would act; there was much to be done, and very little time to do it in; but Madame de Faiville was considerate to the last, and, to the neglect of her own affairs, sat to listen to the baroness, while, half distracted with indecision and apprehension, she revealed to her her decided resolution to put every possible obstacle in the way of those whom she styled her

persecutors, and demanded the most solemn assurances from the countess, that she would never reveal what she had intrusted to her. These she received, and endeavoured then to confine her feelings to the bitterness of the separation.

Madame de Faiville, under the restriction imposed on her, was desirous to have marked limits placed to her conduct respecting the baroness's friends. She was fully empowered to make all inquiries for Mr. Broderaye and Lord Winchmore; of the latter it was known that he had lost his wife, but his detention had been accompanied with such severity, that his existence had sometimes been doubted: a less rigorous fate, it was

CHAPTER III.

THE forlorn feeling of our 'lady of the lake' will at present afford no incident. All was desolation: a palsy seemed to have spread its cold stillness over that which had for some time maintained a glowing circulation, feverish, perhaps, and certainly not healthy, but still affording a buoyancy that supported more than itself. It was a season which others might have felt too exhilarating for meditation; but it led the baroness to meditate, and to feel that, by the elevation which was her boast, or by the use she was making of it, she was shut out from common enjoyments: her heart was softening, at least towards herself; and she might have turned its tendency to her profit; but when she was beginning to think that there was a state of peace and satisfaction, disdained by her, but desirable in itself, her pride waked, and told her that it must be the posthumous transmigration of the soul, not a voluntary adoption of inferiority, that could afford her relief.

She must suffer alone, amused occasionally by flattering attentions—at times, left to her own

tormenting feelings, while we see how Madame de Faiville got on towards Paris.

The solitude consequent on quitting her friend, was relief to her; and, in her state of mind, the liberty to indulge in thought was, in her calculation, cheaply purchased by the relinquishment of the enviable indulgences which her kind hostess's unbounded liberality had afforded her.

Under no restriction but that of the order to be at her destination, on a day far enough distant to allow her to travel leisurely, she went out of her road to visit the places where any of her compatriots were confined, examined all lists, and proceeded. Every where she was well treated, and nothing in the least degree distressing, occur-

she was told, that an English family, who occupied part of one of the best hotels, and who had, for that night, a vacant chamber, had been requested to receive her, and had expressed their readiness.

The favour thus accorded was accepted, and the countess proceeded to her allotted quarters. That her courier and waiting-maid could not be admitted, was excused, on the plea of necessary caution amongst persons under such *surveillance* as the English *détenus*;—but in this she readily acquiesced, being admitted by an elderly English man-servant, whose countenance expressed something nearer dejection than gravity.

Requesting to know to whose hospitality she was obliged, and promising to intrude on it as short a time as possible, she learnt, that that part of the hotel was occupied by the Earl of Winchmore, to whom she would be immediately introduced.

On this introduction, she had only to name her recent *séjour* with Lady Lynford, to improve the politeness with which she was received, and the hospitality she might have commanded, into the most friendly expressions. ‘I am sadly circumstanced just now,’ said his lordship; ‘my son is sinking, I fear, under this horrible detention, and we are waiting, with little expectation of success,

the effect of applications at Paris. I need not, I dare say, warn you, if you know the present state of this country and its dependencies, of the necessity of extreme caution. It is almost at an imprudent risque, that I tell even you thus much ; but you may be put to inconvenience, if I do not say, that it is the absence of the friend who has undertaken this mission to spare me the pain of leaving my poor boy, that gives me the power of offering you any accommodation ;—every place here is full now ; but while our friend is absent, we shall be most happy to entertain you,—though, I am sorry to say, you may be very suddenly turned out ; not to-night,—I think, I can answer for it :—I am ashamed, too, that I cannot offer you the

der ;—no envelopes of letters, no wrappers of parcels, lay about to give the name of the migrated occupant : but, about to deposit her rings in a place of safety, she opened a drawer under a looking-glass, and found a case, which appeared that of a miniature-picture. It was a very excusable curiosity that made her open it. She looked at it on both sides ;—the one was portrait, the other hair ; she put it away again, without drawing her breath, and then sate down, with her hand pressed against her lips, as if fearful, that, against her own purpose and inclination, she might speak.

What had she seen ? Nothing alarming,—nothing that in itself could interest her any more than if she had looked in the mirror, instead of the drawer ;—for it was a picture of herself—and the hair at the back was hers ; and it brought to her heart many pangs, and to her memory many bitter recollections. She recognised it as one of many proofs of her long-deceased brother's affection. In their travels he had made her sit for it ; it had been set as she then saw it, and an inscription round the lock of hair told her, that this *rue d'amour* had been accomplished as the most unequivocal assurance of friendship which R. W. could give to M. H. de B.

Here was a history in this, and Madame de Faiville almost forgot the purpose for which she

was housed, in collecting together in her mind the various incidents connected with it. She could no longer question who was the occupier of the chamber—there were other points also which no longer admitted of question.

It would have been well for herself had she not made the discovery till the morning—but it was made, and it had rendered her situation too critical to allow her to place implicit faith in Lord Winchmore's assurance that she would not be disturbed. To get rid of part of her weariness, she must lie down, but, for fear of a sudden summons, she did so without undressing, previously examining her situation, and informing herself, that if any signal was given at the door by which she had entered the chamber, there was another

was relief to wake, and it was great comfort when the earl, looking up to the windows of her chamber from the garden, by his pantomime good-morrow, informed her she might join him.

He had told his son of the adventure of the night, and now requested she would indulge him by remaining, at least, long enough to allow him the pleasure of seeing her. Having time before her, she could not refuse this return for a kind reception; but it was more than an adequate return, when every thought that recurred to the discovery she had made bade her more imperiously be gone.

She saw the viscount, and he was cheered by seeing her. He could present himself at the breakfast-table; and, in the attentions which he paid the visitor, his father saw cause to regret that her stay would be so short.

Under the intimation of the earl as to the cause of his indisposition, she strove to give him courage to support his captivity; and there was in her countenance, her voice, her manner, and still more, in the result of her having known suffering by experience, something which appeared very much to soothe his irritated feelings. When she talked to his father, he listened as he would have done to a duet in which he had no part—when she addressed herself to him, he seemed all attention, lest he

should put her out by any dissonance of his own.

The risque of staying, whatever the time she had before her, was so great, that she could not consult her inclination ; and she had begged to be allowed to depart, when a letter was brought to the earl, which fixed Mr. Broderaye's return for the end of the week which was then but begun—his name was carefully concealed, but she was informed of the circumstance, and entreated to lengthen her stay to the utmost. Two days beside that now passing, she could grant : more she could not : the concession was gratefully accepted, and every improvement made in her accommodation.

In the hope that, by withdrawing himself, he might induce Lord Astham to speak more freely

She now knew, without question, that she had occupied Mr. Broderaye's room—that it was he who was gone to Paris, and that it was Lord Winchmore's son to whom he had, as a deserted infant, shown such generous kindness—kindness, to which Lord Astham, even in his reduced state, did ample justice by his gratitude.—He said, however, nothing of any partner in the affectionate care bestowed on him.

‘And now, my dear ma’am,’ said he, ‘since you have heard so much of our history from me, do let me thank you for your kind and comforting attention.—I cannot tell you how much good you have done me, and, I trust, my dear father too.—I wish you were staying near us, though I cannot wish you an inhabitant of this place, for then I should have no hope of our meeting in England—and, indeed, indeed, I do not wish you *détenue*, but I wish we were not to lose you.—I lost my mother, as I told you, very early—and, sad to say! in the attempt to save me: and, while I was living in Devonshire with my second parent, I never thought of the want of a mother; but now, since I have been with my father, I seem reminded of it, and for my father's sake, and, indeed, for my own, I wish I had never lost her.—I shall certainly, if ever we get home, try to persuade my father to marry again—he is so formed for do-

mestic society :—whenever you know him intimately, as I hope you will, you will see how calculated he is for home-comfort :—even here, in our miserable state, I see it, and I long to see him in his proper situation at home.—I wanted, just now, when you were out of the room, to persuade him to say, that I might have some idea of my mother in seeing you—but he could not : his description is very different ; but I am so anxious to fancy I have a mother, that I am very willing to take you at a risque.—O ! that you could but stay with us !—We want a lady sadly. Three men together are forlorn creatures—to have a lady of our own country would be delightful.’

‘ You have society here,’ said the countess,

be if I were told that a very plausible man was a swindler.—O how I wish you could stay!—you would be of such use!’

That day and the next passed with visible improvement to the invalid—conversation was lively—confidence increased.—Madame de Faiville repressed all the recollections that could injure her powers of usefulness—Mr. Broderaye was not named—one day of enjoyment was still to come: but, on the morning of this last day, Lord Astham again faded, and his father relying now very much on what the countess might effect by good advice, gave proper opportunities to offer it, requesting her, if possible, to lead the young man into ingenuousness, which, he assured her, he would never, even in his anxious situation, as a father so unfortunately circumstanced, ask her to betray. He gave her full powers to engage for him that every reasonable wish which his son could form, should, as far as his own limited situation allowed, be gratified; and to her discretion he remitted the management of any disclosure he might be brought to make.

It was not difficult to lead him to speak of his illness, and to excite him to defend himself by advising him to exertions which he thought himself incapable of making; but farther than this, he was not to be induced, till the interview which he

knew must be the last.—In this, after gently rejecting the arguments by which his friend hoped to increase his fortitude, he at last prevailed on himself to explain the peculiarly distressing circumstance of his situation.

‘ You shall know,’ said he, ‘ what it is that oppresses me—but you must ask me no question.—I am sinking under a conflict which I cannot end—and in which I cannot clearly discern what I ought to do—though, I fear, it would be very difficult to me to do what I may be told is my duty.—My father’s liberty—the liberty of a friend little less dear to me—my own, which is of no value compared with theirs—are all in my power—and it is this which is destroying me.’

tion—and I to have the power to give them liberty, and not the will to use it!—And yet this I dare not divulge, nor must I decide against doing it; for, if I refuse the offer, we may all be sent to the very worst of these places, which would kill my father, as he has had long and sad experience of what it is.'

'There must be something very peculiar in this,' said the countess; 'excuse me, if I say, at least, that I cannot understand it. I will ask no questions, but, if you mean to inform me, you must say more.'

'I want your advice,' he replied.

'I will give it you to the best of my power, if you will *put* it in my power.'

'And not tell my father, nor any one else?'

'Certainly not.'

'Well then! There is a lady of great influence in this place, and one of the most charming women you ever knew; she has been very kind to us, and indeed has made *my* situation, in particular, much better than it would have been. I fancy she has a wish to see England, for she talks very much of it, and she has offered to me her very great interest for us;—but then, I believe—she would expect—I mean, I must, I suppose, ask her to go with us.'

Now, had Madame de Faiville received this

ingenuous, this thoroughly modest revelation, as an attempt to recommend a child to the approbation of a parent has been sometimes received, with a horse-laugh, indicating the stupid misconception of a narrow mind, or an utter disregard to the preservation of the bloom of virtue, Viscount Astham might, under the influence of his present deference for her, have been degraded many steps in morals. His unwillingness to assume would have come back represented to him as an unmanly timidity—a want of self-appreciation:—the delicate supposition of the lady's motive would have been reckoned the mistake of inexperience: to recover his own good opinion, he would have resolved to be a coxcomb; and, in his

‘ O ! do, do, and indeed you shall know, if you will only tell me what you think.’

‘ This lady would expect an invitation that would have no limit.’—He bowed.

‘ In such a case,’ said Madame, ‘ I should set the benefit offered, against the price asked, and endeavour to make up my mind, and be satisfied when I had done so.’

‘ Yes;—but when such a father and such a friend are involved in the question—only think of the delight of having to say to them, “ You are at liberty—you may return to your own country;” and my father has been so long out of it!—and cannot hope to see it!’

‘ Then you wish to persuade yourself——’

‘ O ! no, no.’

‘ Could you not refer to your father ?’

‘ I could not—there is too much depending on it.’

‘ I think you might trust him : how does he stand affected towards the lady?—May I know that?—If I ask an improper question, refuse to answer;—but, without some information, I must be silent, and can do you no service.’

‘ I am confident the lady is not a favourite with my father ; but he might think the advantage not to be refused ;—and he might talk of gratitude—and, after what he has suffered, it would be

agony to me to add to his distresses;—besides, I am not at liberty to consult him—the whole transaction must be secret, and——'

'Depend on it,' said the countess, 'and set your heart at rest on the subject—you can never blame yourself for refusing to listen to that which you must not reveal to such a father.—I do not believe that any private influence, or any partial interest, could obtain liberty for one *détenu*.—Many have been misled and plundered by these *offerers*. Refer the lady to Lord Winchmore: he will soon discover the truth.'

'I dare not—it might lead me into difficulty another way.'

'Oh!' said the countess, 'you really are so

highly of her kind interest for him, if he saw any emotion in her countenance.

Poor Carry could not now have complained of want of recollection; that she was the real obstacle to the attempt for liberty, was, in itself, a high distinction; and in prettier colours than the viscount decked her, she could not be set out for admiration. But he could only represent her as an orphan and a dependent; and the same principle of respect for his father's sanction, operated on his mind with regard to her, as he would have shown in any other case. 'My father,' said he, 'has told me what he expects; and I do not think would *refuse* his consent;—but still, if I should disappoint him by this choice—if he should think my family injured; or were he to admit dear Carry into it, on condescension and indulgence, I could not be happy, nor could she.—I do not indeed know what I may find her, if ever we return.—She may have married—for she is the prettiest girl you ever saw;—and she is left to the care of a lady whom I do not quite like, and who might fancy she had done a great thing in marrying her;—and the misfortune is, that we hear nothing from home, and I dare not write to her. She may have grown fine and foolish, and then I should look upon her as dead.—I know my father would disapprove my speaking to her before I have

made him acquainted with my wish; and Mr. Broderaye can do nothing for me, because his situation is as delicate as if Carry were his daughter. Therefore, all I can wish is, that we could get home, that my father could see Carry, and would like her, and overlook pedigree and fortune; and this, you will say, is too much to ask. —On this I am resolved, that against his consent I never will marry, because I have confidence in his judgment; but, on my own part, I believe I am entitled to say, I will not marry against my own liking, even to please him.'

The best advice which plain sense and acquired experience, uniting with a nice moral taste, could give, the viscount obtained from her, whom he

uneasiness: engagements for mutual recollection were made with the earl and his son; correspondence was possible while she remained in France; and here was consolation. With a view to set off early the next morning, she took her leave at the hour of repose, and was to be quietly summoned by a servant belonging to the house, when her carriage and servants were ready for her.

Very short had been the allowance of sleep, in her temporary abode; the whole scene had been too disturbing. She could not think on any thing that was not greatly and painfully exciting. Her own situation gave her, perhaps, the least anxiety of any subject; she knew, that once forwarded on her way to Paris, she could make interest to establish herself there; and if circumstances made her wish to return to England, it might be accomplished. Interested as she was, by the communications made to her, in all that concerned Lady Lynford, Mr. Broderaye, the earl, and the viscount, she felt a very powerful wish to get some knowledge of Miss Monterne; but of any plan of this kind she said nothing; it, however, stimulated her to get nearer to her.

There had been no breach of confidence between Madame de Faiville and Lord Winchmore, with regard to Lady Lynford: he spoke of her in terms of the highest admiration; but lamenting

the manner in which she had been launched on the world; and Madame de Faiville could bear testimony to the generosity of her nature, while, on every recurrence of the baroness to her recollection, she could no otherwise restrain her decided censure of her present conduct, than by assuring herself, that it was an unreasonable indulgence of a privileged despotism which could not be persisted in, and which, whenever it gave way, would claim all the support and attention which her friends could afford her. All that she had heard, told her that Mr. Broderaye might be trusted to be severe in the gentlest way; and she could not but hope Miss Monterne would be advised to relinquish part of her legal, but invidious claim,

To be utterly negligent of the effect of her visit when Mr. Broderaye should return and hear of it, was impossible ; but here more serious considerations interposed. She could not but still feel, as she had long been habituated to do, that when within his reach, he had made no effort to secure her :—that he had ever had it much at heart, was proved solely by the circumstance of finding her portrait thus preserved ;—yet the care shown of it, was not sufficient to convince her that it now continued to be of value.—She knew not that, circumstanced as he was, he had done the best in his power for it—that Lord Winchmore had the key of the room, and that his honourable custody of whatever was in it, was abundantly sufficient. Of Mr. Broderaye's matrimonial discomforts, and his exemplary tenderness to a woman who so tried his patience, the viscount was compelled to speak in doing justice to his own feelings—and she had conceived no jealousy of the deceased Mrs. Broderaye. But still there was enough of prejudice remaining to secure her, had she even been of a less regulated mind, from any forgetfulness of what was due to herself and demanded by her situation.

Unable to sleep and anxious to be in readiness, she rose earlier than was necessary, and with her own hands removing the very little portion of her

baggage which she had required for the night, she betook herself to the inviting lawn of the garden, to wait the arrival of her carriage. In her passage thither, she perceived the house in motion; but its movements were uninteresting to her, as every floor had its inhabitants.---She had taken two or three turns in sight of the house, looking up frequently, in expectation of seeing her servant coming to announce that all was in order for her, when she saw, much nearer the house than she was, a gentleman whom she had not before seen amongst the number who had occasionally occupied the lawn.

Figures that are not spoilt by relaxation, and whose outline is not much changed by variation in

had inadvertently risked a misconstruction which must, if divulged, be a forfeiture of that fair estimation which it was her duty to preserve.

But what was to be done? she could not quit the lawn; for there her servants were to find her.—The terrace which Mr. Broderaye paced, and which she must cross, was close to the house. She had thought on nothing, when she saw her courier and was told that all was ready.—Fearful that he should be asked who she was, she kept him with her, and, with her black veil down, and her handkerchief held to her face, she ventured to attempt passing.

The vicar might hear that it was to her carriage that she was called; for, by a few agile steps, he was in time to offer his hand—to remark on the fineness of the morning—to say that he was just arrived after travelling all night—and, supposing her to be one of the ladies whom he knew to be in other parts of the house, to put her into her carriage in the English fashion, with his polite wishes for her pleasant journey.—He might suppose her deaf and dumb; but this was the worst.

Hardly knowing whether she was asleep or awake, she saw herself clear of the town, and felt that she had passed a moment which would not have borne repetition. But, as the question of reality resolved itself by degrees into conviction,

she began to feel herself in danger of not only being involved in, but occasioning distress, should Mr. Broderaye, on hearing what must surprise him, think of following her—she therefore, having her choice of two roads, diverged at the second stage into that which it was known she did not intend to take, and got on without molestation.

CHAPTER IV.

His indulgence on the lawn for the relief of using his limbs after his journey, had made the vicar's morning-toilette later than usual. He had heard with pleasure that he might expect to see Lord Astham improved in health; but he himself bore little that could contribute to that improvement. He, however, sought him in his chamber, and found him just recovering from the surprise of bearing that he was arrived.

Much of what Mr. Broderaye had feared it would be necessary to say to the young man, to reconcile him to the imperfect success of his commission, he found dispensed with, by his lordship's superior interest in what he had himself to tell. He listened with extraordinary inattention to the report of proceedings on which so much had depended, and with patience as extraordinary, to that which his ambassador expected him to have received as disappointment.

In the same moment, Mr. Broderaye was asking, and Lord Astham telling, the cause of this sudden alteration. There was no need of secrecy; and consequently his lordship, without the least

restraint or caution, entered into the detail of the arrival of a lady—all but an angel!—describing her kindness to him—and every particular that could inform the vicar that he had again, most unfortunately, not only missed seeing a person in some degree interesting to him, but that he had assisted in his own disappointment.

‘Will you allow me to leave you?’ said he—‘I did not think I was so much fatigued as I feel——’

He withdrew as quickly as his failing knees and dizzy sight permitted, and in the open air recovered.

The earl had gone into his son’s apartment; and having heard before, that Mr. Broderaye was arrived, and now that he had left the room hastily

our want of feeling in our demands.—You must consider yourself.’

‘I do, too much—I must not deceive you—it is my own concern that has unmanned me.’

‘Have you a concealment from *me*, Broderaye?’ said his lordship, in a tone not of reproach, but of encouragement to his seeking relief in confidence.

‘Many,’ he replied: ‘I could not presume to trouble you with what interested only myself—but now I must—for on experiment of what my strength enables me to do—it has played me false.’

‘Some fatal disease—concealed—in kindness from us!’—said the earl.

‘No, no,’ replied the vicar—‘do not, my dear lord, alarm yourself;—consider, Lord Astham is better—much better, than when I left you;—and as for *me*, I am not in any way ill, or even over-fatigued;—to tell you the truth—I need not say, *in confidence*—your son surprised and a little upset me—do not let me detain you from your breakfast:—I will sit down with you, and you shall see you have nothing to do with my want of self-command; for it was nothing else that distressed me.’

‘Stay,’ said Lord Winchmore—‘your confidence I can accept as a mark of your friendship, but I must not have it granted as my right, or

given me to remove my apprehensions.—Say you are in health, and free from any uneasiness that is connected with me, and I will be satisfied without explanations that may be painful.—Fellow-prisoners as we are, I cannot talk of my power to remove anxiety;—you know what I can do—look at my boy—think what you have done for *him*—refer to what you have seen of *me*—and then decide for yourself how much of what I can do for you, I ought to do.—“Every thing,” is the answer *I* should give—therefore, I protest against all hesitation—only let me tell Astham that you are recovered; and in the mean time settle with yourself as to the extent of any communication you think proper to make.

‘ O no, no——’

‘ No ?——on your word ? ’

‘ No——on my word.’

The earl certainly looked relieved.—why, was not very evident—but he looked relieved.

‘ I will spare your kind guesses,’ said the vicar —‘ I have no cause for concealment—and I must ask your concurrence in what I feel necessary to do.’

The earl’s manner was all encouragement.

‘ What I have to say,’ said Mr. Broderaye, ‘ has never before passed my lips—it has scarcely been confessed to myself, and, but for the extraordinary circumstances that have occurred, neither you, my lord, nor any one—would have been troubled with my uneasinesses.—I will be as brief as possible.—I said to you that Lord Astham surprised and a little upset me—he took me off my guard, when he told me that he owed the recovery of his spirits to the accident of a lady’s having been indebted to your hospitality:—that lady, my dear Lord Winchmore, was the object of my first affections.’

‘ Now pause,’ said Lord Winchmore—‘ I am all attention—but you must go on cautiously for your own sake—let me be your moderator.—I only wish we had known this—but we dared not let out too much ; and in our wretched situation,

we were forced to be very circumspect.—Perhaps we might have prevailed on the lady to remain.’

‘O no, no—do not mis-understand me,’ said Mr. Broderaye—‘I have no claim to any consideration.—I travelled, very early in my studies, with the family of this lady—her brother’s friendship flattered me—I cannot tell you what she was, or was not, at that time——’

‘What she is now, speaks for it,’ said Lord Winchmore—‘but I hope there has been no want of desert on her part—no ill treatment of you——’

‘None :—her brother had my confidence, and kindly broke what I may call *his* wishes as well as mine to his father—but she was destined to a higher fate—and we had no communication on

her ladyship's waiting-maid, who was jealous of my access to her lady.'

Lord Winchmore showed every proper feeling; he regretted sincerely this second *contre-temps*, and seemed studying for means to make atonement for it.

'I will not,' said the vicar, 'disguise any weakness.—I was much nearer sinking than I ought to have been, under the prohibition of my love; but I came home to a father who had lost every thing but me; and this consideration animated me to an exertion that has been useful to me all my life since.—Happiness was denied me;—satisfaction was within my power, if sought from the right source; and this I was determined not to forfeit. At my father's earnest desire, I married;—Lady Lynford had most generously placed me at St. Emeril; and though my burdens have been heavy, and my trials sometimes severe, I have been supported under them by an excellent constitution, and by a disposition to hope and confidence, that sometimes has astonished myself.—In seeking only to do right, I have found myself doing frequently what was pleasant; and my own experience convinces me, that there are substitutes for that which seems necessary to our happiness, which may very well be accepted in lieu of it, while the sacrifices demanded of us are to a conscience not yet made

angry by our disobedience to its voice. On these principles I have acted ; but now, my dear lord, here ends all my merit.'

' I hope not,' said the earl, tenderly.

' Yes—and I now may offend you,' said the vicar.—' What will you say, what can you say to me, my lord, at my time of life, if I declare it my determination no longer to give up as hopeless this my first love ? It has been expelled while any blame could be attached to its indulgence.—I could not admit it myself, while it could not exist in its original form—but now there are no obstacles but those which I am permitted to try to remove :—I am only a prisoner—I am only ignorant of the reception I may expect :—I confess I

The viscount now had nearly thrown off his dejection of spirits, and was giving hope to his father and his friend, of his perfect recovery. Every thing contributed to his entering warmly into Mr. Broderaye's views; and in them he seemed to forget his own.—The matter was put in train;—but Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel was no longer propitious—she would do nothing.

Some weeks elapsed—no letter reached the captives, and they were thrown back entirely on the common and nearly hopeless chances of their situation.

At length, Lord Winchmore one day returned home, after an absence of a few hours, with an expression of countenance that indicated, at least, some untried plan. He had succeeded in obtaining leave for going to Paris himself, and without the intervention of Mademoiselle Lunel; and he now offered his best services to Mr. Broderaye, in any way in which he could make them useful.

The proposal was joyfully accepted. The earl suffered no anxiety for his son to stop him; he committed him, in perfect confidence, to the vicar, and, charged with a letter from Mr. Broderaye, containing what he would have said in an interview with the Countess Forestieri, he set off, taking with him a messenger whom he could send back.

Lord Astham's exertions to amuse the necessary anxiety of his friend, were meritorious; they were not lost on the vicar, who, with a sort of self-reproach, seemed inclined to apologize for the solicitude he occasioned:—'It hardly,' said he, 'becomes my situation or time of life, to be thus interested in my own happiness; and I could not excuse it in myself, were it the affair of a recent period, or I may say, of a more remote period—but mine was no boyish fancy:—it came at that time when, perhaps, there is the least chance of shaking off such an impression—when the judgment co-operates with the inclination, and when, being right in our choice, we are too apt to be sanguine.—But now, when I have done all in my power, if I fail, I shall submit,

was known, and very much considered in the attentions of those in intimacy with this little family, the vicar could observe a great falling off in those of Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel, who now seldom spoke to him, and had entirely ceased from singling him out as her peculiar property. It was not improbable that some little *dépit amoureux* had occurred between them, to which might be traced much of his lordship's indisposition, and her restive non-concurrence in Mr. Broderaye's wish ; but this was all matter of vague conjecture, and it was imprudent to bring forward as supposition and question, that which his lordship seemed to have set at rest by disavowal.

Allowing reasonable time for Lord Winchmore's reaching and finding the Countess Forestieri, who had been permitted to reside in Paris, patience was not put to a very severe trial in waiting for news from him. The servant was sent back with a report, that showed the good use the earl had made of his casual acquaintance with the lady : but his lordship appeared to have changed his party in the business ; the countess had claimed his protection as her friend ; and when he had fairly represented to her the situation of Mr. Broderaye, his early attachment to her, his submission to disappointment, his steady resistance against the unnerving consequences of so unpropi-

tious an outset in life—his merits, his pretensions, and the high character he had formed for himself—he had won her to confidence in him as the advocate of another's cause, and she had made him listen to the counterpart of the representation. In his letter, therefore, the earl confined himself to saying, ' Since she has reposed trust in me, it is my duty to act for her as I would for a sister, and to preserve for her that consideration to which every thing entitles her.—I do not say you may not succeed—but it is indispensably necessary to your success, that you should make as clear to her, as you have done to me, the influence which you suffered to discourage you.—She has written to my son more than once; but you know the fate of captives' letters.—I am now proceeding on the

dications, you would have understood the contents of this letter—but what could I then ever say to you in a similar case?—Our situations are changed—I am under your eye, as you have been under mine; and it is my duty, in all the relations I stand in to you, to show you that moderation which, being more than I would demand of you, proves what may be done. Now you shall know how this acts on my perceptions.—Your father's letter contains all I could wish—read it, and you will see with what consummate good sense, and in how honourable a way, he has conducted my interest—I can allow his messenger no more than this night's rest—I shall write immediately, and I dare say you will do so too.'

The despatches were prepared—the messenger had his last orders—and the gentlemen retired to their apartments for the night—the vicar rejoicing in the liberty of solitude, which protected him from the observation of one whom he was earnest to assist in keeping the mastery of himself; he did not wish Lord Astham to know that he could not think of rest, and felt disappointed in his expectations from himself. The viscount, on his part, conceived the situation of his friend to be enviable, compared to his own, which a variety of considerations determined him not at present to reveal.

The hour passed at which the messenger was to depart ; and Mr. Broderaye, with this care off his mind, thought it prudent to try to sleep. He had not quite persuaded himself to adopt the beguiling expedient, when noises in the street and voices which approached, made him listen : his room was entered by persons, such as the times made no strangers, and he was ordered to prepare for removing—he could have no doubt or apprehension on the subject—he was not acquainted with the forms of liberation—he inquired for the viscount, and hearing that he was under like orders, he was satisfied with the good in view, though sensible to the inconvenience of its occurrence in the absence of the earl.

morning that seemed to promise better things, received Lord Astham and Mr. Broderaye on their gaining the open air, and was felt almost insulting in its gay character, as they seated themselves in the conveyance that was awaiting them.

Their present conductors were too brutish to decline answering their questions—they seemed to have no measures to keep ; and what they let out, told, almost in connected detail, that this severity was the punishment of their presumption, in obtaining leave for one of their party to go to Paris, without applying for it through the medium of Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel.—The explanation fell heavily on Mr. Broderaye, whose affair had been the cause of this irregularity ; and he seemed to expect Lord Astham to feel this—but, on the contrary, his lordship assumed an appearance of stubborn fortitude, as if the discovery had co-incided with some suspicion, or some opinion of his own had been corroborated by the event. His spirit rose under the misfortune, and he talked with an air of confidence of his reliance on friends in Paris, which was little short of an intimidation intended for Mademoiselle de Lunel, or the prefect her father.—The vicar advised forbearance ;—and the young man submitted, but with an evident reservation of his own opinion and feeling.

They stopt for the first night of many which they knew they must spend in this direful journey, and in a state of spirits that made the temporary withdrawing of those who guarded them, no relief. To their own personal suffering was now added the certainty of Lord Winchmore's accumulated distress, as well as the uncertainty of their own destiny.

But if this uncertainty was an additional grievance, there was hope of relief from it, though at the risque of something worse, when, in the middle of the night, they were disturbed again and ordered to prepare for setting out.—Their route was too well decided to need farther proof of authority: they were hurried on without atten-

owing to delay in the transmission of instructions, for which despatch was to make good.

But even now, they had little cause to exult. They were to remain upwards of forty miles short of Paris: they had lost all their agreeable association, and the place was, in every circumstance of description, inferior to that whence they had been brought.—But it had its compensations; for here they found every preparation made for them—here they re-joined Lord Winchmore though still *détenu*—here, in due time, Maximilian Broderaye received from his lordship, as her *prochain ami*, the invaluable hand of Grace Wayville Countess Forestieri, and here she fulfilled the wish of Lord Astham in making herself a *détenue* with them.

Liberty was not yet indeed in sight; but captivity had every consolation that could soothe it; and it was so little grievous, but at the same time so likely to continue, that the vicar was almost inclined to wish his little girl at home a sharer, not in his destiny, but in that of his bride, if he could find means of getting her safely conveyed to him.—Correspondence on the continent was more open than heretofore; he could write to Lady Lynford, and he had reason to hope his letters reached her; but if they did, it was to little purpose, for he had no replies.

The effect of all this change on the young

viscount was what could most have been wished. In his friend's new wife he had a treasure of confidential support. She knew all his anxieties, and faithfully kept them to herself, even in all the undisguised joy of her union. Approving his disdain of all egotism, and his delicate forbearance towards a female led away by indulgence of her caprice, she concurred with him in concealing the terms on which Mademoiselle Emilie de Lanet had offered the liberty of the three *détenus*—on no consideration could it be wished that he should so far injure his country as to associate his fortunes by matrimony with this lady:—neither his father nor his friend would have allowed him to offer even that return of tenderness which might have

ment, and she to confess that she had no cause to blame his conduct.—There was indeed a little more to be confessed; and for this, Lord Winchmore, who studied the comfort and convenience of every one, gave opportunity. Maximilian had to rejoice in the forbearance of his own temper, and in that candour which had prevented his being unjust, when he learnt how great had been the merit of Miss Wayville's obedience.

Time, indeed, had been lost in the enjoyment of their lives; but it was time that had been well employed. Had they seized on the happiness refused them, its very nature had been vitiated—the lady's father—a kind and good parent, who meant only the advantage of his child, must have been offended—and might have been rendered obdurate:—an act of disobedience, which a careful observation of events will show is seldom, under any circumstances, prosperous, must have ruined the fortunes of Mr. Broderaye, and involved him in censure and suspicion, unworthy his profession:—his influence over others had been gone—and in his own private capacity, he would have rendered his responsibility greater than was prudent. Attached as was Miss Wayville to her family, the displeasure of her father, even could she, under the impulse of a dominant affection, have braved it, would, in cooler moments, have become insup-

portable ; she might have 'pined in thought,' and he might have had to deplore the failure of his power to soothe.—Sickness, pecuniary distress, not to be lightly considered, however overlooked by the romantic and the fortunate, might have brought all their sad realities :—the very virtues for which he loved her, might have been daggers in his bosom : he might have followed her to an untimely grave, leading in either hand pledges of her love, bereft of a mother's care, and dependent on a father who would have courted even dependence to secure them a subsistence.

Thus might life have been poisoned in all its nutritive springs ; but even had the contrary taken place, and Miss Wayville's love for Maximilian,

In this adherence to principle, one trial had been spared the then young people. The brother of Miss Wayville, after his unsuccessful experiment on his father, had imposed silence on his friend, and obtained his promise of it, confessing himself not at liberty to give his reasons for saying that no attempt would avail, but assuring Mr. Broderaye that such was the fact.—This was now explained.—‘My poor brother was in my confidence,’ said the countess, ‘and he did not conceal from my father what he knew—but my father, who, I am sure, designed nothing but my happiness, and thought such elevation must ensure it, had, in this persuasion, proceeded too far:—he was not unfeeling—he put his honour into the hands of my brother—he persuaded me that mine was an imprudent childish partiality, which I must repent on my return home.—I was not certain of your sentiments.—What I was told, made me fear for the life of my brother, should the count’s family resent the indignity to their relative.—I was bewildered and obedient.’

In the free communications and connected interests of the party, it was impossible that Lady Lynford should be forgotten.—Her three friends, who had so accidentally become friends to each other, wrote individually to her, but still she was silent. Every one of the three was in possession

of the secret attached to her situation, and was inclined to fear the consequence, as well as to condemn the motives to her obstinacy; but every one was bound not to divulge the secret. That it was known to Mr. Broderaye, his wife alone knew; but on every consideration she was silent: her word was pledged, and no exception was made for any man whom she might marry: she was too well aware of his deep interest in Lady Lynford's peace, to think that he could reflect with any satisfaction, on even his wife's being privy to the danger which threatened it. She had been the confidential wife of a man of important business, and was far above the adoption of that vulgar plan of unrestrained communication which men of sense

be moved on his recovering his liberty ; and this was a sad drawback on his hopes, even if realized. —Mrs. Broderaye, whose life had for some years been a series of perils, was now the most at ease—she had no views for herself—her world was where her husband was : every day contributed to the recovery of her health and spirits ; and concurring in the wish of Mr. Broderaye, every defeat of their hopes of liberation made her stimulate him to contrive the adding Miss Monterne to their party. But on this he could not resolve.

CHAPTER V.

By every channel Mr. Broderage had endeavoured to inform his ward how he was situated, and had represented his detention as only hindrance, and his domestication with Lord Winchmore and 'Lord Astham' as atoning for every thing but his absence from England and from her.

To this detail, he had added his most pressing request, that Lady Mary Vaseney would allow her to remain under her roof; and he had instructed his ward how to furnish herself with the little

hailed her, not indeed ' Glamis, Cawdor, ' Queen—but Viscountess Astham-elect, and future Countess of Winchmore, and tried again by every blandishment, and perhaps giving herself credit for the kindest intentions, to render a mind that needed more than usual support, as morbid as, probably, her own feelings had been at the same age. It is very possible to depart by half-steps from right, till we have proceeded many whole and long steps in wrong, without perceiving the progress we have made; and there is a vicious poverty which very much assists in this delusion—just such a poverty as General Vaseney had brought on his wife and family, which made good fortune to Carilis in some measure good fortune to her ladyship, and rendered her—but most happily for the poor girl!—perfectly well disposed, on every consideration, to continue to her the extension of hospitality.

The entire value of an invaluable situation has been reduced to nothing—an extrication from tremendous perils has been brought down to a common event—the most unbounded generosity has been depreciated, and every source of content poisoned by a few words from an imprudent woman.—The effect might almost justly brand the cause as treachery; but folly will do the work of an evil genius very dextrously; and Lady Mary, whose mind seemed to be made up of axiom and

decision on every subject that could come under discussion—who could quote her own practice as if it had always been prudent, and the general's opinions as if without appeal, could, with a want of caution that would not have been excusable in Carilis, detain her to talk over the substance of Mr. Broderaye's letter, and prompt her to all the castle-building which makes the return to reality an abandonment of hope. Perceiving her progress in excitement less rapid than her own sanguine expectations had represented it, she kindly reproved her for insensibility; and when Carilis was called away to duties, which Lady Mary would very much have blamed her for neglecting on the plea of this pre-occupation, she betook

her hopes, the answers she had, in talking to him, made to herself.

Carilis must have been a being of a world in a state superior to that in which the fallen progeny of Adam are existing, if she had been proof against the re-iteration of what was in itself so pleasant. She heard till she believed, and began to consider herself as obstinate in not falling in with hopes for herself, which one so much more experienced, held out to her. Her occupations had grown upon her, to the great diminution of her liberty to attend on her grandfather, who, however, employed himself without murmuring at her excuses, and apparently to his own satisfaction, very much in the library;—and she was thus estranged from him, and elevated in her own ideas, till she began to avoid conversation purposely, lest he should, in the frigidity that she fancied creeping over his mind, infuse a chill into hers.

Lady Mary, all assiduity about her ward, and perhaps feeling comfort in acting over again with another, scenes of interest that had occurred to herself, at every opportunity renewed the conversation which she knew must be most agreeable to Carilis, talked of ‘the dear *détenus*,’ read to her every article that the newspapers furnished, in any point connected with the situation of her country-

men in France, and occasionally relieved the subject by episodes from her own experience, encouraging hope and patience by prosperous terminations, almost pledging herself, that their united wishes *must* produce a happy event. Left to her own common sense, and taught as she had been by Mr. Broderaye, to moderate her expectations, Carilis would have thought and acted better ; but Lady Mary either distrusted or feared the spontaneous operations of an unbeated judgment, and goaded her into romantic ideas.

Mr. Vanderryck had, *most honourably*, fulfilled his engagement not to stir from Lady Mary's side, while the vicar's return was expected ; but now that her ladyship saw no prospect of his enlarge-

been given—and that it was her wish or convenience to revoke it, was not a consideration likely to work on a commercial Dutchman so circumstanced. She had no one to blame but herself; but this conviction did not prevent her from trying to bring into practice some of those gentler methods of carrying points not worth the sacrifices they demanded, which she had found her only means of ruling in her own family.

It was by this collateral circumstance that Carilis was made sensible of the departure from right into which she had, contrary to all principle, been ensnared. Lady Mary began to be confidential with her on the necessity of some timely arrangement for ‘the poor old creature,’ in case the desirable event of the general’s return should take place before Mr. Broderaye’s; and, affecting to make common cause with her, against her only relation, and one whom she herself had so deceived by her enthusiastic kindness, she awakened again that distrust which Carilis had felt on many other occasions, and most particularly when she had endeavoured to make her covetous and presuming, by the disclosure of her situation with respect to Lady Lynford, and by the connected mention of Frank Newson.

In pity, for which she dared not assign any new cause, Carilis again housewifed her moments, that

she might have some to bestow on the enduring old man: he did not reproach her with neglect, but he rejoiced in her renewed attentions; and opening freer communication than heretofore on the subject of her situation, he corrected the evil into which she had been betrayed, and under all the disadvantages of his limited faculties and imperfect speech, truth and honour rendered him the more able orator.

‘ You zee, my shile,’ said he, ‘ ow diz businez stand—an iv you dink doo deep aboud id, I gan vorgive id ad your age. Bud, my Garliz, I ave zeen more, mudge more of de oorld den you av—an I know id do be a jeating oorld—id may jeat you nod zo bad as it av jeated me, but ztill it jeat—’—an wen you av been aboud your mudge busi-

I do nod mean in her ouze—dad is reglar enow—
 an she mind de money well—zometimes I dink
 doo well, vor *her*—bud wad I mean by reglar is,
 she dink one way on one ding, and anoder on ano-
 der.—Deze liddel girls she fladder and dalk do as
 iv dey mighd do as dey like—and den, boor dings!
 wen dey do any ding like oder shilderen, dey be
 gorregted as iv dey ad never been indulge—an zo I
 zuppose she did by dad one as is married;—I did
 nod do zo by your mudder, Garliz—I alway zay,
 “Do nod marry de idel man.”—She gould never
 hobe I would like him—bud now, my lady, I dare
 zay, dold her daughder she mighd do wad she liked,
 and den zays, “Wy do you do it?” and “Go and
 be sdarve.”—You zee ow angry she is iv diss
 daughder or de oder as is gone do her, gomes in
 her daughts—an she av de malice, vor she galls
 her “Meess Vat’s her name,” an nod meestress dad
 oder odd hard name as she is by de marriage.—
 Wad goot does dad do?—only show de tember, my
 Garliz.—I zomedines blame myzelf dad I did nod
 vorgive your boor mudder—we should all vorgive:
 —bud she ad dezeive me—an dad wend agained
 me.

‘Bud now, my shile, wad I wand do zay is diss:
 —Iv my lady gan be very vond one day, an very,
 wad you gall cross anoder, dake gare, Garliz, iv
 I go away.—She is, I know, vlatting you wid

her hobs—an she as vlattered me doo—bud I dell
you de oorld is a jeating oorld, an makes beoble
make zad misdakes—I do nod zee dad you are a
bid nearer den wen I gom here, do your vine dings:
—I suppose notting gan be done dill your parson,
dad av de gare of you, gan gom, or you are ad
righd age. Diss zad urrigan in de West Indica,
you zee, as daken away Meester George Bray—
and zo dere is nobody do sdır—I might berhapa
as your grandfader ;—bud I do not know de law—
I am old man, an I av nod de money—zo I dink
we ad bedder be quiet.—And as vor you, my Gar-
liz, I know iv you manage vor yourself, you will
do well, iv you av nod my lady do berzude you—
you gan dake zome of your righd, bud nod—nod
all—yes I know nod id is de grand de gra-touze an

who saw that he had been heard, not only with respectful, but willing and eager attention, 'all I av do zay is diss, I will go away iv you wish id; but pud me somewhere here near you.—Dad is easy manage—I av de money vor so mudge—but dake gare ov yourzef—remember de oorld is a jeat—I dell you zo, an you may drusd me—I av zeen id an known id.—Do not drusd too mudge do my lady—do nod durn de vine grand ooman oud of diss ouse, vor id may nod make you habby, but id will make you haterd—do not sed your briddy hardt upon diss yong man, diss now lord—expect nodding, my shile, an den you gannod veel de disaboint.'

Gentle as was this language, the collected meaning of it was such as required that, to bear it with equanimity, the mind of Miss Monterne should have received its last impressions from the firm spirit of her guardian, rather than from Lady Mary. She could not spare her grandfather the pain of seeing her tears flow; and, had she been of a less honest heart, she might have calculated on their effect in inducing him to explain away a part of the advice he had bestowed on her, and to treat as of less consequence the subjects on which he had admonished her; but what the old man had said, had carried conviction with it; and he could not have retracted without abating her

confidence in him. She was impetuous in acknowledging the fairness of his statement, and the justice of his conclusions; and while she wept bitterly, and incapacitated him from comforting her, she showed the tenacity with which she could hold fast that which she knew to be right.

She quitted him to seek Lady Mary; and, leaving her to attribute the disturbance of her countenance to the subject on which she came to speak, she revealed Mr. Vanderryck's readiness to relieve her from him as an inmate, and proposed obtaining for him admission into some decent family in the village, requesting for him permission to continue his walks in the park, woods, and gardens, and for herself leave to spend with him the time that she might call her own.

having, by the assistance of a friend, put his money-concerns in excellent order, he had accepted the offer of a capital bargain from that same friend, who, being under the necessity of keeping out of England for a time, to avoid some inconveniences, wished to dispose of the lease of an excessively clever small house in Berkeley-square:—it was dirt-cheap, and the very prettiest thing in London, perfectly *unique*,—he had just fitted it up *for a friend*, and it was in perfect order—the furniture and fixtures all ready, and to be taken at a fair valuation, exactly suited to them and a small establishment. He, therefore, as he did not himself much care for exhibiting in the west, wished she would get rid of every thing, and dismiss the servants, who would be more plagues than comforts in London.

Another arrangement he had made, which he was sure she must approve. He had at Brussels found a capital place of education for girls, and had agreed to send Emma and Georgiana thither:—a lady was going over, who would take them, if Lady Mary would be in town, and have them ready in a fortnight. To these instructions were added others, respecting the freeing herself from all incumbrances and impediments as quickly as possible; and a polite intimation, that he hoped to see her young friend, Miss Monterne, with her.

The first feeling of Carila was surprise, that almost took away her power of moving;—the next was concern for her grandfather, to whom she was daily more attached by the steady consistency of his principles and the conflicting tenderness of his heart.—Distrustful as she had been rendered of Lady Mary, as an adviser, she dreaded being exposed again to the influence of her kindness—but yet, to withdraw from her, was a measure too painful to be resolved on, even if Mr. Vanderryck gave her the option of sharing his little ménage.

In other respects the projected remove was no perceptible evil to her. St. Eméil's great house had not the attaching power of the vicarage, and even that, without its master, could excite no pleasant feeling. The departure of her companion

things, the description of which formed great part of Lady Mary's conversation. London was portrayed to her as the only place for all things; and the exile from it, she knew to have been subject of regret to all the Vaseney family. The general had uniformly execrated all the substitutes for London-pursuits, with which he had been forced to content himself in Devonshire—Lady Mary bewailed the separation from her friends and acquaintance—The eldest son bestowed on all those who 'could submit to be buried alive,' every term of contumely, and never came but of necessity, and was away as quickly as possible—the elder daughters had lived in an incessant growl at their mother's economical perseverance, relieved only by attempts to counteract its punishing effects: the younger ones had, indeed, enjoyed the liberty of rural life with the natural feeling of children; but even Miss Sims had found cause of repining at the stagnation of mind which she felt in this unrelieved ignorance of the progress of improvement.

From the moment when this spirit-stirring order arrived, St. Emeril's Court was changed in every feature. Lady Mary's delight in the prospect of rejoining the general, would have been sincere, even had he appointed the neighbouring Land's-end for their meeting; but now, committing herself implicitly to his prudence, in the fervour

of her feeling, she asked no question on a proceeding so consentaneous to her wishes.

Preparations began at the very instant—the managing-man in the village, the bailiff, the house-keeper, were all summoned in turn to consultation; and the sale of every thing that had been added to the property found on the estate, the notice of dismission to the household, the outfit of the young ladies, were all to be considered at once. All was easy where will was good—and here the will was *very* good. Bills were printed and posted to invite purchasers to the auction of ‘horses, cows, farming utensils, &c. &c. of General Vaseney, removing to London;’ the village-sweepstresses were set to work for the equipment of Miss Emma and Miss Georgiana. Carriage was wanted at every

was accomplished within the space allowed. Mr. Vanderryck was offered a conveyance, and allowed a corner in the carriage ; and the journey was performed, much to the gratification of his granddaughter, and without any disaster.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVED in Berkeley-square, Carilia supposed all labour at an end. The meeting between the general and Lady Mary was, on his part, joyous, on hers, tender. He had, as he imagined, done every thing necessary, by having his own man, his groom, and the woman who had been left in the house, in readiness to receive the family. The time of year was spring, approaching to summer; the house, or at least the entrance-hall, and the rooms of the ground and principal floors, made

santly striking to the country-novice. A small house, with a full western aspect in front, and with a mews behind it, did not appear to advantage in such weather. The noise, the glare of the pavement, the smell of smoke—things unperceived by the accustomed inhabitants,—were distracting, blinding, and suffocating to a stranger; while the intensity of the heat, and the steepness of the stairs, seemed to have combined to take away all power of exertion, and at the same moment to demand it, in an unusual degree and a new form.

Before the chaos could be reduced to any thing like order—before trunks could be placed in a situation to be relieved of their contents, rest must be thought on, and Carilis was wanted to assist the young ladies in their preparation for it: her sleeping-room nothing could cool; but morning came, and she took advantage of it.—An irregular breakfast was despatched, and the lady who was to convoy the Misses Vaseney, called by appointment to make final arrangements. The detail of preparation already made for them, not according with her expectation of their outfit, another day was allowed for improvement of it; and Lady Mary, at every possible disadvantage that could result from the ignorance consequent on her absence from the living scene of the metropolis, and,

in her confusion, almost apologizing to artificers for laying out her money with them, spent her morning in purchases, leaving Miss Monterne at home with full employment.

The young ladies were sent off; and Carilis was in quiet possession of her apartment. Lady Mary had not been unconcerned in her accommodation : she had done the best in her power for her ; and the general, who, with all his faults, was not a man to make a *protégée* uneasy, had received her with cordiality and propriety, and given to her grandfather that running invitation to his table, which intimated that, intending to keep no company, he could never doubt finding his place and a welcome. Their dinner-hour was to be un-

additions to acquaintance made by persons living in 'a certain world;'—and the general was known to every body. A family returning to London after a long seclusion, naturally awakened friendly feelings in those who had once regarded them, and curiosity in those who knew them only by connexion; but there was no danger from these circumstances, as the general observed, 'if they did but settle their plan.'

'Yes,' said Lady Mary, 'and stick to it.'

'Certainly, or it is of no use to form it,' replied her husband—'We know what we have to do, and we have only to do it.'

To this, Lady Mary agreed, as she might have done to the same *dictum* applied more largely to whatever is demanded of mankind by a still higher authority than worldly prudence—but she would have found, in her calculations on both, that there may be a long distance between those two seemingly-close neighbours, Understanding and Performing.

A household was soon collected on the economical plan of universal undertaking and concentrated abilities: the lady's maid was to be housekeeper and to superintend the delicacies of the table, to perform the dress-making, millinery, and other decorations of person—the housemaid was to be laundry-maid, and the cook kitchen-maid. The

general's own man was to be valet-butler, with a footman, and a boy under him. The heavy coach was to be changed for a town-chariot. 'You must not think of horses,' said the general to his wife—'I must indeed have mine just for the parks, and I must think about grooming them.—I have bought a nice little black mare for my own riding; but I rather question whether she will be strong enough for my weight, to ride constantly.—She is a nice creature—you shall see her in the morning.—I have had a very clever roadster, recommended to me—the greatest bargain you ever saw—a fine figure of a horse—but I question whether the lad I have for a groom, can take care of them and his own horse too—he could, indeed, if he would;

something little more varied and far less productive of good, than the habits pursued at St. Emeril's; and both the general and his wife might have seen, in their very speculations, that, under such restrictions, they were far more in danger of breaking through their own rules, than in the rational enjoyment of a fine country—they might have known, if they had not made their inclination stop the ears of their judgment, that society being the attractive to a metropolis, to live there in solitude, is to defeat its purpose, and that to attempt to do it on constrained necessity, is to choose for our footing the edge of a whirlpool—and often with the hope that the first person who comes by, will, by a well-timed concussion, afford us an excuse for suffering ourselves to be engulfed in it.

But, in talking, every thing was practicable—the general was to breakfast—read the papers somewhere—take his ride—his walk—drop in here and look in there;—a dinner now and then in association that required no return—or his books—for he was determined now to get a few clever hooks about him—were to end his day.—Lady Mary was to take great walks with Miss Montorne, to call on friends and see friends, and, for the rest of the day, her habits were to suffice. All was presently settled, and in ten days the house and household were in order for their enjoyments.

There had been as yet no leisure to think of Miss Monterne's use of time ; and, as she appeared always occupied while the arrangements were making, it was not till they were made, that the importance of hours to a young person was recollected.—Lady Mary then began to look about, and to perceive that the house afforded little accommodation for industry. Neither the dining-parlour, nor the very small piece left by its encroachments, and called the library, were much at her command—the drawing-room was the general's lounging-place till the sun drove him down stairs, and his wife into the half-lighted room adjoining. Fashionable elegancies of furniture left paths, but not spaces, in the sitting-rooms ; and,

the good spirits necessary to good humour, and the good humour that passes for good nature; while the other, feeling relieved from the weight of sole responsibility which had been cast on her, and enjoying the comparative ease of a town-life, was at leisure to be pleased, and disposed to be interested and amused.—A little disappointment was experienced, but it was too late now to regard it, in the decided disapprobation with which Lady Mary's brother met this hasty measure, and which, in the bitterness of his resentment, made him pledge himself to leave her and her husband to their fate, whatever they might make it. Her ladyship was grieved, and clucked over a harsh reply to her letter of information;—but her regrets took shelter in the comfort of having acted under the direction of her husband; and, as her brother was now an old infirm man, who could not quit his apartments, and had betaken himself to his seat in the north to be ready for interment, there was little of positive forfeiture, beside his affection and the possibility of assistance in case of distress. The former, Lady Mary hoped might be recovered—from need of the latter, it was, as she observed, in their own power to preserve themselves.

The accompt-books being now consolidated into a very small daily register, to which, on the

information of the housekeeper as to 'what other ladies did,' was to be added a quarterly article 'House-book,' Lady Mary had leisure for other exercises of precision; and not choosing to trust her memory, she began a series of *memoranda*, the leading article of which was hinted by the first admission of morning-visitors, which made her perceive, on comparing her own *costume*, the absolute necessity of some accommodations to spring-fashions just come out.—Little articles of attention were minuted down which could be procured in their next walk; and great comfort was derived from comparing this facility with the necessity of sending to Exeter for post-horses to go thither to get fashions.

Next came a party, old and young, all wondering how it could be news to persons living 'only in Devonshire,' that there were jugglers, monsters, and pictures, to be seen, and that a panorama had been opened at Easter; and the directions to the jugglers, monsters, pictures, and panorama, were minutely, with a sort of deploring on the part of the better-informed, that any thing so delightful, should be so cheap, and so open to every body;—then ensued a calculation on the proportion between the return in shillings or half-crowns; which left the matter just where it had found it.

It was a most prolific season for the memorandum-book—nothing that had ever been in London was out of it—nobody that had the means of moving to it, was to be found elsewhere; and the general and his lady were compelled to congratulate themselves on their ability. In assemblies and large parties, indeed, they had as yet no interests, because not yet *announced*; and in questions on schemes of expense, they were driven to a sort of replies, very much of the description called *shuffling*;—but all ended with hopes on the part of the visitors, that they should see the general and Lady Mary, and 'that young lady,' to dinner, just in the family-way, and 'Yes, yes, certainly—of course,' was the most audible of the answers.

It was this day too late for shopping or walking, when the visitors *surceased*; and Carilia, who had work to do for Lady Mary—whose new maid had no time to do any thing, and ‘was surprised that she should be expected to sit down to her needle,’—remained with her ladyship, while the general took a stroll before dressing-time, for which the unfashionable dinner-hour gave way.

Ignorant as was Lady Mary’s *protégée* of manners and customs, she was not disposed merely to wonder and admire—common-sense is of all climates; and she had not left hers in Devonshire. She considered this morning, as, if not a chapter, a page, in a book that was to inform her; and though she could not prophesy the catastrophe,

it to Frank and herself, to point out the hinge on which an event turned, and the moment or the action that gave the decisive character to it;—and the habit, strengthened by practice, and made recurrent by frequency, suggested itself to her now.

Anxious, not so much indeed that Lady Mary's hopes of pleasure should be realized, as that they should not be disappointed, she saw with pain, even what the trifling intercourse of the morning had produced:—persuasions to be discontented, had, in more instances than that recorded, produced intentions to remove causes of discontent:—these were to be followed by indulgences of taste; but the hinge of the mischief to be dreaded, even Carilis could see, was the disinclination of husband and wife *to speak out*; and, concerned as she was for, at least, the latter, she could hardly forbear smiling, when she thought of the task on which they were entering, and their undertaking to go through with it:—‘I do not wonder,’ thought she, ‘that London is abused, if those who lead in its fashions, are, so immediately on appearing in it, forced to begin weaving such a net as my good friends are preparing for their own entanglement. No one should come hither, on a plan of self-denial,’ said she to herself, ‘unless, like my guardian’s, it had been so practised as to be easy; and, like him, they could make doing right, pleasanter to them

than any thing else—*that* I can see already.—
What a difference in people! How often I have known Mr. Broderaye refuse to do the thing I knew he wished to do!—How often I have seen him give up what he had, till the very moment, hoped to do!—and cheerfully too, because he felt it right;—and that feeling, I suppose, was pleasanter to him than the gratification which he gave up:—if, then, we could like doing what is right, better than what is merely agreeable, how easy it would be to live in London or any where!—but unless we can do this, what the general and Lady Mary are doing must be—at least, I should think it so—
‘a sort of trial that nobody can endure.’

Carilis was not quite accurate in her conclu-

Lady Lynford:—the one seemed to have been born very little below the highest point allotted for the tread of mortals—the other as near the lowest:—Lady Lynford's powers were great, but her footing had been insecure—she had slipped—she had stopt herself—she had sometimes tried to ascend, and at others, to keep her ground; but the sum-total was descent. Carilis's trembling foot needed to be held, even on the plain and the turf; but she submitted to the consciousness of her own feebleness—she strove—she accepted encouragement and sought assistance; and whatever her failures when support was withdrawn, if she had looked back—which she dared not do—she would have seen that she had, at least, left some rugged way behind her, which it must be her own fault if she had to travel again.

She had time for a little more thought; and this was bestowed on her own situation. What she had so earnestly said to Lady Mary when in Devonshire, on her horror of being made the subject of conversation in connexion with the inheritance of 'the great house,' had not been said in vain; her ladyship had, early in life, had her own secrets to keep; and when they no longer claimed her caution, they were succeeded by other necessities of circumspection: she was, as Mr. Vanderryck had said of her, not wise; but she was wary; and

there are few better schools for teaching this useful quality, than a family, every member of which, as it springs into action, pulls a different way: where there is no sense of a common interest, there can be no confidence; and there being a very small interposing space between confidence and distrust in the relative situations of life, parents and children are soon decidedly on the one ground or the other. The very outset of general and Lady Mary Vasey, settled this point: 'I will tell you what I did as a boy,'—or even a tale taken up at a later period, and beginning, 'When I was a young man,'—were escapes never made from *his* lips, in talking to his sons—whatever was the feeling that restrained him—

ments, turned in dudgeon from the trouble she gave them, and as fast as they found out their own will, followed their own way; but still the habit of caution remained on her mind, and was now useful to her *protégée*, who had obtained, on making the request, every assurance that words and an avowed approbation of her forbearance, could give her.

But her ladyship's situation was very much changed by her rejoining her husband: that an exception should be made for *him*, in this promise of silence, could not surprise even the inexperience of Carilis, when she once knew the assiduity of confidence with which his lady's long letters to him when abroad, were concocted. Of this, she had not been aware, time enough to hope that she had anticipated it: she therefore chose to suppose him informed, and rather, by the openness of her conduct, to endeavour to make him her friend, than to trust to what Lady Mary could say or effect for her.

At present all was safe: the morning when the note-book had been in requisition, was the first of the admission of visitors, and she herself had been introduced only as 'Miss Monterne, Lady Mary's dear charge, on the unfortunate detention of her delightful guardian,' and had not quitted the room;—therefore the article had been closed

without any of the embellishments of an obituary; but, from the style of intercourse, and what she heard said of others, she could infer what would be her own fate in a very short time, unless she prevented it; and, unless she *could* prevent it, she saw herself in danger of being deterred from that independence of action, for which she was providing, against the time when she must act for herself.

She had read, and she had heard, that inquisitiveness and a disposition to take part in that which does not claim it, were faults confined to rural society; and when she had asked to what this was attributable, she had been told that it arose from want of other occupation; but, in this

dead or approximated the living, what motives had produced actions, were matters all investigated, and with a potentiality of syntax which struck the ear of Carilis as erring against Mr. Broderaye's proscription of adventurous hypothesis in the concerns of others.

Feeling compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to secure herself, and urged still more to be expeditious, by the enlivened conversation of the general, who brought with him to the dinner-table, tidings of more association and messages of great import, she waited only for some word addressed to her, to give her the liberty of speaking, and told herself, that the alteration of the dinner-hour, which made her grandfather prefer his own solitary meal, was in her favour. Little inclined to eat, she waited impatiently the removal of the cloth, and heard with apprehension, the general expressing himself on the look-out for some claim on his evening.

To a common observer there was little to call out sympathy in her situation; but it required some courage in a girl constitutionally timid, not brought up in those habits which seem intended to correct the mistakes of Omniscience, and who was inclined, by proper diffidence of herself, to bow to authoritative experience, and by gratitude to be silenced by obligation, to request and insist on

an explicit promise of conformity to a wish, the very foundation of which might be overturned at the first word from a gentleman of the general's high situation and commanding age and aspect, who knew the world so much better than she did, and to whose kindness she not only was already so indebted, but must still continue to be beholden. Even in professing her resolution to render of no use to herself Lady Lynford's forfeiture, she saw she was taking away the motive on which she might hope to carry her point: still, however, she could not resolve to let the matter rest; but she was forced by her own inability to do that which she could not resolve to do, and to suffer the dinner-party to separate unmolested by her presumption.

That the professors of medicine do not make

chamber, as the harbingers of death, and was satisfied that, welcome or unwelcome, his visit would not be long delayed.

Lady Mary had, down in her note-book, 'Bell in Miss M.'s room,' as a thing to be remembered; but the daily sight of the article, had removed its power of attracting attention, and she read every morning, 'Bell in Miss M.'s room,' without calling to mind the truth noted down, that Carilis's room, having hitherto been only the residence of those who are rung for, had no bell, or, rather, no communication with a bell. In her present suffering, therefore, she must struggle for herself:—to call was out of her power, even to Lady Mary; and as for the servants, to attempt to make *them* hear, had they been within reach of her voice, was impossible: fresh-herded, having much to tell, and caring little for what was told, they were too much occupied to understand any sound but that which Carilis had not to convey to them. She could just set the door open to gain a current of air, and then, falling on her bed, and feeling that her senses were yet spared, she began to commune with herself.

Her infant-prayers had not been taught her merely by rote—they served even now; and with the grateful recollection of him from whose persuasive lips she had learnt them, were sent to Him

to whom she had been enjoined to recommend herself in all perils and dangers. She felt invigorated, and had courage to ask herself, what she had to regret in this world, and to hope in another :—the former question was dismissed, imperfectly answered—she shrunk from it :—the second could not have its reply but from some little retrospect—some hasty consideration of accounts standing out against her—some endeavour to strike a balance that should, at least, tell her to what enormity of total she was debtor.

Childish faults and faults of age that she could not plead as childish, rose to her recollection, in an army that was not fewer in number for the short stature of its individuals ; but Mr. Broderaye had made the Grand Balance of Christianity the

seemed to give her courage to die. Instead of feeling appalled at the conviction that every secret thought of her heart was known to Him before whom, in the struggle of the moment, she thought herself called to appear, she could add hope to faith, and rejoice in having made that decision against claiming the forfeiture, her inability to disclose and enforce which, had been the cause of her present suffering.

The poor girl was in no danger of death, though she felt as if dying:—she was agitated by the conflict between her will and power; and the heat of her chamber had increased her oppression: but the moment had its use:—all that the most indulgent, the most flattering friends could have said, would not have encouraged her proceeding in the path she had determined to take, as did the verdict given by her conscience in the trial of the last few minutes. The danger even of fainting was over: the air blew fresh upon her; and first bursting out into simple thankfulness for relief, and then, calling to mind part of Johnson's 'Vanity of human Wishes,' which her guardian had made her commit to memory for future use, not declamation, and next, thinking on some lines from his not-sufficiently appreciated tragedy of Irene, she resolved to ask Lady Mary's permission to make a short visit to her grandfather,

that she might consult him, and descended the stairs firmly, repeating to herself,—

‘ Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds !
Are only varied modes of endless being ;
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone ;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th’ Eternal gave it ; and that end is virtue.’

The *étiquette* of London, which did not allow of a young lady’s walking a stone’s cart without an attendant, was often an annoyance to Carilis, in her wish to visit Mr. Vanderryck ; and she now waited with peculiar impatience, while the foot-boy, who was in all the care of knives, forks, and spoons, could not readily be followed here ; but at the

who av de dime an de hardt do wride ver doze who
 av nod been daughd.—Dis Meesder Vat's-his-name
 —de man as make de beer—de same name—is a
 wise man ;—an he give gomsford.'

Carilis explained, that she had designed the
 ' Meditations for the Aged ' as a present, and he
 accepted it kindly. He went on, ' I av finish dad
 ware de woorts gom in doo and doo, and de end
 alike—dad boem, I dink you galled id, aboud de
 wish-in-vains.—I remember doze briddy ones
 aboud wad de gold gannod do—an de boor man
 habbier den all—diz all zo drue !—and aboud how
 de beoble go, an bay dere gourt do de gread man :
 —I know id all bud do well, id will never jeat
 me again.—Bud in one ding I indend do give
 Meesder Boet de lie—I ave losd my all, in good
 dime do know dad ridges is grumblin' dusd—mine
 wass gone ad a sdroke—all seize—all blunder do a
 dyrand.—But schill, my Garliz, I ave a littel left
 ver my life, enof—an iv I av losd de money, I av
 losd de love, and den zometimes I dink and I zay,
 Where de differenz ?—Iv you dake away my blate,
 an I am hongry, I gry, " No, no,—led me ead"—
 Bud iv I av no abbedide more, I zay, " Oh bray
 dake id away."—Zo, jussd zo, am I—I wass once very
 hongry, very hongry indeed—bud id wass when I
 had de dime bevore me do ead—an blendy do ead.
 Bud now I av nod ; an I am nod ad all hongry—

I should like indeed do ave some mead vor you, my Garliz—bud you will vind zomebody to give you zome—you are zo very briddy—quide as briddy as your poor mudder—an you do nod like de idel man.'

This was a very good mood for the old man's darling to improve on. She felt no reluctance to tell him what was passing in her mind; and, in listening to her, and approving the steadiness of her principles, he furnished her with sound arguments to keep her firm, and suggested, in his prudence, the persuasive language she might use, to obtain a more solemn engagement than a mere civil acquiescence from General Vaseney, to guard against the publicity which might distress her.—

Cheered and pleased by her visit, she amused him by the report of the occurrences of this morning, and of the proposed amusements of that of the next day. He gave her, without ostentation, five pounds, to make herself look 'briddy;' and, kissing and blessing her, suffered her to depart.

As she was quitting the house, he called her back, to give her a piece of advice not to be despised—this was to get the affair on which she had consulted him, off her mind before she slept. 'Whenever,' said he, 'you ave de disgreeble ding do do, and gan do id ad your own dime—do id de virsd ding—dad is my rule. Iv you av do dink and dink aboud wad is de disgreeble ding, id is doing id zo many dimes over an over—zo bedder do id de virsd, my shile.—An now mind wad I zay; go an zay do dese beoble, Meesder General an my lady, all you av do zay—sbeak briddy an respegvul—bud mine do ged de promize nod do dell wad you ood nod av dold—or dey will jeat you and laugh. An, mine Garliz—wen you dalk do Meesder General, an you asg im do zay as you zay—dake gare do make im zay ubon is *honour*—dond led im zay only ubon is *zoul*—vor zuch men do nod mind dere zouls, but dey *do* mind dere honour—dad I know.'

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL Vasey was not at home till Carlie had been long retired to rest. The next morning at breakfast, therefore, afforded the earliest opportunity of speaking to him. He led to the subject by asking after her grandfather.—She now valiantly declared the purpose for which she had gone to him, and said, that she had taken his advice on the manner in which she should make a request of great importance to her. The general professed himself all ear; spoke in handsome terms of Mr.

to which she could give no credit, established in her favour, the only use she should make of it, would be, to renounce it the moment she came of age.

The general might well be allowed a little banter upon this antediluvian heroism; but seeing her firm, and influenced by the respect due to such principles as those which she made the excuse of her resolution, he gave her his grave promise, and allowed her to frame it in the words her grandfather had dictated. He concluded with a wish, that more young people resembled her; remarked on the progress of selfishness—pronounced an additional eulogium on ‘that dear old man, Mr. Vanderryck’—wished his second son at home, for her sake, and settled with her,—that he might not transgress her wishes—that it should be allowed him to say, ‘if asked questions about her, that she was Baroness Lynford’s presumptive heiress. This was quite as much as she could willingly admit; but some of her grandfather’s opinions informed her, that ‘half a loaf was better than no bread;’ and that advantages were often lost, by endeavouring to make them more perfect than their nature admitted. ‘The dear old man’ was praised by both parties, for his considerate liberality to his grand-daughter, and all was peace and good-will.

As much was done in the course of this morning as feet would do, in the world of fashions, friendships, and sights; and Carilia, in returning home, was sufficiently corrupted to cease wondering at the preference given to London.—Many such mornings passed—the established dinner-hour was given up; and Mr. Vanderryck, without murmuring, felt himself turned upon his own hands: his friend Shelly could now, and would willingly, have received him; but his grand-daughter's attractions prevailed, and he chose to remain where he was, for the sake of seeing her daily.

Society proceeded, as might be foreseen, between persons in the rank of the general and his wife, and their extensive connexions, and the con-

even if I dine out *en garçon* ; and I know people who do a great deal more than we shall ever find necessary, and with a less establishment,' were parts of his argument, which alarmed her with fear of losing hold on him—and parts of argument which perhaps have done more to fill jails and compel the legislature to the arbitrary resource of acts of insolvency, than any other forms of words.—He ended with an observation, that in the then frugal age, the want of any thing was a non-existent idea—every thing was to be hired, and so cheap!—every thing by the dozen—chairs absolutely he saw offered for hire at four-pence a-piece ! and other things in proportion.—Lady Mary listened as eagerly as if this had been the purchase-money, instead of the hire, and confessed, that there was a great difference between the convenience of London, and the inconvenience of having to send to Exeter for what one wanted, and pay, perhaps, as much as that, for the mere carriage of the article. Even Carilis was dazzled.

Foreseeing what she must come to at last, willing or unwilling, and being rather the former than the latter, Lady Mary again resumed economical solitudes, and learnt, from every person of fashion who came in her way, the best methods of preparing to return the little sociable family-dinners which they were beginning to accept.

as much more as she hoped it would be less, the next day.

It was, however, a very entertaining morning, which these necessities produced to Carry—she had only to look and listen. In some cases she perceived, that when any thing was made sure, and the foot-boy was ordered to un-shoulder his basket for its reception, he always replied, ‘Yes, my lady’—so particularly loud, that it struck even an ear used to the sound; and when she heard the vender of the commodity explaining to Lady Mary that it was not that which she understood herself to have bargained for, but an inferior sort, which she must take up with at her price, Carry fancied there was some secret community of interest

though a level ground will tire less quickly than a hilly country, yet, that the sameness of tread, and the dry heat of what is trodden on, will weary much sooner than is convenient. Lady Mary was not now a very young woman—she had a son not far off the age of forty.—She had not completed all her purchases, when she was forced, by fatigue, to retreat into a chymist's shop, and to learn there, that she was attempting too much, if not used to London in warm weather.—She gave sixpence for a glass of camphor-julep—three shillings for half a pint of it to take home, in gratitude and confidence resulting from perceptible benefit—and accepted, at their price, a five-shilling box of pills, to be taken when she felt little shiverings and other symptoms which she described, and which were all ascribable to the being un-used to London in warm weather:—a hackney-coach was then very obligingly fetched from the nearest stand, which carried the markettings home, as she observed, 'cool and nice;'—her ladyship stopt in it to complete her business, which, as she said, 'she could now very well do, and it would be wrong to leave undone;'—and for seven shillings more—for Covent-garden proved, as had been predicted, a most bewitching lounge—stopping at Wedgwood's to choose everlasting pies—at a shop where she saw a great show of biscuit-gods and

goddesses for the table—just calling about the plate they should want, and ordering a few more chairs and lights for the ensuing party—she got home, telling the foot-boy, before he took his hat off, only just to run to the nearest shoe-shop in Bond-street, ‘as she saw she must have another pair of shoes before she had such a walk again.’—The boy obeyed the order, took the royal arms for his guide ; and his lady had, in three days, a pair of shoes so much to her mind, that, if the bill had not been sent with them, as she expressly ordered, the man might have had permission to put up her ladyship’s ‘arms’ too.

The projected party went off well, was talked of, and gave a hint to others to put themselves in the

parture of her friends from their plan of privacy, necessarily involved her in their enjoyments and equipments: her grandfather's present of five pounds, she, without reluctance, spent on her appearance, but resisted all temptation to profusion, and herself made what she wore. It was utter astonishment, when she came out on the first necessary display of her taste, a most delicate, elegant girl of fashion.—If Lady Mary, in giving orders for herself, asked Miss Monterne to let what she was doing, be seen by a workwoman, she gained credit, and was kept content with what she could do.—Expressions of applause, perhaps, ended with a recollection, that 'such young ladies might wear any thing, for they looked well in every thing;'—but this was all in her favour; and when she sate down again to her work, saying, '*Tant mieux pour les pauvres,*'—she felt better than *pleased* with her performances.

General Vaseney, taking up his wife's ready-made neglect of their eldest daughters, and having so placed the younger ones as to have no cause to think of them, was very well disposed to bestow a parent's affection on Carry, whose attractions, and their perceptible effects, soon gratified his pride—he wished, good-humouredly, that he could do more for her; and proved the sincerity of that wish, when, on the sudden death of Lady Mary's

brother, and his receipt of a thousand-pounds' legacy to her ladyship—which, though the executors were allowed six months to pay in, he contrived to get immediately—he indulged her with the hire of musical instruments, and as a gratification to himself, engaged a master for her improvement.

The word improvement once sounded, called up a host of recollected duties:—accomplishments in high request gave popularity to possessors; Miss Monterne must have her share of favour in the world; and Lady Mary, not defining whether she was making presents to her, or involving her in debt, but taking upon herself an unexplained responsibility, acted for her as she would have

Monterne was with one family in their private box at either theatre, or with some distinguished lady in the best circle at the opera, or amongst a groupe of young people headed by a mamma or an aunt, at a superb ball or rapturous concert. Every day presented new friends to her; and as her want of confidence in her own experience made her put every one before her, and the novel merit of her deportment conciliated the affectionate respect of *chaperons*, she had the good fortune to please without offending, and to be approved without being envied.

Her personal attractions, and the unconsciousness with which she carried them, were not lost on the men—but they could not understand her integrity. The last thing a man of fashion can believe in a new subject of the female sex, is that, when she speaks seriously she speaks truth:—in an artificial world every thing goes for artificial—and many a young person who set out well, has been shamed into the prevailing character, by the fear of standing single in opposing it. But Carry, who had no design on the heart, or purse, or honours, of any man, and who, if it was not permitted her to marry according to the lead of her own heart, had a mind perfectly content to ‘marry not at all,’ was at such perfect liberty, that in the play of nonsense around her, she only put others out;

and when something particular was intended, she disconcerted the foolish and discouraged the presuming, taking all possible care, from the moment when she was conscious of the power of her novelty, to prevent any mortification to those entitled to respect. The worst that was said of her was, that she waited for the *acmé* of her situation.

Undesignedly, however, she helped her protecting friends into a larger departure from their line of discretion. After some great gratification which she thought Lady Mary would have enjoyed, had she had the means, she expressed her regret that the fatigue of the engagements she could *not* avoid, should disable her: this being said in the hearing of General Vasevsky and re-

I take one servant and turn off another, there is nobody can say I increase my establishment—can they, Carry?’

It has been a reason with some prudent husbands against indulging a wife with a carriage, that not merely the individual expense, but the increase of other expenses by it, must be taken into calculation; and those wishing for the luxury, do not, perhaps, immediately see the necessity of this provision.—It was soon obvious, in many ways, but not attributable, in this instance, to the lady. The arrangement being made, Carilis, who rejoiced in it, for the sake of Lady Mary, was surprised to perceive that her ladyship was perpetually thwarted in the use of the indulgence: the general took the carriage every where: it carried him to his horse, and brought him from his horse; and even if the ladies had it, he quartered himself upon them to be set down;—he detained it at levees and drawing-rooms; and when used during the morning for shopping and visits, it was kept an hour and a half at the door to carry him to a club-dinner; and their evening-engagement must be so contrived as that it might fetch him home. If they were entirely put by, he would answer, ‘I cannot help it—you see the truth of what the coachman says, that it is impossible for people of any style to live in London with one carriage and one pair

of horses. If you must go out when I am engaged, you can have an additional carriage just for the day;—*that* will be nothing:—and the coachman says that your work is rather too much for the horses to hold it constantly.'

Now what was the truth here?—Why, that the general was pleased with his new horses, and proud of them; and that it was a great gratification to him, when they stopt short and were well reined-up under the windows of a room, where he was expected, to be told, on entering, that those who had been standing at the windows, had just been saying, what a clever pair of horses he had got, and guessing their height, and admiring their match; and that he liked riding about and showing himself and his horses much more than even Carry would

theatres, as she was coming out with her friends, who had made some mistake in turning, she saw him in very close conversation with a beautiful young woman dressed in transparent black.-- Seeing Miss Monterne, he looked alarmed, and came forward--the young woman pulling at his arm--to put her party in their right road, saying, 'For God's sake, how came you hither?--get away--get away'--and whispering, 'Mum to Lady Mary--for heaven's sake, mum.'--'O ho! my old boy,' said a gentleman near--'are you here?--I could have guessed as much, when I heard you had gone out for a stroll by moon-light.'--Carilis thought she recollected the voice--cautiously turning, she saw it was Colonel Vaseney, the general's eldest son--he did not recognise her--she hastened on with her party, whom the general could not have accompanied without quitting the lady.

Altogether, there was something odd in these circumstances: her *chaperon* seemed shocked almost to distress;--and that the colonel was in town, had not been known to his family. When in the carriage, the reproofs of the protecting-lady to her son for his mistake, let out the importance of knowing how to avoid some parts of a theatre; and Carilis, when expressing her admiration of the beauty of the young woman in deep mourning, and inquiring of the party if she was known to

them, received some hints that made her resolve to keep to herself the accidental stumbling on the general, and the transient view of the colonel.—The latter she found, at her return, had paid his mother a tea-visit—the former she willingly avoided by retiring to her chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

As General and Lady Mary Vaseney were not persons inclined to act without consideration—not of that age which makes people do first and *think* afterwards—nor yet of that which tells them, that ‘thought for the morrow’ is superfluous—they might occasionally discern some little incongruity between their intentions and their performances;—and, as it would now and then occur—at least before the thousand-pounds’ legacy arrived—that requests for money to be paid, came a little anterior to its being pressed on them as receivers, one point had become fixed in their decisions; and it was one which they told themselves and each other, must be adhered to, and called on Miss Monterne to attest against them, should they vary from it—so important was it!—This was, that no consideration on earth should induce them to think of any schemes of watering-places, villa, cottage, or any change of abode when other people were moving:—the autumn—nay, the Christmas should be spent in Berkeley-square:—they cared not what other people did—there would always be persons enough in town, to keep them in countenance—parliament

as adaptable.—The general had, on this point, made up his mind, that ‘one cannot pay too dear for comfort;’ and on this principle, he experimented to an extent of variety, that made those in the daily habit of passing that way, look up at his house, and ask themselves, ‘What now?’ and ‘What next?’ Something, at length, was fixed on, rather because there was no ready alternative remaining, than because it was unobjectionable: the sun was, indeed, effectually shut out from vision; but the air choosing to be shut out with him, the heat was shut in, as well as the light put out. To see to do any thing that required eyes, was impossible:—the family flitted about, tinted as if in an atmosphere of sulphur: their smiles were ghastly grins; and the general professed himself shocked at ‘this rehearsal of the Elysian fields.’

he was now at an age when his attentions were not so liable to misconstruction as at an earlier :—he was a little, smart, handsome, well-proportioned man ; who to the better-bred manners of his younger time, had added, as they came up, the modes of ensuing periods. He had seen service, without being much distinguished, and without sustaining any injury :—he had been pushed forward, at first, by interest, and afterwards by the pressure of merit in those behind him, and in whose way he stood.—He had married very early, and to his great enolument—had divorced his lady—was unincumbered by any fruits of his marriage—and had almost lost the recollection of it. He lived, like other colonels not on actual service ; and not being very fond of his profession, acquiesced in any neglect of him, under a half-formed resolution to retire ;—to what he should retire, was not yet quite a settled matter.

Carilis had, till now, so slightly known him, that their dispositions towards each other were yet to be formed. She was no longer a child ; nor did her deportment, or her deficiencies, admit of considering her as a mere girl.—He decided, after the first hour, that she was ‘ a very very charming young woman ;’ and he felt that she claimed not only attention, as his mother’s guest, but respect for her natural situation and personal merits ; and

her manners instantly giving the tone to him, their friendship set off admirably; and she too was pleased with his coming.

It was not solely in the addition that Colonel Vaseney made to the domestic society, nor yet the relief he gave to the growing cares of his parents, that Carlie found her satisfaction;—he had tastes that suited hers and forwarded her progress in her accomplishments:—he could give her intelligence as to foreign movements, and could console her little remitted anxiety for her grandfather, by confident assurances, founded on good information: she soon heard that Mr. Broderick was near Paris, and hopes were held out, that checked time, and as realize which, the colonel took no little trouble amongst his connections.

and 'Toddy.' Yet in jocular supervisance of them, he did effectual service; false or true, he must be told, that whatever he was to eat or drink at their expense, was paid for:—he clapped his mother on the back, when she called on Miss Monterne to witness that they both went to church regularly every Sunday; and, from the first Sunday of his visiting, he came in time, every succeeding one, to endeavour to 'unkennel Spunkey,' as he termed getting his father up in time for the purpose.

A morning-entertainment of a very tempting description, falling in most conveniently with a cloudy day, he presented himself as Miss Monterne's partner for the first dances; and he being the very best dancer in the assembly, and she fresh out of the hands of the professor in request, and having every requisite for excellence, great applause was bestowed on their performance, and something more on that of the lady, who, to the honour of that inextinguishable light of conscience, which, even in small matters, makes what is virtuous appear lovely, was most cordially approved. Elderly men, with a significant shake of hair that 'Time had *not* spared thinning'—confessed that this was an improvement on '*their* day'—and wished themselves young again to offer coronets and castles—young men stood aloof, and took the alti-

tude of Colonel Vasency;—mothers tried to persuade themselves, that *their* Lady Lucy and Lady Frances were ‘quite as well;’ and Lady Lucy and Lady Frances said to each other, the one—‘Oh! how I should like to be as tall as Miss Monterne!’ the other,—‘Oh, how I wish I looked as good!’—These replies were equally sincere, and credible; for many Lady Lucies think height everything *they* want; and some Lady Franceses have still better predilections.

‘You are a fortunate fellow, after all,’ said a cavalry-officer to the colonel—‘You stand in an admirable mediocrity—you have the breath of every breeze in your favour—between married and single—neither quite bird, nor quite the other

is ermine itself—you don't know what she is at home—she is nothing here, to what she is there.'

'Why don't you try for her?' said his friend—'you are free as the day-light—"the law has made you free!"'—The colonel hissed—'What's the matter?'—'Oh! I guess—you did not like my quotation.'—The colonel shook his head—'I say, such things are nothing now—it was not *your* fault:—*you* could not help it.'

'Ah,' replied Colonel Vaseney—'it would not do—she would not bite—I think *she has a heart.*'

'Well! would you have her without one?'

'No no—but in *these* times, I think heart stands very much in the way of *us.*'

Of this dialogue Carilis could not understand the whole of even what she could catch—but nothing in it decreased her confidence, or obliged her to alter her manner to the colonel. He brought her, next morning, tidings of *détenus*—she had every assurance that Mr. Broderaye was well, and certainly within fifty miles of Paris; and to this she gave willing ear, till hearing that he was married, or going to be married, she was forced to shake her head, and fear some mistake in the name:—there might be a Mr. Broderick, or Broadhead, or *hurst*, or Broderip, or Broad *many things*—but *her* Mr. Broderaye, she thought,

could hardly have married where he was—and the partial error made her feel she must not trust the rest of the intelligence.

The cloudy day and the almanac had foretold a favourable change in the weather; but both proved false prophets; and one of those dreadful hot nights—which are endured in the hope of their bringing their atonement in a thunder-storm,—gave a severe shock to the philosophical fortitude of General Vasenoy, and made him forgetful of all that had been agreed on between him and his lady, and which he had called upon their young friend to attest. The receding disposition showed itself at the breakfast-table, where he

can speak, as indeed they can—‘Who shall begin?’

The demand on forbearance was short. The general gave it its dismissal, by protesting, that ‘it was, all together, too bad.’

This was only moving the first pawn of the game—but this move he meant his adversary to protest against, and to claim the right of leading.

The move was too irregular to be played to—but he was not called up to retract it.—Lady Mary paused, and the general paused—she fainted; and he carried his tea-cup into the veranda.

This would not do—the external air was the hotter—‘Good God, Lady Mary,’ said he, at last, ‘do say something—can you propose nothing?’

‘What can I propose?’ she answered, almost in tears of debility.

‘Oh! I cannot bear to see *you* suffer so,’ said her husband, with emphatic tenderness—‘if you can’t propose for yourself, I must for you:’—then, starting up, and, in a grotesque manner, fauning himself with a napkin, he cried out, ‘I decide then—off to-morrow, by sun-rise.’

The words were temptations too strong, under the existing circumstances, even for the resolution of Lady Mary Vaseney;—she almost sprung from her chair, repeating them—but immediately recol-

lecting herself, her hands dropped, and, in increased languor, she repeated,—‘ Oh ! off indeed ! but how ? and whither ? ’

Of two questions thus put, it is sufficient if one obtain an answer.—The general replied, ‘ Oh, Brighton or Cheltenham, sea or land, which you will—in *utrumque paratus*,—but off, by Jupiter.’

Nothing is so universally decried as indecision and half-measures :—therefore, Lady Mary must have been, in all ways, gratified by the manner in which her husband met the present exigency. At least, it took from her all responsibility—it made that an act of conjugal obedience, which she could not have ventured on as indulgence—she had every reason to trust his going through with his purpose,

The first called for nothing more than a curled nose—the second in no way could suit General Vaseney ; and as his world was divided into only two classes—actors and spectators—and he was of that which sometimes wishes the latter to keep their distance, he could not willingly engage on an *arena* that made forgetfulness of character immediately perceptible to a critical pit and well-filled boxes.—The cheapness of Sandgate, and the elegant quiet of Tunbridge, therefore, went without his commendation.

‘ Any pretty village,’ said Lady Mary—‘ Chiswick, Barnes, Richmond, Twickenham.’—

‘ All dear as Bond-street,’ he replied.

She went on, up the river—all ‘ to no earthly purpose ’—down it, would have been as useless.—The general was resolved before he got out of bed—Cheltenham was fixed on—‘ it *should* be Cheltenham—*that* it should ;’—and he was so ready with the detail of arrangement, that Lady Mary felt quite comfortable.—She only just proposed parting immediately with the horses and coachman, ‘ as she was certain that she could not now want them in town, and must not have them at the place to which they were going.’

‘ Pooh pooh ! nonsense !’ was a reply bringing still more comfort—for her ladyship had had a surfeit of pedestrianism—and never got into the

carriage, without a thankful recollection of its convenience. She was soon convinced, that at Cheltenham, 'one could not show one's head *sans carrosse et sans chevaux*.'—'Look,' as her husband said very justly, 'any morning, at nine o'clock, only just down the Plough-yard; and do but compare the number of carriages with the population of the place, at any period of the season—and you will see what the proportion is of those who have their carriages and horses there, and those who have not.'—'No no; his plan was this—the horses should set forward in the cool of that evening—the coachman could take care of his own two—the groom should take the roadster and the mare,

week—for situation was now every thing thought on—and this, he reckoned, would much more than clear them at Cheltenham, and for the journey too. If the housemaid could roast a leg of mutton, and boil a few potatoes, it was as much as *they* should ever want—for, thank God, he could live upon any thing, and he begged Lady Mary would not think of *entertaining*;—and the foot-boy might be got rid of with a month's wages—and the cook might stay or not, as she liked, to take care of the house, if it was not let in the course of that day—which he did not doubt it would be—as he would write a bill in capitals, and put it up on every floor, and speak directly to the house-agents—but if it did *not* let that day, she might stay just to open the windows; or if she chose to be off, they might get any poor woman, for a song, just to come in and see that nobody ate up the chairs and tables.—The upholsterer must turn in, and take the inventory, and put up a bill in his own window, and the thing might be done “in a jiffy.”

In such a plan of proceeding, there is nothing equal, in ease, to cutting the knot which it would break your nails to untie:—leave servants and their deputies—upholsterers and their men—to create a chaos—and it will reduce itself to order at its

leisure—you will find your labour nothing—as also your profits.

It was generally about this hour of the forenoon, that Lady Mary, looking across the square, could say, ‘Oh! here comes Frederick!’—She might have said so now—for he was in sight,—but she drew in, and said, in a lower tone, to the general, who was printing, **THIS HOUSE TO BE LET, ELEGANTLY FURNISHED—** ‘General, here’s Frederick.’—‘Never mind,’ he replied;—but his look, at the moment, was that with which, on some other occasions, he had ordered a servant to say, ‘Not at home.’—The question, whether the colonel might submit to the exclusion, or more probably cry, ‘Pooh pooh!’ might, per-

‘ Oh ! don’t blot it, Frederick—I have but just done it :—your mother will die, if I keep her here, poor soul !—we must be off.’

‘ Off !—my daddy divine !—how off ?—how are you to get off ? ’

‘ Oh ! ’ said Lady Mary—‘ we go all together in the chariot, with post-horses.’

‘ And whither, I pray—“ whither ? ah, whither ? ”

‘ Your mother, I think, will be very comfortable at Cheltenham,’ said his father.

‘ Oh ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ’—said the colonel, holding his sides—‘ Cheltenham—for General and Lady Mary Vaseney !—that is the best thing I ever heard.—Why, my dear darling children—light of my eyes, and joy of my soul !—are ye both stark staring mad !—had nobody in the world a strait waistcoat to lend for the occasion ?—Oh ! in pity, in mercy, strait waistcoats here for two ! ’

The colonel’s father, after some resistance, felt himself compelled to laugh with his son ; but his mother could not join their merriment. She drew Carilis away, saying, that there were many things to be thought on, and she must go.

‘ Enough to be thought on, indeed,’ said the colonel ; ‘ and more than you two sucklings seem to me to recollect, my dear fayther and honoured mither.—But come now, stop, Lady Mary Vase-

ney;—in one point, I can be of use: I can help you off with your horses—for, I am sure, you cannot want them there things.'

Lady Mary looked dumb.—Her husband very quietly said, 'I think we must take them—your mother wishes for them—she says, she cannot walk——'

'And where the deuce is she to ride?' interrupted the colonel—'Up and down High-street to eternity?—or to Tewkesbury for variety, twice a week, to fetch mustard? or to Gloucester for pins?—Why, you might as well keep a pair of horses in Venice, for any use they will be of to you there:—a great fly in a shop of sugar-loaves, has not more up and down work than yours will find there:—and then, only think, they'll get

trifle to carry another person to such a place, and really, I do not think it would suit me in any way :—I assure you, I have no wish to go—I have been thinking, that, if I could stay with my poor grandfather, I should prefer it—I do not like to leave him—and, I dare say, I could have a little room in the house.'

'My dear child,' said Lady Mary, 'do you know what you are talking of? Consider the heat :—and when August comes, it will be worse ; and September, in London, is shocking, when the evenings grow long and you cannot shut the windows for the heat.'

'But my grandfather's apartments are much cooler—his sitting-room is north—I think I could have that over it.'

'And live in *that* style, Miss Monterne?—After Berkeley-square?'

Certainly there is a disappointment in seeing that some persons cannot be made proud and fastidious by our generosity to them—Lady Mary looked as if she had failed in some endeavour.

'Oh! yes,'—said Carlis, very innocently—'I could live in any style that was tolerably comfortable—and be very happy.—*This*, I am sure, my dear Lady Mary, you cannot call mine, or suppose I would call it mine.—Only leave me to contrive ;

and you shall see how I will manage.—I must think of my poor grandfather first.'

'Could he not come after us?' said Lady Mary, 'and go on at Cheltenham in his own little pudding way there?—we could find, I dare say, such a lodging for him there.'

This idea Carilis could not encourage—she endeavoured to gain permission to stay.

'Could you stay in the house till it is let?' asked her friend: 'it may not let at all, at this time of the year—though the general is so confident.'

The next proposal might have been, that the part of 'the old woman, who was to be had for a song, to take care that nobody ate up the chairs and tables,' should be performed for the remainder of the season, by Miss Caroline-Leslie Monteroe;

dible revolution of opinion to which she had been witness.

Colonel Vaseney dashed out after her, before she was many steps from the door :—he questioned her on her errand, approved her intention, but hoped she would be at liberty to remain with his mother. —‘ I treat them both abominably,’ said he; ‘ but I am the only person who tells them truth—and as for *me*, I might as well hold my tongue; for, you see, after all, they will go their own way; and you will see, and they will see, how it will end:—there is no warning some people—tell them that fire always did and will burn; that water will drown, and that money spent faster than it comes, must end in debt and distress—though they see this all day, and every day, before their eyes—though there is not a newspaper that does not proclaim it, nor a tradesman that could not prove it—still they are as obstinate as mules, and, like my dainty dotards of parents, will run after some fancy of their own, though they could not, if you asked them, tell where it might *not* lead them.’

What could Carilis say to this? Fortunately, she was at her grandfather’s door before it was necessary to answer.—The colonel left her, saying, ‘ Only, for heaven’s sake, do not let them involve *you*—I believe, I shall come after them, to take care they do not.’

CHAPTER IX.

Now a different scene with the grandfather. He, good honest soul! listened to his briddy Garliz with infinite complacency, but not with half the surprise which she expected. For this—if it disappointed her—he apologized by his accustomed excuse, that ‘he knew the world.’—When he comprehended the plan, he would on no persuasion suffer her to forego her share in it for him. He told her that, as it was for her sake that he remained where he was,—in case of her absence, he would rather go nearer the scenes of news and

apprehension that, should it terminate as the colonel seemed to prognosticate, she might need a home before her guardian could gain his liberty. 'Gom do me ad any dime,' he said, 'an iv I av de loaf, you shall av de half. I wish I ad de money vor you now—a liddel I gan give you, and I know you will be gareful of id. Bud as vor deze vine volk—boor Lady Mary; I bity her—bud she is nod drue do herself—she like de dings, I gan zee when I am dere, an she dalk aboud vine doings—bud she pud all de bleasures upon de bleasing her husband, as iv she did nod like dem herself.—And den,' added he, chuckling with glee—'your generall, he zay, "Id is all vor my woif,"—and yed id is all vor himself.—Now, ver well, iv day hurt nobody bud demzelves—bud den I zay, "Wad for de kinchens?"—de shilder, I mean.—Bud, iv by deze vine doings, day hurt boor beoble, and ruin shopkeepers and tradesmen—den I zay, O fie!—I do nod wonder iv de English hate wad day gall de aristograzy—if doze as make de aristograzy are de beoble who will av and wont bay.—Wad gan a daylor, a garpender, a briglayer, or any tradesperson, dink of a nobleman, as day gall im, who will zay, "Make me goat—build my ouse, an I will bay"—and den never never bay, and shuffle, an predend?—an yed, perhap, all de woil he is showing to av de money vor is bleasures an vanzies

—an if dad nobleman predend to go to de jurdge, an to be good man, den dimes worse! vor den de ignorand beoble zay, “Oh! dias is de religion—not to *be* honesd, but do *zeem* to be zo.”—An den day gurse de religion, an de jurdge, an de gread Gott imzelf—and who gan blame?—zuch beoble ought to be galled zwindlers, jeats, an be blagarded (by which he meant nothing worse than *placarded*)—and nobody should zerve dem—sdarve ’em oud, I zay, sdarve ’em.—Wad would we do in de zitty wid zuch?’

The old man grew warm in his zeal against these noble defaulters;—and too warm he could hardly be in reprobating any thing so scandalous in the practice—so cruel in its proceeding—and so subversive of all social order. But his granddaughter, who knew herself wanted at home, was

improvements—who had furnished the implements necessary to them—or those who had contributed to the propriety of her personal decorations. Of every article of these accumulating demands, she had made an account, as an appendix to that which she kept for the inspection of her guardian; and she now consulted Mr. Vanderryck on the plan which she ought to pursue in this sudden call from London, which, to her own apprehension, bore no creditable aspect.

He met her integrity as it deserved; and, in encouraging it, indulged himself in the comforting recollection that, in his own ruin, he had not involved others. He talked of his half-million, and counted on his trembling fingers, the many hundred thousand pounds that contributed to make up the sum-total:—he had only to regret his national partiality which had decided his choice in the place of its deposit, and put it within the reach of one whom he described as spending it in the purchase of human blood. ‘I know where id wend,’ said he, with a faltering voice—‘id wend to load dem waggons of gold, as wend bevor his army, an made de men who would gud your droat, iv you zay “goward,” be draiders vor gold:—bud,’ concluded he, ‘Gott is above—I av learn dat in my misvordune—he will be juld—he will bunish—he will reward:—my Garliz, never, never, led

uz do de bad ding—I do lose do dink of Gott—I do veel oblige do im—vor, wen I did nod dink mudge ov im, he did keeb me vrom de bad ding:—I ad nod de dime do dink mudge—I wass ged de money doo vasd, vor dat—an yed, dough I wass, as I may zay, zo unzivil, he always zeem do zay in my ear, “Vanderryck, dake gare,—do no bad ding,”—and diss keeb me abby now:—an wen I read my Bible—an spezially dis littel bible-boog dad you gall de New Desdamend, an I zee dat even wen I zed I wass do very righd, I wass do very wrong—den I zay, “Dank you,” again, begauze, iv Gott ad been hardt masder, insdead of zay, “Dake gare,” he mighd av zed—I dond know wad he mighd *nod* av zed:—I know, I shoud av zay do one of my glergs, “Why nod loog ad de

mischief on herself needlessly ;—and her circular letter resolved itself, under his moulding, into a representation of her age—the want of power attendant on her minority—the necessity of following the movements of those who had the care of her—her own confident belief that every claim would be equitably adjusted on her coming of age—and her solicitude to render that as little precarious as possible, by restoring, without requesting any reservation for her, whatever of the furnished articles for her use, she could spare.

In an emotion of regret, which she did not know her grandfather could excite in her, but which was no more than the due tribute to his virtues, and the grateful return for his love, she took her leave ; but softening to herself the parting, by a hope that she could look in on him again in the evening. He called her back to give her another five pounds, and to inquire whether her wish to leave pledges of payment with her creditors allowed him to retain ‘*dad gomvordable boog—de man’s wid de beer-maker’s name.—I will die wid dat in my one hand, and my New Desdameud in de oder,*’—said he,—‘*an dad is bedder dan all de bang-nodes and money-bags in de oorld.*’—She assured him he might safely keep the book ; and with sensations of high satisfaction, which she owed to the early training of her infancy—to the

hours that Mr. Broderaye had bestowed in informing and correcting her—and, in a great degree, to the patient gravity with which he had heard her pretty lips, in almost ludicrous imperfection of speech, repeat, day by day, first the condescending stanzas of the pious Watts, to give variety to her prose-lessons, and, as she advanced, those invaluable consecrations of superior talents, which prove a holy care for a rising generation.—She had her anxieties, poor girl! but she had a counterbalance to their oppression ready at hand, and most efficacious in its power.

It was a point of necessary confidence, of politeness, and, indeed, of conscience, to make Lady Mary acquainted with her intentions. The revelation might subject her to conflict, and to some little expressions of displeasure, but it must be

divest herself, pledged with their owners—happy, thrice happy, under her own decision, when she found that not an article of what had been called presents to her, was paid for!

The spirit of justice was met by a spirit of generosity—such as is not unfrequently witnessed by persons of integrity, but denied even to exist, by those who excite only hostility and suspicion.—The artist who had improved her pencil, said, with glistening eyes, ‘ Give me that drawing of yours, Miss Monterne, and I will give you a receipt in full for your lessons.’—In another instance, the credit of teaching her, which had resulted from her docility and industry, was considered as compensation.—In another, her good word cancelled her debt by bringing custom.—In short, she might now say, on her own short experience, as that eccentric northern light of the world of poetry, Burns, had done before her, that, the virtues of her species had cost her more tears than ever yet had done their vices.

At Lady Mary’s first crossing on General Vaseney in their various occupations, she stopt him, to tell him how Miss Monterne was acting.—Carilis was within hearing, and might have been made vain, by his wish, after a few lower-toned words, that ‘ he had begun on this plan.’—The colonel was told of it, when he first looked in ‘ to

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see how they went on,' and to invite himself to dine. He withheld his belief, and affected to doubt whether he had not exchanged his corporeal existence for something better. Then, in the whimsicality and ill-placed fervour of a mind subject to flashes of goodness, and always retaining its love for it, he turned to the corner of the room where Carilis was sitting at a little table, busily employed for Lady Mary, and leaning over it, said, with agitation that made him take out his handkerchief, "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle?"—"Even such as you, Carry—God preserve you."—Then turning to his mother, he continued in his rattling tone of frolic, 'Toddy, I wish you and Spunkey would, as you travel to-

There was abundance of employment for every one till dinner; and the share that had devolved on the general, and which took him to distant parts of the town, prevented surprise when the cook sent up to say that the dinner was spoiling. Lady Mary asked her son, who was in waiting, what she should do. His answer being, 'Send up,'—the dinner was served, and the ladies sate down with him, in momentary expectation of the general.—The sky had most propitiously clouded over—even the colonel confessed the heat abating considerably.

Dinner could not be protracted—Lady Mary applied again to the colonel for directions—he answered in the same number of words as when asked before, 'Send down,'—and the table was cleared.

He had just said to his mother, who, now when it was a little cooler, could fret at the inconvenience of the general's want of punctuality: 'Well, Toddy, which wine?—remember, 'tis the last sup of Cæsar's choice cellar:—and to Carilis, 'Let me give you just half a glass,'—when a note was brought to him, at which he looked on all sides, very coolly, while the servant delivered a message, implying, that it required an immediate answer by the bearer.—

‘ Ask the scoundrel, why I had not this two hours ago,’—said he to the foot-boy.

‘ The man says he could not find you, Sir.—He went every where that he was sent to—and he has been a long way.’

‘ Well, here’s a half-a-crown for his *despatch*,’ said Colonel Vaseney equivocally.—He again very sedately urged Carilis to take wine, and on her again declining it, he drank to their next merry meeting at the Plough at Cheltenham—muttering something to himself.—Then yawning and stretching, he completely electrified Lady Mary and Carilis, by starting up, and in great haste, beseeching them not to stop him, as the affair mentioned in the note was of the greatest consequence.—He

—Pray, Lady Mary, do tell me what can Colonel Vaseney mean.'

'The limbo of Vanity, my child,' he replied; 'hast never read Milton?—Julius has got up there.—Dad's a hero of old, you know.' He then began to sing to a tune of his own, very doleful in sound, and slow in time:—

'A prison is a place of care,
Wherein no one can thrive;
A touchstone sure to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.'

Poor Carry, looking first at the mother and then at the son, knew not whether to cluck with the one or laugh with the other—she was not in the habit of doing either.

'For heaven's sake,' said her ladyship, 'Frederick, do not laugh—it is no laughing matter to me.—Where is your father *now*?'

The *now* was rather emphatical—it was tantamount to *this time*, and might have informed Carry, that this was not the eldest-born of such accidents to General Vaseney.

'Do, pray go,' said Lady Mary.

'No, no—not yet,' said her son, 'let the spunkey general have a little more time to enjoy himself: he has made me wait many a day for money when I was a Westminster—he may now

well wait for me a few minutes—it will only make him sensible that the weather is cooler.—I'll be in time to cut him down, depend upon it.'

He still, in cruel sportiveness, affected to be particularly at leisure—took out letters and read them: and then, at his own time—for his mother had desisted from urging—he tossed his hat upon the corner of his head, and was at the door, whence turning, he cried out, 'I say—you'll all want *me*, I see, at Cheltenham, so secure me a bed.—Don't expect Dad home to-night—they'll choose to scone him a supper and a lodging—therefore don't order your horses by sun-rise—you'll be time enough, at noon, to sleep at Benson or Oxford—so don't be in a hurry, dear Lady

we are going to Cheltenham, and so somebody has been so *unfeeling* as to try to stop us—it is so cruel! (cluck, cluck, cluck,)—and now we *shall* have the heat to bear, and all through August!—**I** wish we had never come from Devonshire—but the general would make me, and it was my duty, as his wife, to obey him.—I dare say now, we shall not go at all—though I hope Frederick will settle the affair.’

No appeal to her ladyship for directions as to stopping or continuing preparations could obtain any answer. Carilis was forced to be ready for herself and those whom she wished to serve, either to stay or go.—She knew, however, at least she conjectured from the colonel’s words, that she could see her grandfather in the morning; and feeling a great reluctance to expose the situation of the general, she rested satisfied with sending to excuse herself from her promise for that evening, and to renew it for an early hour of the next day.

The distress of Lady Mary’s mind, made Carilis very willingly attach herself closely to her for the rest of the evening. When asking what she could do for her, Lady Mary appeared more composed than she had expected;—she tried to smile, and said, ‘I be, like the eels, my dear, used to it;—but,’ continued she, sighing heavily, and with more sincerity than she had smiled,—‘I hoped

this was all over—I thought we had so drawn-in ! I am sure nobody can think or say more about economy than I do.'

Miss Monterne had many instructors beside those whose services had been engaged on stipulated terms ; and she was beginning to profit by their gratuitous lessons. The colonel's comments were hints to her to form a judgment on that which was obtruded on her attention, and what now called it out, so decidedly proclaimed the necessity of prudence, that she could not but ask herself how her friends could best follow the lead of that indispensable virtue.

Common sense answering that, if they could not recede, they must, at least, not advance ; and

situation where there were no means of squandering money, and really save.—Lady Mary listened benignly to her, while she tenderly asked her to inform her on the feasibility of such a plan;—but she soon saw that her ladyship's hopes centred in her son's exertions; and that, if she was not to be in Berkeley-square, the Plough at Cheltenham was the attraction most powerful.

The colonel's prediction as to the lodgment of his parent, was fulfilled: he had not returned at one in the morning, and the ladies parted for their rest. With sincere joy and gratitude, Carilis, as she approached nearer to the skies, heard the sound of heavy rain—she went back to tell this to Lady Mary: her ladyship did not accept it in the same spirit—she thought it increased the heat.

It was balm to her anxiety for Lady Mary, when, on entering the drawing-room, at an early hour of the next morning, she saw the general get out of a hackney-coach which stopt short of the house: the bells, first of the house-door—then of one room, and then of another, and last, of his dressing-room, announced his uninjured powers, and the resumption of his *personal* cares. She heard him speak cheerfully to Lady Mary, on the outside of her chamber-door, and was rejoiced that, at least, *this* trouble was over.

With something like a feeling of shy shame—

an indefinible reluctance to obtrude the recollection of her, on any one so circumstanced as was the general—she yet felt it necessary to persevere in her usual habits of domestic usefulness, and to take her seat at the breakfast-table.

She had time to think ;—for two hours elapsed after the master of the house returned, before he and his lady found appetite or leisure ;—and Carilia, prohibited from acting, by the indecision of her principals,—and, of her own employments, seeing only the spaces from which their symbols had been displaced, was compelled to thought or thoughtlessness.—The moment, and the obvious load it carried, were rich in subject of contemplation ; and sickening with a sort of horror in comparing

present gigantic scale of being imprudent?—Lady Mary's steady thrift in Devonshire had been rendered, by its implied necessity, and her regular perseverance in it, respectable, however little lovely;—Mr. Broderaye's had been conducted in a way, and on motives, that claimed every species of praise:—and the beauty of it was now made still more obvious to her than ever. He had had no concealments: he had been always ready to say, 'I am sorry to plead inability,' when his finances ran short—and when they allowed him any liberty, to use it for the advantage of those whose interests were in his hands. Obligated to accommodate himself to the demands of Necessity, they were his own indulgences that were sacrificed first; and when this deaf tyrant insisted that Frank Newson's shoes should go again to the cobbler's, his coat to the botcher's—and that little Carilis's outgrown frock, which had left its radiance in the wash-tub, should proclaim what it had been, by the testimonial of a new piece, he had the satisfaction of having led the way, and he had authority to check murmuring. 'And now,' said poor Carry to herself, 'how much better this was, than the situation of General and Lady Mary Vaseney!—I know Mr. Broderaye has not a debt in the world;—and happy, happy am I, that he let me into his affairs so kindly!—and happy too that he never suffered

me to imitate poor Mrs. Brudersye!—An expensive taste must be, like a great appetite, a real misfortune — very much like the labourer at St. Emeril's, who kept his family poor because he needed two quarts of milk-porridge for his breakfast, and could eat a whole shoulder of mutton at dinner;—and yet he was never fat—nor, in my opinion, will my good friends here ever be so:—they are doing me infinite good, if I am to be poor; for the great stomach of their—I do not know what to call them—their wants?—no—their pleasures?—no; I cannot say pleasures—well then! their *style*—for, I believe, that is the fashionable term—is as disgusting to me as it used to be, to see that man buying his bowl and scold.

complained of rheumatism, which, as she observed, was always the attendant on a very sunny situation when rain came.

The general agreed with her, and added, that the showers would make travelling much pleasanter.

One point in the doubting and almost hoping mind of Carilis, was settled:—she saw now, that, at all events—rain or shine, cold or hot, the Cheltenham-scheme was to be carried into execution.

Lady Mary looked brighter. The conversation on *agreeable* and *disagreeable*, had an artificial character that gave the idea of timidity or, at least, caution; and when Carry asked herself, ‘What does *this* mean?’ the person to whom she applied, whispered the bare possibility, that these two veterans in the world—with perfect freedom of action—and whose judgment should have led hers—had not courage to speak out even before *her*, but were piecemeal bringing out their intentions, when their will ought to have been the avowed law of every one in the house.

Something—her inexperience could not tell her what—made her very reluctant to put a question, even when questioning was necessary to her being of use.—If she had known a little more, she would have recognised her feeling as that of unwillingness to make any move that could preclude

consideration.—The party beginning to separate, Lady Mary asked the general what was his determination.

‘Certainly to go,’ he replied—‘but I cannot go to-day—I have some business that will confine me—I shall not stir out—and I shall desire that nobody may, on any consideration, be let in—we will just keep the bills down to-day, or else we shall have no peace:—but, to-morrow with the lark, I am at your service; and we shall be in Cheltenham in very good time.’

‘Let me see,’ said Lady Mary—‘what day is it, to-day?—and what is to-morrow?—I declare, my head is quite wild—with this heat, I suppose.’

‘Saturday,’ said General Vasency.

She was surprised to see a hackney-coach at his door, but not at all displeased to find him ready to get into it, with his small quantity of baggage:—he was sitting in the parlour of his landlady, delaying a little, in hope of the arrival of his granddaughter; but purposing, in case of disappointment, to call in Berkeley-square—though it would have put an additional sixpence or shilling on his fare.—He had had an interview with his Molly, and had committed to her the negotiation for his new abode, where she was to receive him. Though pleased with seeing his ‘Garliz,’ he had no feeling of the separation:—the same motives actuated him as on parting from his own daughter, when he exonerated her from all obligation to write to him; and they had now the added consideration of the expense of postage.—Carilis was not, by nature, fitted for such demands on self-possession;—but the very tenderness of the moment made her behave tolerably well:—she could have indulged herself in tears; but she saw they must pain the old man: he was not insensible to her emotion—but he repressed it, saying, ‘Don’t gry, my shile—I av god my boogs, an I shall hear de ews.—My gomblimens to Mr. Generall and my lady. I know id would only be drouble-zome vor me to gom to dem.’

She saw him safely off, and hastened home,

where the day was spent in all the activity of preparation. Some altercations occasionally fumed up from the hall; and the knocker, and door-bell, and inquiries, gave notice of persons, scarcely to be called visitors, but who came to pay their respectful adieus to the master of the house, on his adding to the list of fashionable departures, 'General and Lady Mary Vasey and the accomplished Miss Montorne, from their elegant mansion in Berkeley-square, to their rural villa near Cheltenham.'

The colonel came to dinner: he found Carlin alone in the drawing-room, finishing the arrangement of Lady Mary's work-box.—'Well, Carry,' said he, 'what say you to all this? does it not

little time as it would take to walk from here to the 'Change.—The whole of the matter is this: my reverend father—God rest his bones somewhere!—for, I am sure, he will never let them rest himself—when he patched up his affairs abroad, did it in such a way as to leave himself in the power of every living soul to whom he owed eighteen-pence—that is to say, he paid sixpence of eighteen-pence, six pounds of eighteen pounds, and eighteen hundred pounds of three times that sum—you can tell how much that is:—he had time given him for the rest—so, over he comes like a sage as he is!—Ah! Carry, we shall see him Chancellor of the Exchequer one of these days!—just cut out for the office!—born for it, I have often said;—but over he comes—beckons up Old Grumpy—she, let me tell you, between friends, was ready enough to come—he had only to cry “Cuckow,” and here, in this blessed sunshine, did they plant themselves.—I cannot tell you what Dad over a bottle of 'the choice cellar of this very house, engaged to give for the lease and fixtures, and this dainty furniture—it was immense, I find;—I was out of the way, you understand—indeed, I generally contrive to keep so—for there is no end of it with such people.—And now here have they been, about three months, I think, more or less. Granny brought up money from the sale of the

gear in the west—Major Sturgeon himself, I fancy, travelled rather light.—I heard of a last evening on his setting forth for his native Albion, that, I fancy, turned his little pockets rather inside-outish—Ah! Carry, you have no notion. Well then, how have they been living here?—No how, that I can see—my uncle's thousand pounds went like smoke—some of it, I believe, to prevent telling tales to Grumpy—Lord a' mercy upon us all!—You see I am doing all the ejaculatory part of the conversation for you, Carry—for, I am sure, if you do it for yourself, you will lose your breath quite.—But here comes the royal Dane—and his august spouse—by Jupiter! Well, mummy! what have you got for *my* dinner?—I hope “the *baked* meats”—for, I suppose, there is no *roast* meat in

‘ Miss Caroline Leslie,’ replied Lady Mary, tauntingly, ‘ must take up with what we can do for her.’

‘ I do not like,’ said Carilis to Colonel Vase-ney, ‘ to be placed in such a situation as you would put me in, colonel :—I have only to conform and be grateful :—whatever suits the general and Lady Mary, must suit *me* :—think what a trouble I am—is it for *me* to make myself a party in their concerns ?—If Sunday suits them to travel, what is it to me ?—am I to object ?—I am sure Mr. Broderaye would call this by a very harsh name ; and that is not his custom.’

‘ What would he call it ?’

‘ Pharisaical pride, he would call it.’

‘ Come, Carry,’ said the colonel, ‘ do not let us quarrel at last—you are right, and your guardian is right, and my hero is right, and Grumpy is right, and all right—but only, I just presume to say, that, in my humble opinion, it is not the very perfection of wisdom, to do that which is in itself *wrong*, because it is, by our management, *right for us*.’

The evening of this last day was desperately dull. Every thing was in readiness ; and there was a pause which the colonel compared to that before an action.—

‘ Before an earthquake, you might as well

say,' said the general, with ill-humour; ~~for~~ for I believe you know more of the one than of the other—an *action*, indeed! when were you ever in *action*?—*action* indeed!

The tone of this alarmed Carlin—the last completion of misery seemed at hand, should father and son disagree—and she could not expect Colonel Vasey to bear this insulting retort.—But she did not know the family, or the advantage at which the son had his parents.—The colonel gave the general a reply, which was followed by a hearty laugh,—they shook hands, as if neither had the advantage, and parted in jocular humour, intending to meet again 'at plough,' as they termed it, in the High-street of Cheltenham.

At an hour considerably later than that appointed, and with somewhat more expense than

parative infirmity of Lady Mary;—for advancing age excites compassion in the thoughtful:—but there were two or three who exhibited gestures towards the general, as he ascended the driving-seat, that spoke different languages;—one gesture seemed to say, ‘O! inconsiderate man!’—another—‘See what all this will come to’—but one ‘ruffian’—as the general himself termed him in settling his outstanding coat-flap on the seat—actually doubled his fist in a menacing attitude that said, ‘You old rascal!—O! that it was *not* Sunday morning!’

The house, once the pride and delight of its short-season occupiers, not having yet been viewed by any of those who were supposed to be desirous of London as a residence in August and September, was left, under the dereliction of the supposed conservator of it, the cook, to the care and patronage of a woman seen for the first time when the carriage was at the door. All other cares devolved on the upholsterer and his men.

CHAPTER X.

STILL supported by hope, and often deceived in their reliance, the captives in the neighbourhood of Paris wore out the time till this period, very much alive to the melioration of their detention, yet anxious for circumstances connected with it. Attempts, which they had done all in their power to discourage, had been made by some, to elude the vigilance of their guards; and the consequences were felt by all; the most rigorous supervision of correspondence did not suffice; all intercourse with England was prohibited; and letters accumulated in heaps, which those appointed to receive

his protection ; but the uncertainty of politics made her shrink once more from the responsibility of removing her into their situation. In Lord Astham's suspense and anxiety, she took a parent's part, yet could not encourage his departure from his firm resolution to abide the event of waiting to learn poor Carry's disposition towards him, and his father's towards her.

Lord Winchmore's equanimity was, in some measure, supported by the necessity of setting an example to his son ; and his hopes sometimes assisting him, when he contemplated the general tendency of public affairs, he could do much towards the gentle cheerfulness of the party, as well as still more towards their personal comforts. Putting his own feelings aside, he now much wished Lord Astham in England, and was inclined to solicit his liberation, that he might not, at this critical time of his life, lose the superior advantages of his own country. The young man was privy to this disposition in his father, and met it with his own ; but there was in his heart a reluctance to leave the earl a prisoner ; and he seemed little willing to trust himself in England, without one of his two guardians. It was no small portion of ' the world ' that he had learned amongst his countrymen in detention ; and though Mr. Broderaye discouraged all inferences of what men

must be, from what they may be, yet: he shrunk from making an experiment of what they might be, when by himself.

The vicar's situation, which had been favoured with the greatest degree of improvement, was one of such peculiar anxiety, that he felt, at times when it recoiled forcibly on his recollection, as if he was recovering from a dangerous illness, only to be publicly executed on his attainment of health. Precarious as was the situation of his wife's property, he could not ascertain to himself, the power of providing for poor Carry;—nor, could he have made her ever so rich, would he have been justified in passing over, in silent acquiescence, her claim on Lady Lynford.—Time wore away—every one of poor Carry's birthdays brought nearer the crisis that must demand of him—if the baroness conti-

humiliation of his wretchedness, he told himself—without listening to the suggestion of what he might have done for his own advancement—he had for years owed his daily bread : Oh ! it was sad rumination ; and though he had now a dear companion, who could talk away much that oppressed him, yet this was a subject on which, at present, as there could be no confidence, he could seek no consolation.

Thus they went on, living as well in all points as situation and circumstances admitted ; and by their exemplary decorum, the elegance of their minds, the suavity of their manners, and the liberality of the earl, contributing to the preservation of religious recollection, moral virtue, good tastes, and good manners, amongst the unfortunate companions of their lot.

It is highly probable, that there might be moments in the time which Lady Lynford was passing on the lake of Geneva, when she might reasonably have envied any of the *détenus*, thus shackled to their discomfort. She was not now at a romantic time of life ; and she might ask herself, what the miseries of any one of them were, compared to those which she had congregated in her own person. The remedy was, indeed, in her own hands ; but, in the usual proceeding of her

ladyship's spirit, it was far more likely that its stiffness would increase, than that it would yield to any means opposed to it.—The episode of her acquaintance with the Countess Forestieri, had so deranged the plan on which she hoped to have conducted her epic to its conclusion, that she was at a distracting loss. . She had caught a mouse, of which she meant to have made a play-thing, or something more useful; and it had run away with the bait, and cleared its neck of the trap: she knew that to have been brought about, without her intervention, which she flattered herself she could have sold at the price fixed by herself; and she was, to her stunning astonishment, aware, that she had contributed, without the right of

of *that* they may assure themselves, on *my* word.'

Resolved on the conflict, she next considered the place on which she would meet it, and the preparations necessary for it. And now, tiring under those very pleasures which she had adopted as substitutes for peace of mind, she turned her thoughts towards England; and regarding her voluntary exile as a tame resignation, and as subjecting her to tacit ejectment from her fair inheritance, she contemplated, with artificial excitement, her return to St. Emeril's, which rumour informed her, would soon be at her disposal; and the enthusiasm with which her tenantry would hail her arrival, attracted her pride. The advantage she might there make of their disposition in her favour, and of her anticipated possession of the ground, was evident to her reason—and the host of difficulties which she might bring forward to annoy and beat off those who should presume to attack her there, seemed to her invincible. Something, too, she trusted, might be gained by early application to the assistance of the law: she still hoped that, even if her father *had* the power thus to distress her, some informality—some error—some omission might serve her;—and well aware, that for all this, time was necessary, she fixed the period for her return.

The known want of funds to support the claim of her opponent, was great encouragement to her hopes; and the detention of Mr. Broderaye a still greater. And now, discontinuing all reckoning on the time for which the minority would last, she felt a sort of odd ambition to make the question hold out, till Mr. Broderaye's authority should end.—In short, every thing was in favour of her project of returning to England, now the vicar was out of it; and on her first notice, that the Vaseneys no longer occupied her house, she prepared to appear there in her own person. Not choosing that any reports, conjectures, or discussions should anticipate her, it was her intention to betake herself thither immediately,

French dominions, and, with her usual good fortune, which seemed

‘To lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind,’

she, when thousands of English were bemoaning their want of power to move, got forward without hinderance, and fancied herself happy in passing very close to the spot which held nearly the whole population of her personal attachments,—without crossing upon one of those whom she loved. Landing from Havre at Southampton, as most convenient to her views, she hastened westward, and was under the portico of what was, at present, her own mansion, with a blunted recollection of the very short time that might be allowed her to call it so. Her ladyship’s journey was performed at so critical a point of time, that had she, to avoid those of her friends most interested in her happiness, and whom she most wished to see,—made her way by another route, and coming through Holland, landed at Yarmouth, she might, in crossing her native island diagonally, have arrived at Oxford just at the point of time when General and Lady Mary Vaseney stopt there in their way to Cheltenham—and might, in some lobby or passage of the Star-inn there, have met Miss Monterne, in time to have wished her a plea-

sant journey on setting off next morning—but this did not occur.

The baroness's reception in the west, was every thing that she could promise herself. Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury was not a greater personage. Engrossed by attention to the equipoise demanded of her, under the frailty of tenure which she had superadded to that of mortality, she thought not of 'dear Meryon'—of the silently-delusive Waston—of the interesting old count—or his elegantly-minded son, but heard, with invidious feelings, her return congratulated on the false appreciation obtained by comparison with—the *Faxneys*!

Sent into the world, certainly with few good

crouch to the helpless creature whom she had been at so much trouble in avoiding. She found she had pledged herself for a character which she could not sustain ;—and something, in the face of every one who came to address her, or with expectations of being addressed by her, told her, that ‘ all was false and hollow.’

Most of all, was her indignation raised by the visit of Mr. Broderaye’s curate : she could not avoid him—she had no alternative—she *must* be civil—for *he* might be as important to her, as any one, or as any *ten*, if he resembled his principal. —But he did not ; and anew her spleen was called forth by the comparison, which left her nothing to remark on, but his *presumption* in having been nominated to his present charge.—The poor young man was not to blame, in this, nor was he blameworthy in other respects—he was not, indeed, Maximilian Hermont de Broderaye—the finished man—the elegant, the cogent, the energetic preacher of righteousness ; but he was a good plain conscientious country-curate, who, setting out honestly and industriously, would have obtained the approbation and respect of even Mr. Broderaye, as he advanced in practice, and gained experience.

Well ! here at her principal home, which, in due and consistent perverseness, she now tried to love and value more than ever, her ladyship set

herself down, to get it into such order as should be a pledge for her returning, when her urgent affairs should call her to London;—and here, then, we may leave her, and look after those who were on their way to Cheltenham.

There may be persons in the world who will, through mere ignorance of what is passing in it, not see as clearly as they should do, the merit of the restricted economy under which the Berkeley-square party travelled. Instead of having the post-chariot and four horses for the two ladies, his own tandem or curricie—so delightful after the rain!—and a chaise of the road with four more horses, for the lady's maid, housemaid, and lug-

The carriage was soon off the pavement, and had proceeded a little way on the smooth road, the air refreshed by the hard rain of the preceding day, and every care seemingly left behind—when Lady Mary, finding the sun inconvenient, or her eyes uneasy—for indeed she was travelling in a direction that left the sun *at her back*—pulled down the green curtain of the window before her. She advised her companion to do the same; but Miss Monterne, not being sensible to any annoyance, and perhaps amused with looking about her, declined the indulgence;—till, perceiving the frequent support which General Vaseney's consideration for the weaker sex, induced him to give to the partner of his elevation, when any thing like a jolt occurred, or the carriage was not perfectly level, she too found the light too strong, and made the same movement as Lady Mary.

Things thus adjusted and accommodated, her ladyship, after a thoughtful pause, said, 'I want very much, my dear Carry, to have some serious talk with you—and this is the best opportunity I may have.—But I wish they would not drive so fast:—I am sure we have time enough to get to Oxford in good time; and we are to go no further to-night.—Do, dear general, tell them not to go so fast—they throw the dirt up all against the win-

slow, and they make my head ache—I shall be quite ill—make them go slower.’

Her husband seemed not to understand the commission—but Carlin’s quick ear heard him ask the partner of his throne, if they went too fast for her ;—and the reply, which was, that they could not go too fast for her—was still more distinctly audible :—it was concluded by a piano, ‘ *Non vaud her* ’—and they proceeded—poor Carry, in common compassion, glancing her eye at her protectress, whom she now regarded as pitiable.

Lady Mary had retreated farther into the corner of the carriage, as if hoping to endure better there, what she could not prevent. Carlin offered to try to make the general hear :—she was

If there had been any alteration in pace, it was in favour of speed.—The post-boys might hear the waiting-maid's reply, and draw just conclusions.

The subject on which Lady Mary Vaseney wished to speak, declared its importance, and the necessity of despatching it, 'at the first blush ;' for she began to prelude it, when, notwithstanding her tight insertion into the corner of the carriage, and the fancied obedience to her wish of going slower, she found it necessary to hold fast by the loops, and, even with this support, could not control the audible rapping of her jaws.—To the pavement of Colnbrook she was forced, with other mortals, to give way ; but this cleared, she began, and the topic was prolific enough to serve, at proper intervals, for the *délassement* of the journey of that day.—Important it was, confessedly, to her ladyship ; and a bold guesser might have conjectured it painfully so to a mother—but this admitted of qualification. Her conscientious object was to secure her dear charge—under the intimation received from Colonel Vaseney, of his intention to visit his parents at Cheltenham—against the delusions which might, in such a situation, endanger her welfare ;—and 'listening,' as she said, 'to nothing but her maternal feeling towards her dear charge,' she adopted the generosity of a disinter-

ested friend, and might, poor woman! fancy she was deserving still higher credit, in imitating the only Object of rational worship, when sparing not her own son. She might have quoted this authority as justifiably as any of us, when, in defence of our voluntary association with the splendidly immoral, we tell ourselves or others, that we are only acting like God himself, 'who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.'—There is no possibility of carping at such references, or objecting to such allusions as profane—we should not be heard:—but for our *private* use, it may be well to recollect, that there is some small existing difference between the omniscience of our

point cleared. It will be enough to say, that Mrs. Vaseney came from under the pencil or chizel of her mother-in-law, a most interesting, sacrificed, ill-used, broken-hearted, excusably-culpable example of every thing amiable; and that the colonel, who must take up with that which this outline spared him, had little claim allowed him to love, confidence, or respect.

To have withheld belief from so elaborate, so minute a system of circumstantialities, would have been the most presumptuous imprudence in any auditor; and in Carilis, it would have merited an appellation still less merciful. If the smallest disposition to refer to her own pre-conceived opinion of the colonel, now rebelled against conviction, it was called up solely by the deep 'maternal interest' with which Lady Mary did all this violence to her feelings—which, instead of contributing to the weight that she was putting into one scale, had rather a tendency to increase the counterbalance.—'Who told you that?'—and, 'How came you to know that?' are questions which, very often, the propounder might answer, when the self-treachery of biassed interests or affections exposes to view that which we supposed hidden in the dark recess of our own hearts.

A sense of obligation might have blunted the edge of Carilis's sagacity in any imagined affront

to herself; but it had neither influence on, nor relation to, the concern of another. She could not but recollect her grandfather's just sentiments on Lady Mary's bitterness towards her two eldest daughters, Mrs. Penrowney and her sister who had, by withdrawing with her, relieved her family of the burden of her maintenance.—Of the son at sea, little was said; and the younger girls, when once safe in a foreign place of education, seemed, if not adopted into other protection, dismissed from that under which they were born; and their trust-worthy governess, Miss Sims, had been severely censured for their natural defects. Making these circumstances a back-ground for the portrait Lady Mary had now drawn, Corlie was

as increased obligation, Lady Mary's uneradicable persuasion of her great prospects on attaining her majority; and to assure her—without making or admitting the least interposition of any other name, (or title, for which she now knew that name to be exchanged)—that, if such a thing were possible as Colonel Vaseney's thinking on her in any other light than that in which he had hitherto accepted her, nothing could be more certain than the reply she must make to any avowal. She trusted—considering how important it was to her present existence that she should not alienate the kindness of the family—she trusted that Lady Mary herself would prevent such a crisis, by an unreserved expression of her gratitude and respect, accompanied by a firm refusal, on her part, to listen to any overture.

'Right woman!'—the colonel himself would have said, had he been within ear-shot, when his mother replied by rather a taunting recapitulation of his still-remaining pretensions, to that answer which Carilis fancied she wished to obtain.—Her pride would not digest the under-valuation of her son, yet meaning to retain Carilis always her friend, and at this juncture smarting under every wheal that his sarcasms had made on her memory during the last few days, she would have felt severely mortified by any co-alition between

them. Let nobody condemn Lady Mary Vasency as an incredibly unfeeling parent, or even as acting inconsistently with that indulgence which had formed or *de*-formed the character of her offspring. She had been a passionately-fond mother in the first scenes of that most interesting character, as she had been a passionately-fond wife in the early years of matrimony—but the passion for her husband had certainly ‘the benefit of survivorship,’—that for her children gave way as they approached to a level with herself;—and when reaping only the fruits of her own mis-conduct in rearing them, she could, on every occasion of excited jealousy, questioned power or mortified feeling, set their actions in a light as little softened by her proxi-

CHAPTER XI.

CHELTHENHAM was entered 'in good style,' and under a sky peculiarly favourable to its beauties. Carilis was astonished, she gazed with sensations, not yet called forth by any other place, at the union of its various recommendations. London had overwhelmed her: Oxford had claimed her reverential admiration—but Cheltenham challenged its own appropriate feeling; and she did not stint it in its measure. Lady Mary entered into all the joy of giving an agreeable surprise; and, perhaps, the general sought the same gratification, when he asked *his* companion if it was not a fine street;—but *she* had the advantage of Miss Monterne in experience—and the manner of her reply showed that the place was not new to her, and that its *agrémens* were counterbalanced by the necessity of resuming her employments.

There cannot be too much said in praise of cheerfulness, or of the value of good spirits.—The one is the burnish of politeness—the other, the native soil in which alone the virtues of some minds can preserve themselves in existence. Arrived and settled at the famous Plough—the ge-

neral and Lady Mary felt a comparative influx of satisfaction amounting to joy, perhaps not much inferior to that which travellers of a different description, have experienced on gaining the convent of the Great St. Bernard, after the toilsome journey that must win its kindness. Though the lodgment was made only for the night—'positively for that night only,'—there was, as Lady Mary observed, 'such comfort in knowing what they were about!—they should just look round at the shops, and for a house—just the least nutshell in the place—any thing would hold *them*—but it must, as the dear general said, "have a rose-tree before it,"—so, dear Carry must look sharp for a rose-tree—and, if it was a little way out of the place, not exactly on the Tenbyburn side

life, had sent a very large proportion of the fugitives from that of London to the same place.—The party came back to their inn to dine and consider while they dined,—and the result of their considerations not being summed up, till it was too late to seek again with any spirit, it was resolved, just to breakfast where they were next day, and then to sally forth, not to return, as the general said, *re infectâ*—and remarking to Carilis, for his own comfort, that ‘he had not left his Latin in Berkeley-square.’

The arrival of the housemaid by the stage-coach, completed the expectations of the day—there was room, even for *her*, at the Plough; and General Vaseney had only nine bipeds and five quadrupeds, omitting his four-wheeled carriage—standing at livery at one of the gayest hotels in Christendom.

One whole day’s indulgence where they were, the general next proposed, and his lady consented, to give themselves:—the colonel would be down on the Wednesday—it was then Monday night; and the difference would be little of one night’s lodging: they could look about at more leisure, and make a more prudent choice, by taking the whole of Tuesday; whoever they took a house of, would certainly let the housemaid come in:—she might have breakfast ready for them on Wednes-

day morning.—Frederick would be down by the mail, and all this would do cleverly—so cleverly!

Tuesday's search was very propitious—they took down the address of every house that was vacant, and which had any of the proper attractions, promising to call again on it; but fashionable people arriving, like herrings, it so happened, that, before they made their second visit, every thing was occupied, or so raised in price, that it might as well have been occupied, for any power that it left *them* to bid for it.

The colonel arrived, as he had promised; and the five minutes usually spent in greetings between friends newly come together after absence, were bestowed by him in expressions of wonder at find-

all together, now we come to consider, we want rather a largish house.—We are three ourselves, and six servants, beside the carriage and the horses.—But,’ continued he, while his son’s well-calculated stare seemed to defy him to pause, ‘Lady Mary was pleased, and Miss Monterne was so delighted!—as is natural, you know, to a young person who has not seen much—that I really thought it a pity to move the ladies—but, I suppose, we may as well now decide on something:—I didn’t, indeed, know how to move, when we were once in, till you came.’

‘No, I believe, verily, you could not, by *this* time,’ said his son—‘but I shall see you out presently, my Don Sebastian, or I know the consequence.’

Miss Monterne was in the room with the general and Lady Mary when the colonel joined them.—Her ladyship had withdrawn, perhaps, to avoid what she might guess she should hear.—Carilis had remained, ready to officiate at breakfast; but even while engaged in preparation, she had heard her name used in excuse for that in which she had no will: she remonstrated; and to convince the gentlemen that the procrastination did not rest with her,—or even with her protectress, she finished what she urged in their exculpation, by saying that, however caught she herself

might be with the novelty of the scene, and however agreeable it might be to Lady Mary at first, she could answer for them both, that they should be most heartily glad to quit it, and remove to a quieter situation. — Lady Mary entered at the moment; and poor Carry expected her, on her repeating to her what she had avouched, to corroborate it.

Her inexperience had again mis-led her—Lady Mary failed her; and, under a horse-laugh from her husband—which was not joined by the colonel,—she, in a plaintive tone, said, ‘And *are* we then to go?—And where?—dear! dear! I shall have all the trouble of the house again—I thought we were going on so quietly and well!—no necessity

the owner of such a house must be paid on an immense scale of profit?—You would not be pleased if you had not all the *agrémens* of an elegant residence.—You have your couches and ottomans; and, I dare say, your beds are of the first class; and, I am sure, Don Sebastian would not like his dinner without his silver-forks and silver-tureens, and silver-dishes; and for all this you *must* pay, because the owner *must* pay and *live*.—If you want to live cheap, go to a cheap place—don't come to Cheltenham.—Go to Hereford; and *there* three of ye may dine decently for half a guinea—don't come here; for here you *must live in style*; and, you know yourselves, you come for *that*; and, consequently, here you *must* pay; and if you kept the house yourself, Mrs. Mummy, you would make others do so too; and I question whether more mercifully.'

It was impossible to controvert this reasoning; but still Lady Mary fought against the retreat—'there would be expense in getting their luggage removed; and she never knew a ready-furnished house that did not need 20*l.* laid out in the first week in necessaries—and then the broken crockery-ware, and the things lost at the end of the time, came to a frightful sum of money.'

This debate was ended by the general's 'Come, come, Lady Mary,'—and by the colonel's pious

exhortation to his mother, 'only just not to be a goose.'

Breakfast over, the party set out, all together and afresh, under the better escort of the colonel, in quest of this habitation, which was to be every thing to them and nothing in the eye of the proprietor. Lady Mary's movements on the arm of the general, told him when she thought herself drawn too far from any eligible situation, so that their choice was much smaller than their labour. Lady Mary's calculations and *set-against*s puzzled even her son into confessing, that some houses, against which he had protested, were, *after all*, cheaper than others of less price ;—for, be it known to the young beginners in prudence, nothing is so easy as to prove, in any way that is agreeable or ne-

herself in some measure made a party to their transactions, by the general's quoting her as an obstacle to his prudent remove, she, in a very respectful, but very earnest manner, besought her protectress to consider, before it was too late, the expense into which every thing seemed leading, and the uneasiness it might produce.

'Miss Monterne!' said her ladyship, holding off as if she had before seen her in too short a focus—'pray, is it any concern of yours? May not General Vaseney take what house he likes, without asking your leave? Are *you* to pay the rent?'

'I wish, with all my heart, I *were* to do it, and *could* do it,' replied poor Carry, insensible to the novelty of this taunt under the superior impulse of affectionate interest.

Unless bodily irritability is to be pleaded as an excuse for every departure from truth, and justice, and mercy, and there is to be a licensed state of insanity to which all are to bow, as to the idols of some eastern countries, it is highly necessary to mark, as almost unpardonable, Lady Mary's intemperate reply.—She shall have every allowance made to her—but still it was unpardonable to reply to one so much at her mercy, and of whose good intention in the present instance, and integrity in all instances, she could not doubt—'You

pay it? Miss Monterne—you had better pay your debts—pay *them* first.'

Carilis had been standing—she could stand no longer.—She could not draw her breath—she was suffocating.—Sinking down on a chair behind Lady Mary, she tried to overcome the spasm in her throat; but the struggle could not be concealed. It caught the colonel's attention as he was passing the room.—Lady Mary, cool and unalarmed, said it was 'nervous.' There was a chymist's opposite: the colonel skipped across the street, and returning with a glass of camphor-julep, gave her the power of tears.—Lady Mary told herself and the by-standers, that it was 'all nerves,' and that the young lady was subject to

first, or move first, was debated. The colonel interposed a hint of prudence not to be condemned, in advising a sight of the bill previous to the decision.—It was now scarcely dusk—and there was leisure in abundance.

The bill, or *account*, as more politely termed, was ordered—and, in a reasonable time, brought.—It was perused and thrown on the table by the last peruser.—The general had placed himself like the Colossus at Rhodes, backing on the chimney—and, perhaps—for he was in a state of considerable abstraction, fancying that he warmed himself. His countenance must pass undescribed.

Lady Mary was talking away her share in the monstrosity of the charges.—She had, over and over, desired only to have very small dishes of made-things—she would not have turtle-soup because of the expense: she had no rush-light in her chamber, though she always burnt a *wax* watch-light at home—and Miss Monterne had no light in hers; and the charge for ‘teas’ was enormous, because Miss Monterne never drank any; and yet it was all the same—and the servants, she was sure, ‘had never had half that was set down.’—Her son advised her not to repeat these words.

All this could not pass without action, and vehement increase of heat of countenance, and some disturbance of features.—The colonel, mean-

while, had his glass up at his eye, sometimes standing at the window, secretly exulting at the realization of his expectations, however inconvenient to the party, and ultimately expensive to himself: he had a tune in his head, a tooth-pick between his teeth; and while he listened triumphantly to his mother's discussion of items, contemplated the still-discernible ankles of the pedestrian symphs opposite the house, and gave an occasional glance towards poor Carry, who still looked ragged, and who compelled herself to remain where she was, lest, relaxing restraint by quitting observation, she might indulge her bitter feelings to the detriment of her usefulness.

Lady Mary, turning towards her as if she

am afraid he will make but a bad *harvesting* in Cheltenham——'

'Pooh! money I *have*,' said the general; 'but if I pay away what I have, what have we to get on with?—the bill's enormous—I have a great mind to send it up to my lawyer.'

'That's a good one, faith,' said the colonel, turning aside, and looking at his mother as if appealing to *her* superior discretion.—'If you want to treble your expense, Sir,' said he, 'I don't know that I can put you in a better way, and I would do it, if I were you.—Now, do; pray do.—Get the matter tried at next assizes, and you will then know whether the law can redress you.'

The waiter came in, to know the decision of the party, as the room was wanted, if they gave it up.

'Do you then decide on sleeping here, general?' said Lady Mary.

'Faith, I don't know what to decide,' he answered despondingly—'I don't know what I am doing—I was almost thinking.—We'll ring, waiter, when we want you——'

'I was thinking,' resumed he, when the door was closed—'I was thinking, if we could not be off this devilish house—I dare say, that fellow—that house-agent, has done nothing with ours yet:—if he had, I should have heard from him.—And

whether, Lady Mary, it would not be better at once to go back again—you can't call it hot now; for I could bear a fire.'

Lady Mary had the good sense and prudence to acquiesce in this. If they could but get off the bargain for the house!

A note was written, dictated by the general, and committed to paper by his son, who, alternately scrawling and shouting, at length accomplished it, in these terms: 'Maj^r Gen^l Vasey is *extremely* sorry to be under the necessity of declining the house for which he was treating; but, being recalled to town by *very particular* business, he is obliged to quit Cheltenham immediately.'

The groom was despatched with the answer.

before her : the man was summoned, and had his orders.

‘ He is the fittest person to go,’ said General Vaseney, as if now answering his lady’s proposal of her son for the office ; ‘ he cannot be asked any questions.’

‘ There is one,’ said the colonel, as if on purpose contradicting his father, ‘ which he may answer, perhaps, better than I could.’

‘ What’s that ?’

‘ Oh ! I don’t pretend to state the query, but I know what the answer would be.—He will “ only just,” as you and Toddy say, tell the woman that he knows no reason for your going to London, where there is nobody that you can want, or who wants you, but because you have no money to stay here,—and then, ‘ Ti, tiddle tum dee, where shall we be ?’

This wit neither called for, nor had, any reply. —‘ Carry,’ said the colonel, ‘ look at me—I will play you a “ Proverbe,” my child—don’t look so grave ; —never mind ’em,—I don’t, you see—now look.’

He then set himself in an attitude of strutting, and began to stride about the room with such violent long steps, at the same time placing his arms like an archer in action, that Carilis must have lost all power of being amused, if she had not smiled, and all power of application, if she

had not distinctly seen, in his ludicrous gesticulation, the general trusting much to his consequence to assist him—transgressing the bounds of propriety—and sacrificing truth to his convenience, ‘on the spur of the occasion.’—He went about singing, ‘ Mr. Strongbow and General Longbow’—but two of the party *cared* not, and the third *dared* not to heed him.

With some anxiety, but by which of two evils most excited, it was hard to say, the report of the messenger was awaited. But the owner of the house, who was a female, choosing neither to commit her sentiments to paper, nor to the memory of a servant, brought her reply herself, and being admitted, soon convinced her new tenant, that he

the two actors themselves—but verily there are people in the world, who could make grimaces before a looking-glass, and fancy they were imposing on some living being.

The house was to be looked at, finally, after breakfast next day, and entered on at noon; and Lady Mary, now again in spirits and politeness, did all in her power to restore the wounded cheerfulness of poor Carry, by interesting her in their agreeable settlement;—but she had gone a little too far—so much too far, that she must go a little farther in the contrary direction than she, perhaps, intended or wished.—It was an awkward situation; but she *must* get out—her ladyship might again have quoted the habituated ‘eels.’—‘Come, come, my dear Carry,’ said she, with something that in a person of no rank might have been called *effrontery*, ‘do not let us make something out of nothing:—I see I have hurt your nerves by what I said—you should not be so tiffish—I did not mean to do it—I am sorry for it; but, to tell you the truth, my heart was set upon the house, and I did not, just then, like to be thwarted. I thought you would be so comfortable in it!—You must make allowances for my perpetual uneasinesses—I am worried out of my life by one thing and another,—and I fear there are more troubles for *me* than I know of. My dear general is the best creature in the world

—but he has his faults;—I hope Frederick will think of his father—for the house we *must* have, now—we have no choice—and it is such a nice place! my dear Carry—a nice bed-room and *boudoir* for you, my dear girl.’

Dear Carry could not quite let pass the occasion of assisting herself and providing against future suffering.—She did not, indeed, dwell on the mixture of falsehood in what she had just heard—nor did she give any heed to the bribery with which it was seasoned; but she expressed her hope and confidence, that Lady Mary would never again suffer such a reproach to escape from her lips:—she recognised her debts with contrition—

and 'engaging with some lady of fashion,' and 'superintending;'—or had she used *any* of the language of the day, her noble friend could have met her ideas, and might have convinced her that she knew nothing to any purpose;—but when she came down to 'doing something for a livelihood,' there was nothing to be said by one who had so tried what she could do, unless her ladyship could deny her own experience.

The next morning settled every thing—even the bill at the hotel, which was now 'just run over again,' and, 'considering all things,' thought not so very unreasonable: the great consideration, perhaps, was, that the colonel had consented to discharge it,—at the same time, however, protesting, by his immortality, that he would do no more.—'Seven hundred within a week was,' as he observed, 'rather too bad:—he could not stand it—no, that he could not, upon his ——: no man could, unless he had a money-tree that flowered all the year round—so Cæsar and his Calphurnia might go whistle—Tum-ti.'

There was quiet and comfort in the new house. Carilis was not perpetually under the feet of her friends—they had their apartments—she had hers;—and she was pleased with the liberty they could now use of discussing their affairs—and, as to herself, sensibly relieved by not being forced to listen

as to make her subscription to the library suit 'dear Carry's' reading—therefore, with the help of her own necessities, she could find abundant employment. She entered into amusements quite as much as she wished, and saw what is called the best society: her solitary hours were not without their painful thoughts; but there were assuaging recollections, and her time of life was hopeful.

Whatever might be the catastrophe of the Cheltenham *séjour*, it was pleasant to any one, partaking of it, to observe its beneficial effects on the general and Lady Mary. He declared himself re-juvenized; and even the colonel confessed that Toddy had 'been to the mill.' The High-street sufficed for two-thirds of the day, and the *ruralities*, as the general called them, for the other;—and though the Berkeley-square house did *not* let, and the horses were nearly useless, yet, as the one did *not* eat, and the others *must* eat, 'this must be put up with:' 'at any rate,' they were gaining health, and 'any thing was better than paying the apothecary.'—'You agree with me, my dear Carry,' said the general, 'that it is better to wear out shoes than sheets.—Ah! I knew you would say, "Yes."—I always thought you a clever girl.'

It was fairly to be inferred, from the great change observable in Lady Mary's mode of speaking of the colonel, that he had rendered his father

some very signal service in his exigencies. He was in high favour with both when present, and, even in his absences, he was characterized in very approving terms: his younger brother was wished like him; and, in short, a perfectly new edition of Colonel Vaseney came out from the press of—it was fair to conclude—his parents' necessities.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Vaseneys had now got on to the centre-point of August in this way; when the joyful news arrived, that the Berkeley-square house was let for an indefinite time; and, though at a rent so low as not to promise to make good the injury it might sustain, yet, as putting an end to the expense of keeping a person in it, the event was accepted 'with every demonstration of joy'—the general and Lady Mary finished their decanter of Madeira to the health of the new tenant in all convivial jocularities. A piece of silk was laid on her ladyship's dressing-table, inscribed, 'From an affectionate husband to an amiable wife. A. V.' Carilis found a pretty sapphire-broche in her work-bag; and there now seemed no lack of comfort or money, any more than of kindness, amongst the party.—The evenings indeed were beginning to 'draw in,' as it is called—the general was regularly engaged—the colonel was very much away—and Lady Mary again courted the society of dear Carry, who, with proper consideration, accommodated her employ to the liberty of speech necessary to make her presence useful.

In this apparent improvement and obvious

change of habits, it however soon struck Carlis that there was a deeper alteration than she had suspected. Lady Mary had now taken up, respecting the important event of Miss Monterne's majority, ideas totally at variance with those which she had so manifested at St. Emeril's, and which seemed only suspended by imposed silence while in London. Mr. Vanderryck's wisdom was quoted, on every occasion, as displayed in that which, really, he had never made so very certain, his disbelief of any advantage likely to result to his grand-daughter from Baroness Lynford's forfeiture:—every sentiment that Miss Monterne had uttered, and which testified to her intention of doing more than merely equitably, was now recollected and presented to her memory, as if to gain repetition and in a

thing that she could recollect from Mr. Bende-
raye's maxims, militated against it. On the con-
trary, she could call to mind his apposite applica-
tion of what he read with 'dear Frank' and her-
self, to the common purposes of life; and even
the fables of Æsop taught her, with other invalu-
able lessons of adaptable prudence, the waste of
providential goodness incurred by those who let
fair opportunities of benefit pass by them unim-
proved. She, therefore, was less unreserved than
heretofore in her expressions of decided repun-
ciation—and did not see, that, in this very caution,
she was entrapping herself.

Another subject—by compact long suffered to
sleep in silence—was now—it must be supposed
in dearth of conversation—brought forward again;
—and she was highly commended for her good
sense in the large allowance she made for the
change in Lord Astham's situation. She felt it—
at least by its effect on her cheeks—rather inde-
licate in her kind friend to mention any thing so
deeply interesting in so unprefaced a manner.—
Had the praise been called forth by her prudence
in giving up the purchase of an expensive article of
dress, or in foregoing any tempting invitation, it
could not have made its appearance less clothed—
and Carilis felt offended; till, recollecting that the
error lay more in the manner than in the intention

of the speaker, she turned the head of her feeling by the bridle of her candour, and was silent.

What came next?—Nothing more at this moment—and nothing for two or three days, during which, the general and Lady Mary, now relaxing a little under the comfort of having hired an incomparable cook, having a capital eating-parlour, and, to all appearance, being flush of money—were engaged, and she with them.—But the next time the ladies sate down together, the still-increasing eulogy of the colonel was explained by such a departure from consistency as precluded all possibility of subsequent wonder at any that want might excuse or shamelessness attempt to justify.

She was asked, point-blank—for Lady Mary was no engineer—if she did not think she could

common conscientiousness, to forego the great advantage given her by Lady Lynford's default—such a girl could not be expected to behave on this emergency, as a regularly-trained daughter of society. It may be pleaded also in her behalf, that she was, by nature, timid—that she was under the greatest obligations to the general and Lady Mary Vaseney—that she was still entirely dependent on them—that it might have forfeited her guardian's favour, had she presumed to offend them—that she had no reason to suppose Mr. Broderaye would sanction the neglect of such an opportunity of settling herself, and of relieving him from a burden—and that she knew not what might be the consequence to herself, of mortifying a mother thus employed.

What she had remaining of the five pounds which she had received from Mr. Vanderryck, would, indeed, convey her to him; but what was she to do when she reached him; and with what face, or what hopes, could she throw herself on him for protection and maintenance?

If, therefore, she behaved improperly, or irregularly, or indecorously—if she forgot what was due to the rank and respectability of Lady Mary, in her eager concern for her own interests—if she forgot that, as a minor, she had no right to act for herself—or if, in this great question, the com-

panion of her infancy, and the possessor of her first affections, never once came to her thoughts, she is to be pardoned.—She certainly consulted no rule of conduct in the *impromptu* of her excitation—she forgot every thing and every body, in the high feeling of the moment.

And how did it show itself?—In rising from her chair, with a grace that belonged to her figure, and a dignity that resulted from her mind:—in looking Lady Mary full in the face—in blushing for her—in a silence of a few moments, and then saying—‘Of all the moments of my life this is the most distressing!—my dearest Lady Mary, the colonel ought to know what you thought it your duty to say to me in coming hither—and then—and then only can he judge of the affection of his

small-trump question of an unfurnished mind! opened conversation.

Well trained in that distinctness of feeling which prevents beating the cat because the dog has offended, she did not suffer the previous provocation received from Lady Mary, to make her uncivil to the general; and even when her ladyship spoke, she could, lest she might betray the weakness of the wife to the disapprobation of the husband, put aside her own affairs, so far as to preserve a deportment of no character. But, most scrupulously, she avoided every thing that could give her ladyship the smallest encouragement to think that she regarded as a small matter, the conference forced on her: her tone rather said, or seemed to say, 'Beware of a second offence.'

The general had scarcely shut the door, when Lady Mary began to apologize, to excuse herself, to deplore herself, to lament her miseries, to describe herself as a slave, and to cluck.

She might expect Carilis, in her recollection of her own situation, to meet her, at least, half-way, and in all trepidation at seeing to what one, so much her superior, condescended, to endeavour to stop her.—If she did, she was disappointed:—it is as much the discretion of a well-regulated temper in some cases *to do*, as it is its duty in others *to forbear to do*:—retreat is not the only step to be

made with safety; and, had Carilis made it, every one must have wished her wiser.—She answered the most answerable of Lady Mary's detachment of sentences—which was an undignified request for forgiveness—by granting it;—but, in the very grant, she recognised the request;—and not submitting to seek her own freedom from solicitation, by obtaining a promise of better conduct, she showed how she meant to receive any application from the colonel, in a way that intimidated his mother by the fear, lest what she had said in the journey, might be repeated to him.

Carilis felt secure from any farther trouble at this time; and was not insensible to the advantage which her protectress had conferred upon her, and which she saw it was her highest prudence to

to forming *systems*, none were in her power.—She must remember and practise what she had been taught—she must ‘do justice ;’ she must ‘love mercy ;’ she must ‘walk humbly’—she knew in Whom she trusted—and if, after all, she erred, she knew Where she must look for pardon, consolation, and support—but it was very hard—and so she told herself many times before she could close her eyes that night.

It is one very great advantage which people, or rather *ladies*, who are called ‘of the world,’ have over those *not* of it, that they can, in divers cases, ‘be as though they had never been.’ A lady ‘of the world’ may, to-day, say and do fifty things that deserve the title of ‘abominable,’ and to-morrow, especially if she apprehends having brought on herself any consequence not quite pleasant, she may be all smiles and politeness, and give out as large a measure of fulsome flattery as she gave before of presuming insolence : in the dance, she will be affronting—at the card-table, taunting—and in intercourse of no character, she will indulge any sort of humour that comes uppermost—and the next morning will invite you to walk, come to inquire after your never-had cold, offer you bargains, and tell you how you may accomplish any known or supposed wish. This facility Lady Mary possessed ; and it was all ex-

hibited the next morning, till she had talked herself into the belief that Miss Monterne retained no resentment of what had passed ; after which, her solicitude became neutralized, and was quiet. If she felt as she ought, she must have been grateful for the exertion made by her young friend to veil the state of her spirits from the general, whenever he joined them ; and for this, she might well be content to bear the little pull-up of Miss Monterne's manner to her.

But now ensued another order of things. A very grand subscription-ball was given at the rooms by a small number of men of fashion. General Vaseney was one ; and, of course, his lady and her *protégée* must be there :—no expense beyond that

no great sagacity to infer that the views of Lady Mary had not been confined to her own wishes; but, as nothing in the behaviour of Colonel Vase-ney contributed to distress her, she saw she had only to endure in quietness, what any endeavour on her part would only have made worse. It was not pleasant to be whispered at and stared at; but it was not uncivil whispering and staring; and with only the sacrifice of the whole pleasure of the evening, she got through it.

Fatigue overcame this new uneasiness of mind. The colonel had a bed at his father's, and was in the breakfast-room next morning before her, though she was early. His behaviour was, at all times, so perfectly easy, that he was never either fettering or troublesome to her—she took up a book, and expected him to do the same.

‘Don’t, Carry,’ said he, ‘read now.—Have you not got some of your stitching to do?—I want to talk to you.—Now don’t run to see if I have locked the door, or fancy I am going to kiss you, or put you up the chimney. You may set the door open, if you please—I shall only speak lower.’

She made no answer, but sought for her work.

‘We were at the ball last night,’ said he—‘and certainly had our share of the polite attention of the good people then and there assembled.’

She was not taken by surprise; her steadiness was perfect.—Whether what she apprehended, were his subject or not, she had no occasion to alter her deportment.—She waited. She collected herself.

‘If you love pop’larity, Carry,’ said he, ‘I think you may live to be gratified—but, for myself, I do not think it worth much trouble;—therefore I want to speak to you, to know how I can manage for you.’

‘I hardly know what it means or what you mean,’ she replied.—‘If popularity means, indeed, being talked at, or even stared at, as I was last night, I certainly can say that I have the greatest possible aversion to it—so great, that if we remain

—for, I assure you, Carry, it is not the fashion with you girls to be civil ; and, *entre nous*, that is the very reason why you have cause to complain, as I know you all do, of us :—if you treated us as gentlemen, we *must* treat you as ladies—but who, do you think, is to treat you as ladies, when one comes up with a slap, and another with some rude speech—and one stares us out of countenance, and another—does things that make us stare?—Lord bless us all!’ said he, ridiculously holding up his hands, ‘ I see you ladies do things in parties, that make *me* blush—and, after all, Carry, what for? Is it to keep us off?—well then—it is done ; but if it is to attract—who are those who are most attractive?—the quietest, believe me.—But, do you know, Carry, that I am, just now—a very unusual thing with me—but I am, just now, a very great fool—and I am saying all this, which is nevertheless perfectly true, because I want to say something that I cannot get out.—But I must.—Well then!—here it comes.—As you are, Carry, in an excellent house for calculation—can you calculate on the possibility of living on about 2500*l.* a year?’

‘ I should suppose it very possible—but you must explain your plan :—if you want more than that income would allow, you cannot :—if you can be content with less than it affords, you may do it,

and may be rich—but don't come to Cheltenham, —nor,' said she smiling, 'live in Berkeley-square.'

'No, no; a country-gentleman and his wife—going to town for three months—travelling occasionally—farming—I don't mean fancy-farming—living rationally—and being hospitable, as far as might be prudent.'

'I am no judge, indeed—but, I suppose, it might be done by people who did not set their hearts upon trifles.—My guardian would tell you exactly, and, I dare say, would say, "Yes," and that there was abundance—but then—there are few such men as he is.'

'Now, one question more, Carry: could you do it?'

'If you mean, could I manage with my in-

‘ *Now*,’ said she, ‘ you distress me—not that I am at any loss to answer you, but that I regret the answer I must give.—I *could* live on that plan—but, I am afraid, not with you, on those comfortable terms that you have a right to expect, and, I am sure, deserve to find a wife inclined to accept.—I do, from my heart, regret, colonel, that you have asked me ; though your doing so is a great compliment—but, after the kindness I have received from your family, and, I may say, the friendship I have met in you—it is vexatious to me to be placed in a situation where I may give offence, and may lose the advantage of your good-sense. — You should consider, that I am not at all like other young women, whose characters have been formed in the world—mine is in its natural roughness—I *feel* naturally—I *act* naturally—because I do not know how to do otherwise:—I can only, in a case ever so important, or requiring ever so much management, ask myself what appears to *me* to be right, according to what I have learnt *is* right—and how I should like any body to behave to me in an exchange of circumstances:—then, I always think of what I have heard Mr. Broderaye say :—I may, therefore, appear to you, acting very strangely, when I talk in this cool way to you—and you may not believe me :—in this, you would be wrong ; for, however awkwardly I may behave,

I am quite decided.—Lady Mary ought to have saved me from this—but——'

'Lady Mary!' he replied; 'why, she helped you into it, Carry—but don't be alarmed—you shall have no more trouble from me—shake hands—I only just asked the question to know the truth.—I wish you better disposed of, with all my soul,—for I have never yet seen any man deserving of you—even when I have been shaving myself.—But never mind, Carry—take care of yourself—geese are, *I* think, rather worse to live with than heroes. Lord help those who live with one of each sort!—Something has occurred—I cannot tell you what,—that has whirligigged the opinions, whims and ideas of the Royal Dane and his Ger-

‘ See her !—Nothing upon earth to do, Carry, but to set off—will you have my purse?—here it is :—or will you foot it, like the valorous Siberian Elizabeth ?—I suppose I must not offer *my* company. ’

She shook her head.

‘ No no, my dear girl,’ said he—‘ do not think of seeing her—I know your situation. ’

‘ Do you ? ’

‘ Yes, and your good intentions—and I respect them—and—now mind ; I do not mean this as a bribe, or to make you re-consider your verdict—but had it been your pleasure, Carry, to accept me, I would not have stood in the way of your noble generosity—I have been told of that, too—and I have adored it—and not a word would I ever have said against it.—I would have dug and ploughed for you, before you should have wounded your delicate conscience—but be quiet, and don’t expose yourself to influence unnecessarily and prematurely ;—you are now, I suppose, about eighteen—your champion, old Brodee-dodee, will be out of limbo, I hope, before you are one-and-twenty.—Keep firm to your resolution, as you hope to go to heaven,—because, now that you have, I know, reasoned on it, and thought on it, and convinced yourself of the path you ought to pursue, your departing from your principle of action

would be culpable—and you would, I can see, never be happy.’

He had just time to give his promise that he would not repeat his overture, or divulge any part of what had passed :—he advised her to silence on his having spoken to her ; and again bidding her take care of herself, was ready to give his mother good-morrow in his own frolicking way.—If confidence was increased—it was not in those whom Carilis most wished entitled to it ;—but she determined to bear and forbear.

She saw, this day, less than usual of the general and his lady, but much more of their son, who designed to make it his last in Cheltenham : he professed himself weary of it, and took great

rattling ; but he would not be repressed : at the time of fashionable promenade, he ordered Carry to go and show herself in the market, as he termed the High-street, but refused to go thither himself. He would not suffer her to accompany Lady Mary in a very quiet gossiping engagement for the evening, because he thought she looked fatigued ; but he stayed within, and sate down with her himself, and talked admirable good sense, blended with the eccentricities of his character.

It gave his conversation rather too serious an aspect, when he told her that this would be their last *tête-à-tête* at this time—‘ and, perhaps,’ said he, ‘ at any time—for I fancy the bears and the eagles, and our lion too, see the necessity of doing something to a purpose against this same boa-serpent of an emperor ; and their exigencies may be so great, as to make little Frederick Vaseney, my august father’s eldest son, useful—and I may have the honour of wearing a cannon-ball for half a second, in lieu of my head—*n’importe*—it is matter of perfect indifference to Fred. whether he “ stately tread ” the earth, or the earth treads upon him. If we set out in the world with the wrong foot foremost, my dear girl, our paces are so spoiled, that there is no going easy to ourselves nor, perhaps, to those we carry.—Heigh ho !

‘ Now, Carry,’ continued he — ‘ I shan’t go

quite happy, unless you promise me that what has passed between us to-day shall not make us the worse friends—I thought it right to try it, after what my simple mother had said—just to please she.'

'Will you let me ask you,' said Caritis, stopping him, 'since we are so confidential on this awkward business, which I wish, indeed, I had never heard of;—but, since you are so good—can it be possible that Lady Mary interested herself about me?'

'Certain sure,' he replied—'I won't lie for any body, Carry:—she set me on,' said he, affecting to blubber like a punished child—'she did, indeed—and I told her she was a goose—but that is a point doubly hard of belief with Lady Mary

upon the drawing-horse of the two ; so it may be as well—especially if my head is to go off. But now let me tell you my mind—I am not going to hang, drown, or shoot myself—If I am shot, I will have a man to do it for me ;—I would as soon black my own shoes, as shoot my own brains out :—wait upon myself indeed ?—not I.—Neither am I going to write an elegy upon my own fate—there's one somewhere upon a mad dog, ready written.—You are not, upon the whole, a girl to lead a man into being a fool—but I could almost envy a man who was *not* a fool, and who might happen to please you. That old parson-guardian of yours, must have done you a monstrous deal of good :—I have often thought, if parsons took girl-pupils, as they do boy-whelps, the women would be better than they are :—I wonder what my blessed sisters will be—only think of my wise parents sending them off to Nova-Scotia, just when they most wanted a mother's care and a father's credit !—building a house of cards and knocking it down for somebody to build it again—to as little purpose, perhaps.—Now, good by'e,' said he ; ' I shall keep out of sight, for a few days, at least—and whether I may or may not come back, I cannot tell ;—but not to torment you. Do you talk of my going abroad—never mind father or mother—it won't hurt *their* feelings, for they never believe

any thing I say; but it will save you from popularity:—but mind, I tell you, I think some people mean to *get credit* by you—so take care, and don't help cut your own throat. Do as you like, about knowing Lady Lynford is come back.'

So saying, he skipped away, and presented himself at a private ball in the place, from which his family were absent, and thence, only coming to his father's to change his dress, he set off for the house of the friend whom he was visiting, trusting to the sleep he might get in his conveyance thither.

Miss Monterne's rumination might have been very unquiet after this scampering farewell, had not Lady Mary, on her return home, annihilated

dian! my dear Lady Mary—thank you! thank you! a thousand times.—But, my dear madam, how astonished I am to hear that Lady Lynford is come back!’

Lady Mary was occupied with her own concerns:—she read, “Your ladyship will excuse the liberty I take—your ladyship’s little account—pressed to make up a sum.”—‘Aye, that’s always the excuse.—Miss Monterne, don’t you remember my paying this bill for the rout-cakes?’

‘You paid *one*, I know, ma’am.’

‘Well, this, I’m sure, I thought I had paid—certainly I did.’

‘Perhaps the receipt is in your writing-desk.’

‘No; I remember I did not take a receipt at the time.—I bid them remember I had paid it;—but, I’m sure I paid it—I’m positive of it—I got you to call by yourself, Carry; it was one Tuesday, and I told you, that if they crossed it out of their books, it was enough.—My dear, you *should* have seen it crossed out, when I so particularly desired you.’

A short time previous to this, Carry might have begged pardon, and excused her inattention;—but she was grown a head taller in courage of late; and calling off her attention from decyphering her guardian’s cautious note, to the care of her attacked integrity, she said, in a reasoning tone,

'Lady Mary,—if you are so certain of having sent me to pay this bill, and of the orders you gave me, you must be able to make me recollect it.—If you will, from your account-book, tell me on what Tuesday it was paid, I will, from my journal, tell you whether I *did* pay it.'

Her ladyship referred to the date of the *bill*—It must have been on a Tuesday which she specified; and she was right, because it was the only one that intervened between incurring the debt and leaving London.—She remembered, perfectly well, every circumstance of Carilia's undertaking the commission—even the weather, and her coming to ask her, when going out, if she could do any thing for her by the way, and she had been sure

she was as exact as any body—that article—that very article was sure to be charged again—she had always found it so:—it served her quite right—she deserved it—but she was confident she had paid it. It was not likely that Miss Monterne would set down in her journal such an article as calling at the confectioner's.'

Indeed the chances were very much in her ladyship's favour; and Miss Monterne would never have enrolled such a deed in the archives of her family—but she had registered the whole nominal forenoon of that day, from eight in the morning to six in the afternoon, as of intense heat, which in itself might have rendered doubtful her walking out—and, moreover, as given up to a review on Ashford common, for which she certainly had worn her new bonnet; and in wearing it, had certainly asked Lady Mary's opinion as to the size.

Now, would not any body have supposed Lady Mary Vaseney must have felt and looked rather foolish?

Some persons might;—and Carilis might, when at St. Emeril's, have turned aside in *impromptu* avoidance of the sight of her humiliation;—but there was no longer any cause for such scrupulosity.—Her ladyship clung to the bonnet and the correctness of her memory about the bonnet:

—and as for the rout-cakes, she swallowed them in silence.

When facts similar to this, can be brought forward, *mutatis mutandis*, is it too much to say, that to spend beyond an income, is to set up to sale every particle of human integrity?—Carilin left off blushing for her protectress—this would have been a movement of her veins to no purpose; but she would not suffer any, even involuntary gesticulation, to insult her—this was all she could do;—unless forming a resolution to take good care of her own accounts, and to make her journal still more minute, was doing any thing.

She was at full liberty to proceed with decyphering her note—it excited no interest in her

prehend—it convinced her that the party were together and in health; and it corroborated the report of Mr. Broderaye's marriage.—By Fanny she understood Lord Astham; and she was in ecstasies of joy, which she found, however, she should do well to keep to herself, now that Lady Mary's budget had revealed all its contents. The clouds had collected very heavily on her ladyship's brow, when she took leave for the night; and had her *protégée* had any thing to fear for, she might have apprehended the effect of their breaking upon her.

CHAPTER XIII.

EVERY thing seemed to be against the public peace the next morning.—The rout-cake account had not come alone—the general had some of its relations—the coachman came in with the breakfast, to describe how one of the horses had lamed himself the evening before, and to propose taking advantage of his inability, to get some repairs done to the carriage. There was no veiling of any of these misfortunes, from each other, between the husband and wife: but they excited no part of

of the colonel's habit of playing '*Proverbes*,' gave her the idea that they meant to say that the dice-box and a pack of cards had been—in their favour.—Whether right or wrong, the suspicion that this was meant, was not pleasant—it took away a little more confidence ; and whatever it took away, was, of course, instantly transmuted into anxiety for herself.

To attempt interesting the general in her views, required a posture of mind very different from hers. Whatever his politeness might dictate, that Mr. Broderaye was no favourite with him, was an unquestionable point. Two such men could not be cordial friends.

A second attempt to introduce the subject of Lady Lynford's return, failed ;—and the manner in which it was passed over, served, not only to decrease confidence but to induce suspicion—suspicion most painful in its origin, and destructive to all repose in its progress.

Cheerfulness—if it were not rather the appearance of it—had continued to predominate in the countenance of General Vaseney for some days, and was reflected in that of his observant wife.—But again his forehead was cloudy, and hers wrinkled—still this must be the effect of some trifling cause, as it did not make them relinquish the intention of performing what he called a duty

of society, and which her ladyship acquiesced in, either under that tempting denomination for a pleasure, or in consistency with her professional obedience.

This conscientious performance was the donation of a ball and supper, *to* which no persuasion could attract the colonel,—*in* which Miss Monterne was brought infinitely forwarder than was in any way agreeable to her—*from* which she retreated to her chamber, less satisfied than ever with the protection she was under—*after* which she was looked at askance by some of her own sex —*ear-trigged* in fashionable phrase—*distressed*, in phrase never in or out of fashion—by men whom she wished to shun—and *by* which she was too well convinced that there was not a circumstance re-

d and wanted the aid of a conductor to them.—She could not repent her sincerity to the colonel; but she heartily wished him with her.—She thought on her grandfather.—Poor soul! how could she ask for *his* half-loaf?—She thought on Lady Lynford—she might be spurned from her gate. There were, indeed, persons of worth and consideration in the place, and whom she knew, and towards whom she felt inclined to draw, in case of necessity—two or three were regular inhabitants—and she comforted herself that she could, in exigency, open her heart to one of these;—but, at present, it was necessary to be circumspect, and she could only keep herself in readiness for any proceeding that she might feel requisite.—It was impossible, under such circumstances, not to wish herself with her friends the *détenus*.

She had, one morning, when left alone, by dint of thought, deduction, and comparison, convinced herself that General Vaseney had set his wife on to bring about an union between the colonel and herself to serve interested purposes, which would have precluded her renunciation;—she had, on stripping the matter of all its extraneous adjuncts, concluded that the colonel had been told that the offer would be agreeable to her—and she had felt grateful for the description of man who made it—she had begun to be certain that these contrarieties

in the conduct of the general and Lady Mary, were under the influence of that which neither he nor she could manage—and she had burst into tears on regarding her not only forlorn, but perilous situation,—when the more than usually obstreperous arrival of Colonel Vaseney, brought joy and comfort to her.

General Vaseney and his lady had, a few minutes before, returned home: they received him; but, quitting them instantly, he called aloud, as a merry-hearted brother would have done to a sister like Miss Monterne, and desired her to come to the drawing-room where they were. She obeyed him, with some anxiety lest the state of her spirits should be betrayed by her countenance.—Nobody

justing the disturbed carpet under the foot of his chair.

‘Well then,’—said his mother, who had not heard the last words, ‘where do you come from?’

‘Last?—do you mean.’

‘Yes; or at any time, if you will give us the history of your travels.’

‘Oh yes; you shall have them—and the name of my companion too? Good Lord! how close it is!—I shall never get this glove of mine off,’ said he, tugging at his left-hand glove.

‘Your mother asks where you come from, and who you came with, Frederick,’ said the general, rather peevishly.

‘She don’t,’ said he, boorishly—‘she don’t ask any such thing, fayther—that ’s just one of your——’

‘Oh, I do though,’ said her ladyship.

‘Well then—Lawk-a-daisy!—it grows hotter;—doesn’t it, Carry? Why, I come *from* the Penrowneys, and *with* Penrowney—and they are all coming in just now.’

‘Who?’ said father and mother at once.

‘The Penrowneys,’—he bawled out, loud enough to be heard throughout the house—‘Don’t you know who *they* are?—If you don’t, I’ll tell you.’

‘Impossible,’ said Lady Mary—‘it’s one of

your foolish jokes, Fred.—You can't have seen *them*, of course——'

'No, of course, I never should have seen *them*; but I went out of the course;—I bolted though—for, by Jupiter! what I tell you is perfectly veracious—veridical—the solemn truth.—Now, don't look so—for you look downright ugly:—look at Carry, how pretty *she* looks!—and Papa too—he looks as nice as ninepence—a dear man!'

The general rose in indignation, and was very near striking his son; but the colonel parried his arm gently.

'Surely,' said Lady Mary, 'we might have been consulted—we *are*, at all events, and, after all, your parents.'

'Consult a fiddlestick!'—he answered, taking

‘Yes, mummy, I know I should have told I—but, perhaps, I by itself I—or I *not* by itself I, would have said something that *me* would not have liked.—*You* would have clucked your poor heart out—and to no purpose; for you could not have clucked mine out—and the great Cæsar, “who conquered the world with a row-dow-dow,” would just, for the relief of his feelings—I know you love the word *just*—he would just, perhaps, have cursed and swore a little in the cause of mankind, and *me* no like to be cursed and swore.—*He* might, indeed, when he came to himself, have bid me go and fetch his daughter—and then, there would have been cryings and kissings, which I hate as much.—As for you, mither of mine—there was no danger of *your* being too merciful.’

‘Fie, fie! Frederick,’ said the general, cooling on a sudden. ‘How do you know what your mother would do?—a mother’s feelings——’

The colonel grew angry:—he repeated, “A mother’s feelings!”—‘I speak only, Sir, from what I myself have seen and experienced.—We were all spoiled and ruined as children—kissed, and lapped, and fondled, and crammed—then, the first thing we did wrong was heinous, and never to be forgotten—and our faults were case-hardened into the minds of your acquaintance, by my mother’s exposing them.—A warm anger will forgive

—a cool one never does—mother will remember till Doomsday, every one of our faults.—I don't want to offend you or affront my mother,' said he, more seriously, 'but, I *do* say this, that, in your system of management, which, I confess, you and she have a right to choose for yourselves, you make yourselves responsible for the faults of your children, and leave them no opportunity of behaving better than I do.'

The general had nothing to reply. Carilis, in new distress, was preparing to quit the room, but was stopped by Lady Mary, who had, indeed, begun to cluck and sob; but who, now, with that happy elasticity and dis-jointed inconsistency of some minds, which it is to the credit of others

wear a better aspect now—your fears are subsiding.’—‘True,’ she replied, ‘but, it is so hard, that I am made to deny myself, and must not let any company in.’—Now is Lady Mary Vaseney more extravagant than this?

Carilis was desired to fetch the bonnet, and look to the bonnet :—she obeyed.

When she returned, the colonel had fairly introduced the subject of the Penrowney-interests—he had introduced it indeed; but it was by forcible entry;—and it was the bent of his humour to make his father and mother suppose Mr. Penrowney in a critical situation that called for assistance.

Lady Mary could not command herself. She almost justified her son’s severity, by showing herself afraid that the general should feel for his daughter.

When he had led on, as far as he thought fit in this direction, he changed his tack, and told the blazing truth, that, except in point of family, his sister could not be better married. ‘Penrowney,’ said he, ‘began the world with nothing but a good head, a good heart, and industrious hands; and, perhaps, I should be as angry as you can be, at his stealing one of *my sisters*, if I did not consider the notions, for principles I cannot call them, which you put into their heads. I have heard you,

Sir, say, a hundred times—not, indeed, in the hearing of Penrowney, for you did not know him—but before fellows not as respectable—"My girls mustn't expect fortunes—I have nothing to give 'em—they may all marry as they like—and thanks to any men who will take them! When my bones are turned into cabbages, they may have a dividend of eighteen pence; but nothing more can I promise." Why, you put your girls by this, in the very power not only of the men *at your table*, but the men *behind your chair*; and if your groom or your coachman met with any showy fellow, a little better than themselves, who wanted to rise in the world on a good connexion, they had only to say, "There are our girls for you—I dare

to London.—He is making an immensity of money in the mercantile way—and he spends it freely and prudently. Mother, you had better leave your tickets for your daughters—I am sure Carry will.'

'I am sure, Carry will not,' replied Carilis, happy, even under all her ill-treatment, in a fair opportunity of a little shielding parents so hard run by the license of their son's half-jest and half-earnest censure. She felt herself drawn away as a novice in society is by profligate wit—the piquancy amused her; and the unquestionable justice of his strictures prevented her deciding against him as he uttered them;—but, when what he had said was summed up, and its force collected—when every allowance was made for his provocation, and all possible respect paid to his good sense, there yet remained too much to be blamed in his manner to leave her satisfied with his licentious assumption of authority; and, instead of feeling any longer that she had a guide and a support in Colonel Vaseney, it was added to her painful convictions, that, with so little recollection of the duty of *a son*, she could hardly call upon him with any propriety or hope of increased safety, to perform the offices of *a friend*. She could not think herself competent to represent this to him; but it showed her, that, even with *him*, she must be cautious, lest she lost any sense of what was fit in her own situation.

He was near concluding his visit, when hearing more than usual movement in the street, he looked out and said, 'There they go,'—and, nodding to the carriage passing, answered the natural question, 'Who?' put to him by both parents at once, by saying, 'The Penrowneys, to be sure.'

'What? not that dashing equipage—you do not mean those four bright bays with the switch tails and two out-riders—postillions in blue jackets!'

'Yes, general,' he replied coolly—'that very elegant set-out.'

'What? the landau?—and the women in lace veils?' said Lady Mary.

'Yes, mamma,'—he answered—'do not your

against any one who would have taken her part, 'Frederick never means any harm;—I could always trust to him much better than to his brother—Fred. has a heart—haven't you, Fred.?'

What did Lady Mary expect her son to say, 'Yes, at her service?'—He said nothing.—He went away, and bowed more distantly than before, to Carilis, who saw she had lost, or was losing him, for a friend and a reliance.

And now, every day he visited; and every day Mrs. Penrowney went by in her insulting style, and looked up, as if having gained an advantage in knowing where to brave her parents. Mr. Penrowney and the general could not long be personal strangers to each other; but the young man always, with the most perfect propriety, withdrew, whenever they met; and, as General Vaseney had morning as well as evening-engagements, not at all in the track of a prudent young merchant, they were not much under each other's feet.

But with all that Mr. Penrowney could do to avoid giving offence himself—for over his wife, while urged by her brother, he had no control—it was evident that Cheltenham had now lost much of its fascination on the senses of the general and his lady: they began to talk with regret of the engagement of the Berkeley-square house, though the weather was hot, and the town worse than unattrac-

tive to persons of fashion : they discussed other places, and seemed to think any would be eligible ; but all ended in shakes of the head, and hints that such liberty of movement could not be theirs.—Lady Mary had been near running over a little family of lovely children in a shop ; and, retaining her nursery-feelings in all their warmth, caressed them, and inquired who was so happy as to have such a family.—The answer being, that ‘ they were Squire Penrowney’s,’—they seemed changed into serpents :—she almost screamed, and grew shy of shopping.

This blistering might have proceeded for some time longer, had not an event occurred which was announced to Miss Montagne by her accidentally

ducing themselves to circumstances that called for pity, she beheld Lady Mary, at this moment of rencontre, with compassion that made her forget all injuries; and, leading her into the nearest room, she tried to console her at random, not daring to question her.

There was no occasion for questioning. Her ladyship, with those signs for silence, that gave Carilis a notion that the general must be—though at an odd time of day—dozing, told her explicitly that ‘he had been unfortunate,’—and that, strong as was their inclination to retreat from ‘this horrid place,’ they had not the means—‘and—and—and’—and that she had been obliged—‘to—to—to—to consent to see—see—see—see—the Pen—pen—pen—pen—Penrowneys.’—Carilis was not old enough to remember Mrs. Mattocks in Sophy Pendragon—or she must have called her distresses to mind—in the *blare*—as a Suffolk-provincialist would have called it—of Lady Mary Vaseney.

The arrangement made, was, that the general should not be seen all that day, not even by his family—he was to dine alone and admit only Lady Mary in the evening; and the next day, at three o’clock—the ‘Pen—pen—pen—Penrowneys’ were to make their promised call—and, how it was all to end—her ladyship’s *piety* told her there was but One Intellect that could foresee.

The interview afforded one of those odious scenes in the drama of *this* life, which make those who look beyond it, rejoice that it is not the only one promised. The parents were left to make all the advances to their daughters, who seemed drawing back till the advance had come up to the line of their insolent expectation. Yet Lady Mary brooked it all, and tried to prevent pauses in the conversation, as if the sound of her own voice drummed down the clamour of her wounded feelings.

Blunt questions from Mrs. Penrowney and her sister, served to fill up the space of non-information since their withdrawing:—the questions were put and the answers received with an in-

instruction, that induced him to meet the overture of his wife's relations as readily as he had done.

The visit seemed to have a good effect on the general's spirits:—he dined with his family; and the colonel was made the messenger of an invitation to the Penrowneys, to dinner, for the following day. It was accepted; but Carilis, having promised to name an early day to dine with a family who had shewn her great civilities, obtained leave of absence, which was readily granted and most gladly accepted.

During three or four successive days, Mr. Penrowney was much closeted with his newly-discovered father-in-law, who spoke well of him in his absence, and received from him all the external tokens of acknowledged inferiority, and of proper respect for his elevated situation in the world, and relation to his wife, that could be fairly expected. The two families seemed without exertion to fall into intimacy; the children were brought to be seen and kissed. Mamma came herself, as fine as money and milliners could make her; and her darlings were in all the lavish *costume* of new wealth.—Miss Vaseney talked to Carilis of the things which she best knew most out of her reach—of horses, grooms, open carriages, and men of the various denominations of the army—discussed helmets, *sabre-tasches*, and

boots, and turned away 'in the proper style'—on discovering that she had little interest in the proceedings of army-tailors or the movements of gentlemen on whom she had no designs.

The general was, after this interview, far from cheerful: he was grave and uneasy; much more at home than heretofore, and not inclined to admit visitors. His son, who had at least brought about this skinned-over state of family wounds, visited him daily, and gave Carlis a hint explanatory of circumstances, by saying, when his father was fretting under some controlled inclination, 'Fayther only wants to suck—but we can't let him do that:—if we have got him out of his jeopardy, he mustn't get in again, but I'll lay my life he runs

after a long conference between the general, his son, and son-in-law, Carilis, in returning home from a walk with Lady Mary, saw, to her astonishment, a bill on the parlour-window, signifying that the house was to be let.—She pointed it out to her ladyship, supposing she would be nearly equally surprised; but she was not: she only said, with a sigh, that she believed she was glad of it.

It was impossible to enter the house without some curiosity to know what the family were to do next. Nothing had been decided on but their departure. London did not yet seem thought on; and words dropped gave an idea that it was to be thought on no more. Miss Monterne was not now of the cabinet-council—the general took his wife into another room to confer,—and nothing but the sum-totals of their deliberations was suffered to appear: the horses were evidently sold—the coachman, groom, and capital cook dismissed; and Lady Mary, saying, almost in plain terms, and in her hearing, that Miss Monterne could do what she wanted of personal attendance, very generously offered to part with her woman;—but the general was too affectionate a husband to subject a wife to his privations: he protested against this sacrifice, and stopped little short of saying, that he would rather part with the substitute proposed.

general's dressing-room, where there yet had been no fire made, and to look into the stove-grate. —' Don't dirty your fingers,' said he, ' when you have found the thing I mean—there is nothing farther, I assure you ; for I have myself looked carefully—it is only a slip of card-paper, as wide as two of your fingers—or rather mine, perhaps—but you will find it ; and then, perhaps, you will say, that *my* notions of certain persons are more correct than your prejudices in their favour.—You made me so angry, that I had resolved not to let this out ; but I see you are more weak than wicked—so I have compassion for you—or at least I am determined you shall know how you are mistaken, if you think any thing but the very worst.—Mum, I charge you.'

With no small impatience, did poor Carry wait for an opportunity of doing as she was directed: she had some hours to endure, but, at length, she got to the spot pointed out, and, searching in a very uninviting heap, and, to an extension of patience that required all her confidence in her informer, she found, folded and crushed, but still legible, a visiting-ticket, such as the colonel had described, on which was written, with a pen, the words, ' Viscount Aatham,' with an almost obliterated addition in pencil, ' will write in a very few days.'

roused, in excellent time to hear her say, ' People always choose the most inconvenient time for being ill—I never knew it otherwise—if one is going to move, some of the servants, or somebody else, always fall sick—I believe they do it on purpose.'—Susan had not time to resent this—Miss Montorne was herself again—and the house-business called away the best of her two friends.

Her first anxiety, when alone, was for the safety of that which had caused the confusion: it had not been removed or seen.—Susan was, indeed, almost in the act of unpinning and untying; but her lady stopped her, saying, it would do no good, and perhaps it would require somebody to dress her again; and she was sure there was nobody to be spared now; so the dirty manuscript remained secure in its cordial repository.

Civilly dismissing her ladyship from all further attendance—and desired ' to come down as soon as she could; for nobody could wait on her, and she might be wanted;' she took the liberty, however, to sit down for a few minutes, and to ask herself what she could do in this case of hardship.—She received the too-frequently-repeated answer—' Nothing, poor Carry.'

One experiment, notwithstanding the discouragement, she ventured to make, and boldly too, without asking the advice of any one:—at the first

fair opportunity—which was at dinner-time—she asked the men-servants if no letter had come for her within a short time. She had no correspondents—Mr. Vanderryck did not write—the note from Mr. Broderaye had travelled in company under an envelope—therefore, the fact was very ascertainable—the under-servant immediately professed ignorance, and it could not be doubted—the upper-servant muttered something, as if offended by the question, and turned to his glasses—but Carilis was confident that he had a glance from the general, who, at that moment, called for the fish-sauce—Lady Mary looked considerably silly, and was in doubt whether what she had on her plate was quite sweet—‘she was so particular!—nobody had such a nice nose as she had.’

and Carry, when she had swallowed this, had a little time left to remark on the very small resemblance that was to be traced between Lady Mary Vaseney now, and what she was when she first knew her. This was not a fair remark—there was no other dissimilarity, than that which exists between a picture in the dead colour, and a picture dismissed from the easel:—both would have been going on under *some* influence, tending to what each must turn out when completed.

Family-discussions proceeded, and being still open when little more time remained than sufficed for carrying them into effect, they seemed, in their own inert tendency, to leave Tunbridge the place rather allotted than chosen for the next residence of these elegant skulkers; and to this, Carilis—though she felt every movement under such circumstances, a disgrace in which she was implicated,—could not object, as every thing she had heard of Tunbridge-Wells was in favour of the place—and in case of any arrivals from France, or even another attempt on the part of Lord Astham to write to her, she must be easily found. Colonel Vaseney, now in good humour again with her, offered to try to forward a letter to the *détenu*—an accommodation which passed an act of oblivion on his former transgressions; and she availed herself of it immediately, to write, in the

same style of caution as her guardian's. He then told her to leave her address at the post-office in the place she was quitting; and not waiting to see the party off, he joined his regiment, under orders for continental service—and—in the list of the *living*—was heard of no more!—A farewell-note from him was on Miss Monterne's dressing-table when she went to dress for dinner—one line attaching every feeling of the heart—the next calling for severe reprobation—and the whole concluding with a confidential warning against being surprised, if, instead of finding herself, at the end of her journey, at Tunbridge-Wells, she should be set down in the isle of Anglesea, or its vicinity. It was desperation to be thus fresh billeted; and

journey, was talked of with a seriousness that made her doubt whether the colonel himself were not the dupe. But she had little time to reflect; for more than the usual proportion of occupation seemed devolved on her, by the marvellous incapacity of the lady's woman, who, in the true mulish spirit, would, on this exigency, do nothing that she could avoid. It was reasonably to be supposed, that she could not approve the exchange of Cheltenham for Tunbridge -- what fashionable lady's woman could approve it? especially in this season of equinoctial contention for victory between the wind and the rain. -- But still, as moving was resolved on, it seemed as reasonable to submit to it, unless the lady could make staying behind answer her purpose better. -- The matter was not quite clear -- 'she *might* have a sweetheart at Cheltenham' -- she *might*, as the general said, 'poor thing! find the air agree with her particularly well:' she certainly, as Lady Mary was forced to confess, did not look well while in London; and she had recovered while where they were; but her ladyship added to those concurrences in opinion, her decided and positive determination, that 'either the maid or the general, should go within the carriage: -- she could then,' as she observed, 'carry Susan, and that would save a little.' -- The two men were to go behind, and one pair of post-horses must suf-

face :—‘ the carriage was not a happy one—it had only the drag-chain and staff for the hills, more than it had in town—and the baggage would not be much—and they were only seven, beside the post-boy :—it could all very well be done—for it must be done.’

All was in order ; and the party went to bed early, to be in early readiness for the morning.

It was not yet time to rise, even with all this lark-like business, when Susan came to the door of Miss Monterne—calling, in a hissing whisper, ‘ Miss, miss—Miss Monterne—Miss Carlin—Miss——’

‘ What’s the matter, Susan—time for me to get up?—Thank you.’

having risen earlier than any body, except his lady's woman, who had lain down in her clothes to be ready for the morning's expedition, whatever it might be, had been seen going out at a back-door, and had been traced by the footman till sheltered with her, in a stage-coach going to London.

Now, who was to tell this? The butler would not—the footman could not—Susan was scarcely able to support herself.—Must Carilis undertake this also?—She turned her thoughts to the Penrowneys—but they were not near enough to be with her quickly.—Could the matter be in any way kept from Lady Mary? No, it was impossible.

None of the service so dreaded was called for. The general had recollected a letter which must be answered before he started; and Lady Mary was not lethargic:—the stairs went very near the head of her bed; and she had tried to persuade herself that her maid was making up, by the alacrity of the morning, for the ill-humour of the previous day: she thought 'she might as well rise and see what they were all about.'—She put her head out at her chamber-door; and seeing Miss Monterne in her night-cap and dressing-gown, and Susan very imperfectly drest, she inquired what had happened, and, taking the poor girl by sur-

prise, heard from her, without circumlocution or concealment, very much the same as she had communicated to Miss Monteroe. Violent hysterics succeeded, which lasted beyond the time fixed for setting out:—the carriage came to the door to be packed: Carlis was compelled to decide, and therefore sent it away. She next despatched the footman for the apothecary, and the butler for Mr. Penrowney, and was thus self-constituted mistress of the house.

Mr. Penrowney came with all expedition: Lady Mary had sunk into calm sorrow; and Carlis was relieved from some part of her painful responsibility. As a man of business and understanding, he was ready in expedient: he adhered

led away for an instant, by that wicked wretch ; and she consented to be obliged.

The extreme dulness in which these occurrences left her ladyship and her *protégée*; contributed to the recovery of their tranquillity, and was, in the appreciation of Carilis, preferable to the miserable anxiety which she had undergone.—Freed from the influence of her husband, Lady Mary reverted to the good in her own composition ; and Carilis had a satisfaction in rendering her the respect due from a daughter, which would have served every purpose of more vivid pleasure, for a much longer period than that during which it was permitted to exist.

On the fourth day, and when Lady Mary was beginning, with great propriety, to consider what she ought to do, in consideration of Mr. Penrowney's attention to her, and for the convenience of his family, the post did actually bring a letter for Miss Monterne !—O the ecstasy !—It must be the letter she had expected :—how unjust she was to suppose that either carelessness or design had robbed her of it !—her heart begged pardon of those whom she could not openly accuse or propitiate.

Not so fast, Carry—it is no such thing :—the letter is from one who dearly loves you—but not

from Lord Viscount Astham:—it is a miserable business, as to personal appearance and idiom—not transcribable:—it must be decyphered—though it does *not* come from the land of tyranny.

It was a piteous statement from her poor old grandfather, that he ‘was sick and weak, and,’ he thought, ‘like to die,’ and that he wished much to see her, and, probably, should not be willing to part from her again.

Had it been only a wish for her presence, and for her remaining with him, whatever had been his means of providing for her—any thing on the better side of want, it would at this moment have been accepted by Carry as relief from the deprecated misery of being cast with Lady Mary on the

have subdued. The first thing, however, that required attention, was the communication to Lady Mary of the predicament in which she stood ;—and one cause of anxiety was much abated, when she found that it rather appeared to bring relief than regret : she had then only to think on the minor subject—herself.

Mr. Penrowney came daily to offer his services in the civillest way, and to see that Lady Mary suffered as little inconvenience as possible : he was, of course, told of Miss Monterne's call to town ;—and, good-naturedly interested in such an undertaking, when to be accomplished by a female, he inquired as to the state of her preparations. She had then made none ; sufficient time had not elapsed since she had obtained Lady Mary's concurrence.

Whether he had, or only feigned, business that would take him to London, in a day or two, Mr. Penrowney accommodated himself to the exigency, by saying that he could, with the most perfect ease and convenience, escort her the next day, if she would put herself under his protection : she could not feel this too gratefully, though her feeling was almost overpowering. Expecting to be offered the conveyance of the stage-coach, she asked at what hour she was to be ready for it, and was answered, with due decorum, that she must

condescend to his style of a common *hack-chaise*. He left her to make the most of her time; and between what it was absolutely necessary to do, and the obligation to listen to poor Lady Mary's wailings, it was not more than sufficient.

The parting between the protectress and the *protégée* might have been bitter, had it not been rendered palatable to the former, by the convenience of the privation; and this so operated on the latter, that she could not suffer herself to feel too deeply what was little felt. What might be her own fate, she knew not—not absolute poverty, as Mr. Broderaye had allotted her a quarterly receipt from his income, sufficient for her small expenses;—and, with her grandfather, she must find a home.

against association with her daughter Penrowney, she looked forward to the time when she might be allowed to share some preferable, though far worse appointed, retreat with her husband;—and in this point of character, Carilis could not but admire her; and, perhaps, not the less for the contrast which it formed to the general tendency of her natural disposition.

She could not depart till she had obtained Lady Mary's promise to write to her whenever writing was not painful—sooner she would not urge it. Nor even under all the variety of unpleasant occurrences, resulting, as far as they respected her weak protectress, from her assiduous observance of her husband's supposed interests, and the want of clearness in her judgment—could Carilis suspend the feeling of what she owed to the protection she had found, and the benefits she had derived from her friendship.—In her expressions of this due sense, she left no possibility of reproaching her with ingratitude; and she trusted to her future opportunities, to speak for her a still more unquestionable language.

In a morning of autumnal chilliness, and with skies that threatened more than they could find the heart to perform, she quitted Cheltenham, very, very thankful to be spared the inconveniences to which, but for Mr. Penrowney's liberal kindness,

she must have been exposed, and endeavouring to keep out of her recollection, sufficiently to be at liberty to be attentive, the painful scene to which she might be approaching, and other recollections nearly as obtrusive.—She had not been able to leave any address at the post-office, as she knew not whither she might be carried by Mr. Vander-ryck;—but Mr. Penrowney promised to supply this deficiency, if informed of her movements; and the day giving very good opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him, she could not but hope she had made a friend, in whom she could, if destitute, place some degree of confidence.—He was cordial in his expressions, extremely respectful in his deportment, humble in his appreciation of

of Mrs. Penrowney—nothing that could be construed into unkind feeling, or want of that which was kind—yet it was evident that he was not happy with her, and that he accepted what he passed over in silence, as the necessary consequence of the terms on which they had met. In talking of his children, he showed all the father; but he dwelt on his resolution to enforce obedience to him while he cultivated their love, in a way that proved he had seen, if not smarted under, some deficiency of this sort. Some observations which escaped him, conveyed an idea that he was not acting entirely according to his own judgment, in bringing his family to Cheltenham: he described the situation from which he came to it, as far better suited to the real comfort of *his* life, and expressed himself impatient to get home; but he seemed to admit the necessity of consideration to the inclinations of ‘the ladies;’ and it might be inferred that they had been urgent. He concluded speaking on this subject, by saying, but without the smallest ill-humour, ‘What could I do?—I had, at the usual rate of proceeding, two to one against me; and the colonel, I dare say you know, is himself an host in argument. He is a most extraordinary being—completely a finished gentleman at one moment—a downright unformed boy at the next—so right in what he thinks, that

dashing doings—they have answered their purpose—but we must lay them aside now they have done so :—I can, thank God ! by working hard—and mine is a great concern—I can allow my family every possible comfort—but I hate nonsense and presumption. I mean my girls to marry country-gentlemen, or professional men, and my boys to serve God and their country, in the best way their talents admit of. They shall all be as well educated as I have the power to educate them, if things go well—but we must not expect the everlasting continuance of such times as these, when Britain has the key of every store in Europe in her own hand ;—we shall fancy ourselves ruined whenever we have peace, depend upon it, because we shall see others open their shops again. Therefore, my dear madam, as I think I can discover *your* taste, I trust, if ever you honour us with a visit in our usual state of circulation, I trust you will not expect to see us in a watering-place fever, but quiet healthy-minded people. I shall take Mrs. Penrowney to town in the spring, to establish her in her rightful connexions ; and then she *must*, and I hope *will*, be content to remain at home, with the proper relief of society and occasional absences.'

The travellers reached London at an early hour in the evening. Carlis found her grandfather

under the hospitable roof of his good friend Shelby, who had attracted him into his own *surveillance* in the first stage of his illness, which his ancient Molly's marriage to a boy had rendered more distressing. Vanderryck was now slowly recovering: Mr. Penrowney saw Miss Monterne fairly into his aged arms, and asking permission to inquire after her the next morning, with great good manners, and her heartfelt gratitude, retired.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY Lynford's first step in her own affairs, had been an application to her banker, distantly mentioning her need of his confidential services, and endeavouring to arrange the manner in which she could best receive them. He discouraged her from taking the journey to London, and requested her patience till he could quit business, avail himself of his own connexions in her county, and at St. Emeril's hear what she had to say. To this she had assented : it gave her time to confirm her credit where she was :—time to *think*, she did not indeed wish for. Had some persons known what was passing in her mind, they might have expected to see her castellating her mansion against the siege which she looked for, and which she was determined to resist.

She was still a majestic oak : her foliage was full and vivid ; not a limb, not a branch, was impaired—every twig was in its perfect maturity ; but the circulating sap, that had hitherto produced its exuberant luxuriance, was beginning to feel a little check on its late transplanting. In a foreign country, she had compared herself with herself

in a foreign country ; but, returned from that country, the comparison was carried on with what she had left herself when quitting her own ; and, infinitely above all that despicable predilection for her own individuality, which can see no blemish and mark no progress, she, on returning to her native land and habitation, to trees which she remembered saplings, to space which she had thought immense, and fabrics which she had supposed everlasting, saw, far more clearly than could have been pointed out to her, the changes wrought by time, and felt them still more perceptibly in her own mind ;—yet still it was her own mind—and while it continued such, little was to be done for her permanent peace.

She was still waiting, when, under the influence of a hot summer, the woods, even of the humid west, were assuming the character of 'sear;' and looking on them no longer with the indifference of childhood, the youthful love of change, or even the soothing confidence of an adult age, she regarded them as admonishing her that *her* autumn was approaching, and that it might resign its reaping-hook and its coulter into the hand of a successor, who might spurn weapons that subjugated only the soil. She saw the injuries her house and its decorations had sustained from its degradation into the class of 'tenanted,'—and she asked herself, whether it might not at least amuse her, to restore it to its accustomed propriety of appearance;—but though still firm—and even to inveterate obstinacy—she almost sickened whilst bending her energies to the improvement of that which might be contested, and of which she must make herself the acknowledged mistress, before she could feel the gratifications resulting from such an undertaking.

The same difficulty which she had so often been forced to consider, and never had yet fairly surmounted, presented itself, as on former occasions of her irregular abidings in her proper place. What was she to do with the neighbourhood?—It was the season of the most respectable populousness of her

found she had drawn on herself the necessity of facing her equals, whom she considered as now to be made her judges, or at least her jury, *her* courage was not on a foundation that would enable it to keep its footing; and she would have wished, instead of seeking popularity on her own domain, to be allowed to sink into the inane *étiquette* of a metropolis.

To halt between the questions of passiveness or activity, is for the moment to decide in favour of the former; and while she was making up her resolution to what she *should* do, she was establishing a precedent that, till she could break through it by some new act, must be a law to herself, and one to which she must submit, whatever its acceptability or detriment.

The question of reception of visits came to its instant of decision; and in the hurry which it might have brought with it, even had it postponed its arrival somewhat longer, she settled her future proceeding in this way, by the hasty order implied in 'Not at home,' when the first equipage was leading round to the portico, and her ladyship had, in fact, been espied at a very *reachable* distance from the house. She was mortified, vexed, angry with herself, and repentant, as soon as the three words had escaped her:—she felt them pronounced against her,—and saw their bearing on

the whole character of her rustication—but *Lady Lynford* could not call people back again! The non-reception was reported in the first more fortunate attempt of the 'rejected addressers':—the point was settled that 'the business meant to be as odd as ever,'—visiting-tickets were shoved into the porter's hand without inquiring for her ladyship,—and she thus secured to herself as perfect a solitude as she could have wished for.

Inappetency, restlessness, the drag of time, the contrivances of air and exercise, fickle vivacity, sickening as soon as it saw its food, misanthropy, discontent;—something not far off every, when she saw a child in quest of flowers, or heard the ploughman's whistle, were becoming the constituent features of her mind's disease. Her mu-

with, and against whom no one could ever say a word! Children were brought to her with pride, as if offered to her from a stock that she might peculiarly claim as her 'serfs;' and, perhaps, with a view in some to receive future favours, she was overwhelmed with gratitude for that which she had *not* done. She felt that she had to bear with fortitude, what others considered as their best encouragement, and that standing almost in 'sovereign misery,' she must listen to adulation which sounded like mockery, and incur the self-reproach of hypocrisy, while she forbore to disclaim praise.

Whatever interest had attended her warm friendship for Mr. Broderaye, it had been long since mortified down into feelings that left no disposition to court intimacy. Love had been so spoilt in her first wear of it, that it could never be made of a regular form for future use, when she once laid it aside; and like a person from whose breast the quest of gain expels a softer feeling, or, like the starving victim of famine, who will give all for a loaf, she could have seen without jealousy him, for whom, at one time, she could have made great sacrifices, in any situation that would have rendered him her defender against the tide of evil that was setting in against her.

Such were her feelings, when her banker found leisure to visit her at St. Emeril's; and in addition

to her many subjects of painful meditation, she had to meditate on the least painful means of imparting to him her situation, its dangers, and her own determination to brave them.

He arrived, was hospitably lodged, and nobly entertained; and having bestowed his favourable attention in every way, she saw the hour arrived when she must speak out, if she would be assisted.

This he spared her—but it cost by a substitution little less revolting than the acknowledgment:—he told her the predicament in which she stood was but too well known in London: the harvest which it promised to the professors of the law, was in prospect too abundant to be out of mind; and while the time afforded gave leisure for

which had occasioned the use of her ladyship's name on the outside, to assist in finding the person to whom it was addressed, it might never have come round to him :—it had had the good fortune to get through France to Geneva, after various delays, and mis-sendings, and detentions; and from her bankers there, he had received it.

Lady Lynford took the paper: it was a letter directed to Mr. Broderaye—it was a letter written in the very house in which it was now opened :—the seal had been broken, perhaps more than once ;—and it was now in so worn a state, that the usual entrance was almost the least convenient way to its contents.

It was nothing of any real consequence—it was only poor Carry's letter, which it had cost her so much to justify to herself when she had written it ;—her letter to her guardian on the first revelation to her of any interest in Lady Lynford's forfeiture :—it was a mere girl's letter—and the letter of a girl not used to writing letters.—The language was not, indeed, incorrect ; for Carilis had not been allowed to attain what was positively wrong ; but the sentences were short—disjointed—not in any way arranged,—repetitions abounded ;—and colloquial forms came in, together with phrases of better choice. The last sentence was in these words—' Pray do not suppose that I think

myself to be praised for what I have said to you—I remember how often you have told us that you pitied any second son in a family whose elder brother had been dis-inherited, if what his brother lost, came to him :—you said, indeed, that great wickedness might be a good reason for this ; or his being too foolish to know how to use money might make it right, but that to take it from a person neither wicked nor foolish, would hurt you and make you unhappy. Now, dear Mr. Broderaye, what has your Carry to guide her but the Bible and you ? The Bible and you say the same things :—even before people knew exactly what they ought to do, I do not think such a thing would have been thought right ; and He who, we

Lady Lynford was not a lady to be smitten into doing right by a stroke from a harlequin's sword, or even intimidated into holiness, by a flash of lightning:—she read the letter patiently: and she tried only to smile at its simplicity—and her friend could not flatter himself with any decided good produced by the communication of it. He entered into the fullest discussion of the whole affair, and convinced the baroness that all trouble before the time of explosion arrived, would be thrown away. No case was ever more clear—compromise was her only chance—and he advised her most earnestly to seek out Miss Monterne, and make her her own—‘not,’ said he, ‘by assumed kindness, but merely giving fair play to the contents of that letter, as they must operate on a mind like yours, when in its natural state of judgment.’ She could not bring herself to confess that, with only the exception of the use he was making of the letter, her adviser was urging her on the same ground as that on which Mr. Broderaye had more than urged—for he had *implored* her.—He made her read the letter a second time:—he asked her to read it aloud—she despised the implied defiance:—she got on so far, that her accomplishing it could not be questioned—her lips at length quivered;—and she hid her face in her handkerchief.

The visit of a man of business, stealing a holyday, could not be long—he would not yield to any entreaties to lengthen it beyond the next day; and, in that time, he almost refused to hear more on the subject :—he knew human nature—and he knew baroness Lynford ;—he left her and went his way, professing the proper degree of zeal in her service—and offering her his best endeavours, whenever she would communicate her wishes ;—but his manner showed what he expected from her head and her heart, from her prudence and her justice, her care for herself and her consideration of another ;—and she could not flatter herself that she had made much advantage of that on which she had relied, and for which she had so long waited. She might have asked herself, on all the

fear of his having calculated for that which should pay his vanity for the personal trouble he had taken in doing a kindness of infinite value; and having herself no solicitude for her own appreciation, she had only to portray the Dutch difficulties that might retard mutual understanding in an interview. She could not doubt, with regard to herself, that her conductor was acquainted with her peculiar circumstances—there was a pointedness in his repetition of his offers of service, that indicated his foreseeing that the experience of some one might be useful to her : she did not enter into the subject ; but she accepted all he said gratefully ; and when he quitted her, she left him no doubt whether his calling on her in the morning would be agreeable.—Mr. and Mrs. Shelly, now old folk, had, with unassuming good manners, received her;—and they joined their best invitations to her cordial acknowledgments.—A room was prepared for her, at perhaps more inconvenience than was suffered to appear to her, or acknowledged to be felt by those so kindly considerate: a daughter, of modest manners, was charged with the care of her personal comfort; and her grandfather's weak state, and her own weariness, admitting of little conversation that evening, they separated early, and she retired to rest, with all his blessings on her head.

She could not sleep, though very weary; but the change of posture was relief, and she could console herself with the comfort of finding the old man less 'sick and like to die,' than she had expected, and he still thought himself.—His Melly's foolish marriage had very much disturbed him:—in the short conference of the evening, it had come up to his recollection at every ten words; and he showed that he had been employed in calculating the exact amount of the profit and loss she had incurred. The money which had exposed her to temptation, and allured the swain, had been gotten in her master's service; and there was a jealousy of this use of it, which Corilla saw must produce complete alienation, and leave herself,

Court, or its vicarage-house,—Cheltenham, and even Berkeley-square, would have appeared to her the residences of her dreams, rather than of her person.

To think for the future with no more light than her grandfather had thrown on his intentions, was superfluous.—Poor Lady Mary had her place in her devout recommendations of her benefactors to the care of Heaven; but her thoughts seemed repelled from the worst feature of her misery;—and they took their range between the fancied situation of her guardian, and that, still less to be fancied, of him who had shared with her, his parental care.—How it could have occurred, that Mr. Broderaye could have married where he was;—what sort of a woman the new Mrs. Broderaye must be—whether it was a connexion which would ultimately unite him with the country in which he was prisoner—were things considered, with a sigh given to the uncertainty of his emancipation.

Next to, or indeed *with* these questions, came those as unanswerable wonderings, which the most vexatious accident of her existence called forth:—Lord Astham — Viscount Astham! — formerly Frank Newson—and *dear* Frank Newson—had his due rank and place.—‘Will you be so good as to let me look at a Peerage?’ she had said, on first setting her foot within a circulating-library. The

little bustle of polite compliance, hindered her hearing an elderly gentleman's gallant side-speech.

'*At a peerage, and to a peerage she may look:—what a lovely creature!—who is she?—born to make some man's heart ache, I dare say!*'

Now, at this hour of leisure, she could wonder at will.—'How he must be grown by this time!—I wonder whether I should like him as well.—And he must be altered in his dress:—who hems his black cravat now? I wonder;—and if he has money, I am sure he will be so generous!—I hope he will not be idle or dissipated.—I wonder how he employs himself, and for what he is come to England—and if he ever thinks of "*poor Carry,*" as he used to call me.—Heigh ho!—what a sad

Shelly, wished to pass the winter by the sea-side, St. Emeril might be a place more convenient than any other—he knew it—had enjoyed it—had felt it an atmosphere congenial to his constitution; and as to the distance, she thought he would in a few days be equal to it;—and this, she now persuaded herself, must be his spontaneous intention, though Miss Shelly might not have heard of it—she wondered it had not occurred to herself, when she heard the sea named—how fortunate she was! her guardian had often adduced cases of great good arising from great evil—but this was a most particular instance. She should now go home;—perhaps Mr. Broderaye's curate could accommodate her grandfather and herself in the house, and that would be very convenient—she could pay a little;—for clothes she should not want, and St. Emeril was not at all like London or Cheltenham. If she could but disencumber herself of what she did not need—her large trunk really she *could* not want—it was very troublesome, and what it was filled with could be of no use to her now. She would speak to Miss Shelly about it. She should like to *give* it all away; but *that* she had no right to do, when she must be obliged to others for a maintenance—at all events, she would leave it behind her.—Mrs. Shelly would, she did not doubt, give it house-room.—And then, if they *did* go to

St. Emeril, they might accidentally meet Lady Lynford walking; and she might ask who that old gentleman was—for Mr. Broderaye had spoken much of her politeness, and then she might ask him to the house.—‘But what,’ added she, with a sinking at her very heart, ‘what will she say to me?—She will know who I am. Well, then! we must not go near the house—I dare say I can persuade my grandfather to keep away, or the hill itself may prevent him.’

Now, if Carry had thought like the most sage thinker of antiquity, her thinkings, when stripped, must have come down to this language,—embellishment would be useless.

Full of these ideas—anticipating an interview

little girl practising, asked her who she was—learnt that she was grandpapa's Martha—put the young practitioner's trembling fingers in the way to do what she was attempting, and hearing Mr. Vanderryck's cough approaching, she flew to him, and had the pleasure to find him, even in his own opinion, better—and as he said, 'de beddar vor your goming, my Garliz. Shelly,' continued he, 'is ver goot do me—he always wass goot; an I do zay, "Dank you, Shelly, an bless you, Shelly"—bud now we muss dink, my shile—wen we av ad de breagvasd.'

In due delicacy, when the family had paid their morning-respects, their first meal was prepared for Mr. Vanderryck and Carilis alone;—and this young projector's castles in the air fell to the ground, when informed, that Folkstone was the place to which her grandfather meant to retreat for the winter. Somebody had told him it was cheap—and 'it wass vine air—vine jurdge—sdand ver high, an vine—an he would go do de jurdge on Zundays an brayers—vor he liked id now—he wass use do id—where he wass wid Molly, de jurdge wass negs door, an he use do go in, and like do bear aboud de dings dere.'

This too was better than it might have been. At Folkstone she should be near the French coast.—Oh! that her guardian had been at Boulogne!

but still, the possibility of getting to him, if as far on her way as Folkstone, was increased; and persons going over, might convey letters at opportunities—she knew there was, at least, contraband intercourse. On the whole, then, Folkstone was better than St. Emeril. She thought herself fortunate, and was disposed to believe these were better arrangements than any that *she* could devise.

Mr. Penrowney came, as much at leisure to listen, as he was disposed to act. He won the heart of the Dutchman in three minutes, by talking of business, expressing his detestation of idleness, and venturing some favourable surmises on probable events. Certainly old Vanderryck's daucing

was unlucky—so that, as he observed, they should be travelling almost to the same place on the same day, and might fall in with one another.

Carilis thought her grandfather might be imposed on by this—she herself was not—she saw the kind intention, and feared to endanger it by any endeavour to ascertain it to herself:—her eyes and a small motion of her hands, spoke for her, and were answered, not by the ill-bred nod of subsequent time, but by a slight bow and a pleasant smile, which said more than any professions could have done.

But neither was the Dutchman asleep, or particularly dull of apprehension that morning. He, after a few moments of consideration, replied, ‘Do Dover?—why dad is nod var off vrom Volga-done—gan we nod go togeder?—One chaise would den hold uz—I could bay de halv, and Garliz dake ver littel room.’—He could laugh, even now, in obeying the habitual bias of his mind towards a good bargain.—It was his habit to laugh when he did a mean action—and to cry when he did any thing generous. Liberal Penrowney had laid out for the challenge:—he accepted it—and the old man was quite gay.—This purpose accomplished, the man of business declined an invitation to dinner, and promised to see his travelling companions—elect again at the same hour the next morning.—

He was then going into the city, to Doctors' Commons, to see the will of the deceased earl, his wife's uncle.

The word 'will,' was a *focsis* in the ear of Carilis; she detained him to ask a few questions about the mode of doing that for which he was going; and Mr. Vanderryck was interested in his stating the question which he hoped to solve by this inspection. Penrowney divided himself good-humouredly between his two auditors, answering the old gentleman with, 'Now the will, I understand, says so and so—and if so, I hope there might be some personal benefit to Lady Mary;—if otherwise, it comes to my wife; and in Lady Mary's situation, I would rather have to yield it.

The wish passed with her grandfather for curiosity. 'She wand do loog about her,' said he,—'gan you dake her wid you?—she is not droublezome.' The accommodating friend readily consented to wait while she equipped—the streets were dried by a brisk wind, sufficiently for a Devonshire pedestrian, even of the female sex. Miss Shelly very civilly was offered, and offered herself, as the young lady's attendant, in case Mr. Penrowney should be called away from her; and they got out of the house before she had been obliged to declare her real purpose.

'I suppose,' said Penrowney, in a low voice, which made Miss Shelly retreat to a civil distance—'I suppose that, in fact and truth, you really have a curiosity to see this will of Lord Lynford's, in which you have so great an interest.'

'Yes indeed—you are quite right;—I suppose I am not doing an improper thing; but I would not be known, for the world.'

'You shall not—I will put you in the way—and do every thing for you—and even,' added he, smiling, 'pay the shilling for you!'

They went;—he performed his promise exactly; and having placed her on a seat, would have retired while she read. She begged him to remain close to her, and to look over, as she must not make memorandums. He obeyed her for some

time, shortening her labour by-passing his finger over immaterial parts; and she read on with devouring attention.

It was the first will she had ever seen!—and the character of the instrument—the solemnity of the circumstances under which it must have been framed, and the purpose of it, impressed her young mind with awe.

She feared she was trying his patience, when she found him draw aside and go towards Miss Shelly, who had placed herself out of the way—but his countenance relieved her: he said, on her expressing this fear, ‘O no—no—I assure

‘Why *that*,’ said he, gravely, ‘is a point—we must speak on—only, at present, fix your eye on the words—you see them—how they are written—do not let them escape your memory, or leave any uncertainty or doubt.—You are not short-sighted, are you?—Where is your glass?’

‘No,’ she said, ‘I see them clearly:—but do tell me, pray, what you mean?’

‘When we get out into the air, I will.’

‘No, no; now—this minute—or I shall want to look again.’

‘Is what I have heard the colonel say of your generous intention, true or not?’

‘What you have heard from him *must* be true—that I do not mean—’

‘Well then! I *may* tell you—are you apt to faint?’

‘No; tell me, tell me.’

‘That prohibition is not worth a rush.—The writer, not aware of the importance of precise formality, has vitiated its whole purpose:—it stands, you see, “between four seas”—not “*the* four seas.”—Any man is born within four seas, if he does but know how to count them:—people should not, on important occasions, make use of phrases understood only by acception.—This has been done by somebody not competent to the business.—But come, come—I shall not let you stay here—I can come again another day on my errand. You have

behaved extremely well.—Will you rest any where before you go home?—I pity you, from my soul;—it is a great trial one way or the other—but remember, Miss Monterne, you have, if you will allow me to say so, a brother in me:—here, take my arm—come away—I will put you into a coach.—Miss Shelly, we are a little overcome—these will-examinations are trying things to young people.'

Saying this, her kind conductors took her into the air—the struggle was soon over—and she could walk home.—Mr. Penrowney left her at the door, encouraging her, with all the judicious kindness that good sense and right feeling could

fore had two hours for solitary meditation, if she chose solitude.

On entering her own apartment, extending her arms, she looked at herself, as she stood, and said, 'What *now* am I?—a creature totally altered as to situation!—I can see, little as I know of this business, that my concern in what Lady Lynford may have done, is all over—I have not even a claim on the smaller income,—which, I thought, she might have given up to me in return. Well! I have my head and my hands—and good kind friends—if they were but at liberty!—But, even here, I dare say, I have a friend in Mr. Penrowney; and, for the present, I must depend on my poor grandfather. He *wants* me—therefore, I am not bound to relieve him from my maintenance.—I am thankful that there is a home for me, at present.—If he dies, I must go back to St. Emerril, and try if what I have from Mr. Broderaye will just maintain me—if not, I can do something—and at all events I shall be there, when he comes back.'

'But now, how happy it is for me that I was so persuaded I never should have this property, and that I had provided in my own mind for giving it up!—This secret, which Mr. Penrowney seems the first person to have discovered, will be known as soon as my coming of age.—I must

take care that I am not put in a situation to seem outwitted and defeated in an unjust claim ; for that would be very disagreeable.—I hardly dare write it, at a risque, to my guardians ; nor should I like to tell my grandfather—though he was an advocate for my behaving as I wished ; yet I fear that, did he know I have no *choice* in my behaviour, his pride might be hurt—he might too, after all, feel more mortification than he thinks he should ;—for I begin to find that we know very little, at one end of a week, what we may feel at the other.—He cannot live till I am of age, I fear ; for he is sadly altered and shaken—but of this I shall be better able to judge when we are settled—I can then do as I see good.—But now, what shall I do about

me is it that I have been taught to do so!—Oh! how beautiful seem now to me, things I have overlooked!—I am glad I learnt the Psalms—they will be very useful—if I feel myself anxious, I shall repeat those that give us courage—and I shall recollect a great many things that will help—I shall thank the writers of useful books, as my grandfather does:—it is very good of those who can write, to write for the comfort of any body in distress:—but I am not—and yet I can feel this.’—She concluded her soliloquy by some fragments of poetry; and hearing ‘Garliz, Garliz,’ called, when the two hours on which she had reckoned, wanted not much of their fulfilment, she put aside all that she could dismiss of her new thoughts, and betook herself to more active duty.

Her grandfather’s plans remained unaltered; and in conformity with them, she consulted Mrs. Shelly on freeing herself from her superfluous wardrobe. With that useful promptitude, which persons of the subordinate classes are best practised in, and which is not to be overlooked in necessity, she put her in the way to accomplish her intention—took upon herself all that was unpleasant—and in the event, brought her a little sum of money, far beyond the expectation of the principal, and exceeding the calculation of the agent.

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to Mr. Broderaye, at a hazard, making use of the information she had received, and the conclusions drawn from it by persons who might be supposed capable of judging, to give him notice of the change in her prospects, and to beg his immediate attempt to send her an authority by which she might be guided ; and this she was advised to repeat by every channel that afforded the smallest hope—the Penrowneys themselves assisting her by all their connexions.

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thing himself on his arrival, consequently, she had no refreshment, nor dared she ask for any: he had indeed, as if conscious that he should be ill-looked on, intimated to the landlady, that they should be very hungry in the morning, and need a large breakfast; but as breakfasts on the road are charged, rather on the average-calculation, than according to individual consumption, this was no compensation for the chicken, and tart, and pint of Port, that might have been had for ordering. Carilis, however, duly weighing the matter, and considering the calls that might be made on her powers, ventured to ask for two poached eggs; and professing, with the air of an experienced traveller, always to pay her bill every night, kept her extravagance out of view.

Her spirits were not sufficiently tranquil to admit of going to bed at nine o'clock, untempting as was the prospect of a solitary musing in an humble inn of the ancient town of Folkstone, in an autumnal evening of that small rain which seems settled for the period of a whole moon—but it must be endured; and she must protest against the want of a fire, though shivering. She had subjects to amuse her thoughts, in abundance:—the prospect of her grandfather's being ill and dying in this situation—the perfect liberty into which she seemed gradually sinking, of choosing

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his 'Garliz' had therefore only to sit together in the little parlour of their present abode; and he nodding, and she doing something that called out her energies very little more, they got through, till the clock told them they might, at least, change their place, when, with a candle and lantern and guide, they made their remove.

They had not enjoyed much prospect, where they had been; but, in the place to which they were going, they were promised by their new landlady, who was half French half English in manners and appearance, 'a grand prospect of the sea, as soon as the weather should clear, which, she was sure, it would now immediately, since she had the good fortune to let her lodgings to so amiable a young lady and so charming a grandpapa.'

It was what is called, in the language of lamenters, 'a most deplorable evening!'—not cold or sufficiently wet to make procrastination, that 'thief of' money in an inn, desirable even to Mr. Vanderryck and his 'gough,' as he, of course, called his troublesome, but, to all seeming, firmly-attached companion:—but the wind blew rudely; and all the sounds, within hearing, were dismal. Every neighbour who wished another 'Good night,' added the prophecy of a rough one; and, as if individuals might have a short allowance of concern, should they have none but for themselves,

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Her grandfather had restored himself to the *costume* in which he had taken possession of St. Emeril's Court, when released from the higer's cart which deposited him there :—his hat was kept on with a handkerchief—round his neck was tied a knit-worsted 'comforter,' a present from the handy-works of Lady Mary;—and with these fortifications against hearing—the thumping of his brass-ferruled stick—the sound returned from each foot, well shod with a thickness of leather intended to serve him while shoes were necessary—and the occasional broken sentences of his cough, he had less chance for knowing the true state of things than his companion. Yet recollecting, probably, the incompetency of women to judge 'in situations of great latitude,' he checked Carry when he heard her express her doubt more forcibly, and bade her 'be guied,' for 'de boys always knows beed.'

They proceeded a little way farther.—A cart met them—it was now nearly dark; and the lantern having lost 'half a horn,' was mended with a patch that had not a translucent property :—the cart-wheels were of such delicacy of tread, that they gave little warning—*they* certainly came un-shod : the boy turned the dark side of the lantern outward — there was a particular mode of salutation between him and the driver, which, in the

street of a town of the importance of Folkstone, and a member of the Cinque Ports ! was only disagreeable—had it occurred in a forest, more might have been supposed. Carilis felt the breath of the horse's nostrils in her face, and then found out the necessity of retreating, which she might have done to an extreme, had not the trusty guide called out, 'Take care, don't run that way, Miss.—My eye! if we be not upon the pier. Why, I must ha' mistaked, after all.—Didn't I turn to my left? I thought as I did.—Why this *is* my left hand, to be sure.—No, by George, now I know it's the right, for now there's the tear in my sleeve, and, I knows, Tom told me to say

The sleeve that's not tight—

No—wasn't it

coming in very fast.'—So saying, he made back towards the houses, many of which, Carlis now perceived, had lights in them, and having placed her grandfather as well as she could, and standing close to him, they waited the return of the boy;—Mr. Vanderryck giving it as his opinion, and his grand-daughter concurring with him—but in silence—that the whole fabric of the pier on which they were reposing, and which forms an arm of defence incessantly battling with a heavy irresistible sea, moved under them.

The light arriving, they were soon at the point where their guide had been puzzled by the question as easily solved by a head without ideas, as that of the amount of two and two—so proverbially referred to!—and there could be no comparison between the comfort and security of the street which they had now gained, and the lack of both, in the situation from which they were just released.

A stable would have been a palace at this moment, in the estimation of Carry; therefore she saw with very well-disposed eyes, the arrangements of three neat rooms, which she and her grandfather were to call their own. The weather was still very bad; and they both had suffered from the wind and damp, not a little assisted by the sea-spray, which would have answered every good

purpose of a refrigeratory in summer. Mr. Vander-ryck had no objection to a fire;—to supper he demurred—at last, he consented to take some milk; and his grand-daughter, on this precedent, resorted again to the expedient of the evening before, when she had seen him to his room.

Having put all her small domain in as much order, and in as ready convenience for her grandfather, as time allowed, she had her choice of her bed or chair. In this pause, her hearing was quick; and she fancied the sea was following her, instead of conflicting with the pile of stones commissioned to oppose it. This, she told herself, rather pettishly, could be only the effect of the impression her mind had received;—she tried

ocean, which now, at the turn of tide, not measuring its steps by tens, but making every wave a tenth in magnitude, was playing over the house, and leaving the windows to do as they pleased, in the question of letting in or keeping out what it sent them.

She was learning to estimate by comparison—it was comparative good when she could shut the window again:—she was, indeed, only where she had been, when this was accomplished; but it was better than what the last move had produced.

Apprehension was awake till daylight—daylight was long in coming;—and curiosity rose with it—curiosity; not so much to see ‘the grand prospect’ promised her, as to learn how far she was from it:—this satisfied, she might try to sleep for the little remainder of the time allotted to her bed.

She had been accustomed, from her earliest infancy, to the sea; but it was a sea separated from the land, in the spot where she had known it, by a line as tender, and at times as indefinible, as the grassy margin of the Thames at Richmond.—What did she now see?—She had been promised a prospect; and the situation of the house was called a street:—the former feature of the promise required space—the latter gave the idea of contraction; and, but for the information

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But the old man had slept in a snug back room, towards the fields: his 'gough' had been 'guied;' and he felt 'de goot of de goundry;' and the place reminded him of some one remembered in early days:—and when he met his 'Garliz' at her little breakfast-table, he, to whose first apprehensions a sea kept out by force, was familiar, laughed at her terror of a high tide.

An interview with the lady of the house, whose name, in her own pronunciation, sounded very plausibly as Maig, but was, in reality, Meggs, did much towards settlement. Carilis had no cause to be displeased with her: she represented her husband as absent in the way of his business, which certain dashes — breaks — non-replies — and evasions — might leave to be conjectured—smuggling—if that art, mystery, and profession, had ever been practised in Folkstone; but, on this point, Carry was no critic: she, fortunately, liked Mrs. Meggs on their first acquaintance, sufficiently to tolerate her as something above a servant; and they set out well together.

The good lady, who might be about fifty years of age, though of a younger appearance when improved by dress, was not deficient in useful properties or agreeable manners. In the course of the day, Carilis knew that she was, as she had supposed, by birth French, but had come early

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was improving into that of a rich autumn. The objects from the windows became less overwhelming in their scale, as the eye accustomed itself to their dimensions; the one-sided street had as yet no fresh warning; and Mrs. Meggs, not having herself known it when it had two sides, had no horrors to detail, or to deprecate on experience. She was cheerful-minded and lively; and, after the fashion of her country, bringing whatever presented itself to her mind, to the test of '*joli*'—'*aimable*' '*charmant*'—or their contraries—she, in the present claims on her feelings, showed a prettiness of good will, suited to the declining age of the old man, and the inexperienced time of life of the young woman. And either her integrity, or her acquaintance with the world, most fortunately inducing her to make the best of that which Miss Monterne had to endure, the patient sufferer was not rendered more unhappy by any contrast that Mrs. Meggs could sketch.—She took her snuff—brushed its scatterings from her black silk apron, and summed up a succession of shrewd observations, by declaring that, had she her life to pass over again, it should be in peace and quiet, in retirement from a world she knew but too well, and in an endeavour to serve '*le bon Dieu*,' and her fellow-creatures.

In aid of this consoling philosophy, came Ca-

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growing attachment. When she had described Mr. Meggs as very much engaged in business, Vanderryck's reprobation of idleness was ready; and he asked no question as to the species of traffic.

Nor was Mrs. Meggs wanting in her contributory amenity; she must soon have discovered, that the younger of her inmates had a very limited range of that information that makes gossip; but she never suffered weariness of repetition to appear in her reception of Miss Monterne's descriptions, and could sit and hear of St. Emeril's Court, and its beauties—of Lady Lynford, as she had been represented to the narrator—of Mr. Broderaye, as the best of all men—and of the Vaseney family, as tenants of St. Emeril's, with a patience that was rare, and with an endeavour to pronounce names, which want of custom seemed to have left of great difficulty to her,—that spoke well for her, in more points than one.

To say that, under such circumstances, the mind of 'poor Carry' was at ease, would be to promise the reward that is to be awaited in the world of retribution and recompense, as the encouragement or the bribe in this.—She could not look round without seeing cause for anxiety on every side—it was only the individual moment that she could trust, but she was wise enough to

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foreign climate—she had no witnesses of her great powers, no adorers of her distinguishing talents—she had not even the honeyed flattery of Annette to support her under mortification, or her calculated poutings to consult;—all was silence, and perfection of repose, in the midst of blessing—and like the fermenting of that which is excessively sweet, into that which is excessively sour, life was, with her, passing through an ordeal, the event of which must be awaited, to know whether it could remain of any worth.

In this state of mind, any occupation, though necessary to enduring it, was painful exertion; and while Carilis, by purchasing a skain of silk to make a purse for her guardian, was cultivating hope, and keeping alive in her mind ideas of future comfort, which only wanted his liberation to be realized, Lady Lynford, surrounded by superabundant means for the most elegantly-gratifying employment of a whole life, was in a state worse than that of torpor. Her habits of character and manners, had never admitted of wide association or intimate friendship. She relied too much on herself to require their support, and stood too high to be subject to their being forced on her. For ‘dear Meryon’s’ once-contemned friendship she had sighed when he could no longer offer it:—of Lord Winchmore’s she had stood in need, and

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ertion. Such advice Lady Lynford never had taken, nor would she now have listened to it: on her pertinacity she could rely; and in this confidence she was justified, as that alone had not failed her:—what others might have called obstinacy, she considered as only an additional intrenchment to her firmness.

But in such a reliance, no account is taken of, nor is any preparation made against, the gentle operation of impulses not felt till the last has completed the allotted measure. A young person, shrinking from severe momentary pain, will be confident in the power to bear the tooth-ache, in preference to the extraction of the tooth, and will bear more than others can endure to see suffered—no persuasions will avail—no representation is regarded—no experience will be credited—till, at length, under no worse than has been resolutely endured—but worn down by repetition, when all entreaty has been forborne, and attention has been directed only to the support of resolution under its own decree, the desperate remedy has been resorted to with artificial fortitude, planned in secrecy, and submitted to and executed in inconvenient haste.

Lady Lynford might probably have told herself, that, in the straight course she meant to pursue, she would turn neither to the right nor the

left—let persuasion, entreaty, or even conviction, do what they might—but this is no undertaking against treading backwards—and, after some sleepless nights, and the promise of many more, did Heraline Baroness Lynford contemplate this violent inconsistency, in preference to any partial endeavour to find a better way. It is unquestionably more easy to the obstinately wrong, to be obstinately than reasonably right.—The woman who, when overturned in a stage-coach on the top of Shooter's hill, vowed she would walk on to Chatham, in preference to waiting for another conveyance, almost in sight, acted just in this manner;—and both she and Lady Lynford preferred spitting themselves to having no cause for regret.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE face of things was, indeed, altered, and in more places than St. Emeril's Court, where festivity of the most elegant description was giving life to the county, and the occasion was taken to destroy every preconceived opinion unfavourable to its mistress, by the most extensive invitations to the neighbourhood, that the rank of the foreign guests admitted of. Nothing was wanting, but that the partakers of these offered distinctions, should swear fealty to the lady—homage they did to her—and their services might be expected;—but, unless they had vowed to defend her castle against the siege which she supposed preparing by the malice, covetousness, and envy of 'poor Carry!' there was still something wanting to her perfect advantage. This, however, was a subject not at present settled against her; therefore, to concede, was not a measure of immediate urgency.

But the alteration in the face of things respecting the said poor Carry, was of a very different description. She had just settled herself in her little lot of comfort—had furled all the small sails she had ever put out to catch a breeze of

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became her to do, much that would have distressed her was spared by the use which the old man had made of his leisure and his adversity. Before Carlis felt it necessary to make up her mind to this probable separation, and while Mrs. Meggs was cheering him and his grand-daughter with the hopes of what 'the approaching spring'—then to be sure not more than four months off, if it came with April—would do for his 'gough,'—he himself began to talk of meeting death; and when he first spoke on this subject to his 'Garliz,' he said, 'I woud meed id, my shile, as I woud meed a man who zed, "You owe me, Vanderryck, a douzand bound"—I woud zay, "Here is your douzand bound—an I dank you for de lend of id—I av nod misuse id, nor made id less by my volly or idelnez:—Iv you sag inderesd vor id—you shoud av shoke wen I ad dime do make id—I am zorry—but I av id nod—vorgive me."'

His books had not lost their charm of consolation, or even that of novelty:—he wondered that every body did not do like him, and learn to love 'de reading, wen dey goud love notting elz'—but he sent to London, to procure a Dutch Bible, saying, 'Id will nod do now, do be buzzing oud de meaning—dough I love de Englidge besd—begause in de Englidge I virad learned do love reading.' Still it was great pleasure to him, to

hear his grand-daughter read, and he had his favourite chapters and stories, with listening to which he relieved his own more serious study.

But even now, character was not extinct.—One day, when he was more lively than usual, he declined the chapter which she would have read, and desired to have the story of ‘*de man an de dalenda*,’ arguing on the want of thrifty prudence in the slothful servant, as he would have done in his own compting-house,—pointing out the various options of making money, as if the question had been between freighting a vessel and buying into the funds,—and reasoning almost down to the price of stocks.—And, in hearing of Solomon, under his several pre-eminences in wisdom and power, cer-

check himself with the question, 'Bud wad is all dis do me?—Wad is dis oorld now to Vanderryk? Iv dey did nod dell me, indeed, dad dere is anoder, I might zay, "I muss dink about dis,"—vor I muss dink about zomeding.'

In the chilliness of his feelings, he would bid her 'zdir de vire'—but with the caution, 'Nod doo mudge—dere, dad will do—nod doo mudge—de goals is very low, Mrs. Maig zay—dey do go very vasd.'—Yet if Carlis replied—and even not relaxing the tone of cheerfulness which she made it a point to keep up—'But, my dear sir, we must consider—the weather is now very cold—we must save the coals when it is warmer,'—he would smile and shake his head, as if *that* change he should never witness, and add, 'I do nod mean do sdarve you, my dear, bray keeb your briddy ving-ers warm.'

'Bud now, my Garliz,' said he to her, one morning when he had been settling his small disbursements—'dere is zomeding I wish do zay, bud I do nod know iv I gan zay id to you—I wish do oben my mind; and den you gan dell me iv you oondersdand me—just as iv I wass dalk about de businez—you muss dell me iv you do nod oonder stand me, and den, berhabe, I gan vind zomebody elz.—I av been read de Bibel a long wile, an I do like id mudge—bud I wand do know gread

deal more—bad I don'd know; where;—I was very sorry wen I read ahead dat am and wrong in de beginning—I sed do myself, “Zure, dey will nod be so foolish,”—bad dey did. Bad den I was bleaze wid dere goot men: an I see dey alway did well, an broder, iv dey did bad mind dere own Got, an nod go arder dem nedy idol-dinga. An I like de stories; an I braise de grum maxim, as you gall id—Oh! id is very vine in dem barta;—an id dell all dree about gold, an men, an de oorld. Well den! I ged drough de Bibel—an id is all zad, very zad;—vor de broble was lefd all in a zad adade, an I veel vor dem, as vor my own goundry—bad yed, I dink I see a zomeding goming vront a diadance, do gonford

ead, an dringd, an dalk—bud he do more dan man—he do de gread works—den I regollegd wad wass zay ov his boming, an I zay, “Aha! dere ‘s de ding,”—an I go on, an I zee he is nod all man—bud part Gott.—Bud, afder all his goot-do, he die shamevul death—bud nod shamevul do *im*, begause he know id virad an zay “I will,”—an “id is vor your goot, an do make Gott your vriend, avder you av made im your—wad you gall id?”

‘Enemy you mean, my dear sir,’ said Carilis, —‘I perfectly understand you—pray go on—but do not hurry yourself. Will you take a little jelly?’

‘No, no: I do nod wand any ding.—Tiz vine ding idself do dink.—Well den! wad do diss man-Gott do de nexd?—He rise again—an vrom de die—an vrom de domb—an by is own bower—diss is gran!—diss is de gread spegulazion indeed!—Diss vine! zuberb! my Garliz. He go to de heaven in de sgie—dey zee im go—oh! wad woud I nod give, do av zee diss:—bud yed bedder nod;—vor now I gan zay—an dad is more—wad you gall id?—zivil, respegdful, polite,—an show I do indeed drusd—I gan zay, “Zir, I do love—I do believe.”—Vor, my Garliz, de gonfidenz is all an all—I know dat, in de gread commerz—I wass in de gread commerz myzelv, and I like to have my wort daken—an I woud av killed de man dad woud zay, “I do nod drusd you, Vanderryck.”

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prehend, by the analogy of bonds, and release from suretyship ; and Carilia proceeded to give him all the light her information could reflect upon his willing mind.—She had been well taught, and she had learnt well ; and in her guardian she had seen an example which was an irresistible incentive to adopt his sentiments and tread in his footsteps ; nor was her subsequent experience in the world useless, when it took up the opposite side of the supposed argument, and showed her what was not to be done on any other plan.—But yet Carilia shrunk with awe and diffidence from making herself the spiritual guide of the venerable man ; and consequently he did not receive all the satisfaction he was seeking.

It was no part of her intention to slight his conscientious effort, or even to delay :—she only wished for a short space of time to consider ;—and, in her necessary habit of applying to Mrs. Meggs in all emergencies, she consulted her on the proposal she meant to make to her grandfather, to ask the assistance of the clergyman whom they had found in temporary charge of the parish, and resident in the place, and whose manner of performing the church-service had rather bespoken her good opinion.

Poor Carry did not know in this instance what she had done. Returning home from her half-hour's morning-walk, during which Mrs. Meggs

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Carilis, unwilling to enter into argument, or to foster prejudice, thought it sufficient to urge, in behalf of Mrs. Meggs, that it was the latitude of construction, which, for wise purposes, no doubt, was allowed us, that occasioned many of these differences;—she forgot that ‘*de zainds*’ and ‘*de burgadory*’ made no part of this latitude. Her mind had leaped to the doctrine of transubstantiation; and had her grandfather got so far, she had been well prepared to have satisfied him; for the fact was well stamped on her memory by her guardian, that the Syriac having no verb importing ‘*to signify*,’ recourse had been had by interpreters, to the decisive *is*, which had occasioned perhaps the greater part of the error.—Mr. Broderaye had told her this simple fact, unconnected with any knowledge of verbal criticism: it needed no more support than the revelation of it; it stood on its own verity, and was just as easy of comprehension, and as little likely to be reasoned away, as any convincing restoration of sense to a corrupted passage in literature, any obvious mistake in computation, any inaccuracy in experimental philosophy, any indisputable mis-classification in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom.—But thus far the question had not proceeded, nor was it likely to proceed; for Vanderryck stuck fast in an infallible prejudice, conceived against Mrs.

Meggs and her '*bon Dieu*,' founded in the traditions of his '*boor goundry*,' and carrying him back to the time of Philip the Second of Spain, and his vindictive representative in the United Provinces.—All his ails and his English were forgotten in his patriotic zeal: in a *patois* half French half Dutch—now and then indeed explained by some English word, lest his hearer should lose all interest by the impossibility of following him, he did most vehemently show what the transmission of the memory of wrongs will effect in impressing the mind of succeeding generations.—Illiterate as he was, he had the history of national outrage at his fingers' ends: the virtues of the house of Nassau—the fate of *Edmont* and *Heru*—nay, the

dalk about her "*bon Dieu*," and wad she gall—I do nod know well wad dad mean—dying in de bale of de jurdge;—I zuppose she mean de bale, de wall, de baling—bud I will nod go do her jurdge—id is de jurdge dad hurt my boor goundry;—an my mudder's gread-gread-gread—I don'd know how gread granvader, was a zoldier at de ziege of Haerlem an Leyden—an, my Gott! wad did day nod zuffer!—Garliz, don'd led dat Meesdrez Maig dalk do you about her "*bon Dieu*."—Id was a gruel "*bon Dieu*" to my boor goundry—gruel! gruel!

It was now a fair opportunity to introduce the mention of the clergyman in the place, and Carilia did not omit it, making her recommendation, stronger by hinting the authority of such a person, as precluding all possibility of good Mrs. Meggs's interference. This had its weight; but it was followed by that which she had not foreseen—a commission to go in person to the minister, to request his visit—to 'sbeag briddy do him,' and to tell him 'dad it wass a xad ignorand man' to whom he was called.—'I am nod ashamed do zay zo,' said Vanderryck—'I veel id every hour de more and de more.'

Never had the minister been so agreeably summoned: he had remarked his new hearer at church on Sundays, and occasionally on week-days; and

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offer, had she the satisfaction of seeing herself engaged in the same holy ceremony with one whose sincerity could not be questioned, and whose acceptability to his Maker, under all his disadvantages, she hoped she might think certain.—It was a day of power sufficient to have made the scoffers and sneerers confess that they were of a school professing a 'bad taste.'

Carry's heart overflowed with quiet joy, in witnessing the good that was accomplishing ; and she felt repaid for every privation, in the persuasion that she was a comfort to the good old man, whose mind was full, and whose ideas were now in a degree of order that made the operation of thought, more than ever a feeling of indulgence to a propensity. — His gratitude for having been kept honest while he was acting on mere worldly principle, was that of the queen of yore, when she had passed the nine ploughshares ;—and his humble sense of his own want of worth—which he would have felt every where but in his counting-house, was not injured by the means he had taken to diminish the balance against him.

The clergyman treating him with the utmost medical tenderness, looked in on him in the evening, and left him as a good priest would wish to leave a well-disposed catechumen. He was in an improved state of vigour ; and it was remarked to

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‘And now, my Garliz, bevor diss goot man gom to zee me die, led me sbeak a few worts.—Don’d dink me hardt man, dad I av nod more dought of your briddy dings, or dad I av zed “Nod doo mudge,” aboud de goals.—Dere is zdill zomding on my gonascienze—an dad is money.—I did zerdainly bromise dad Mr. Vat’s is name—wad you gall your guardian, zo mudge by de year, for de keeb you—I a niver paid—now here, in diss old bogged-boog, is nodes—bang-of-Eng-land nodes! for eight hoondert an vorty poun vor de keeb you.—’Dwass all I gou’d sbare. He av made you zo briddy, dad id muss av gosd mudge—zo dake, an be zure do nod sbend id—dere is zomding in anoder blaze vor you—bud, my Garliz, do nod sbend diss.—An remember de ridge lady—and do nod make her boor—dake your righd gendly, an Gott will bless id and you. And now, dank you vor all your briddiness; and now let Meesder Vat’s is name gome in.’

It was necessary relief, to be suffered to retire from a scene so very interesting in itself, in its circumstances, and its operation on a mind not ac-

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silence, as most conducive to his peace at the last ; and feeling her spirits failing her, and that she needed more support than she could make for herself, she accepted Mrs. Meggs's offered kindness, and sate down with her, waiting the termination of the clergyman's visit, and relieving the oppression of her heart by the gentle flow of tears.

The chamber-door was softly opened, and she was beckoned in. The old man could still smile, and give signs of peaceful joy—but this was all—he seemed to wish her near him, and yet not to part from the hand of his spiritual comforter : she approached the bed—yielding to his movement to place his head on her bosom ; and as she gently propped him with her arm, without any effort of resistance, he expired.

In England, whether it be merry or gloomy, there is seldom just ground for complaining of want of sympathy in misfortune.—That under which poor Carry was oppressed, called out the kindly compassion of all around her. The clergyman stood first—he was a single man in only a temporary connexion with the place, and without any female-relation near him ; therefore his power of being kind was restricted—but there were persons who had homes of various classes, and who offered them and their best services to Miss Mon-

terne, very much prepossessed in her favour even by 'the noiseless tenour' of her humble virtues.

With proper feeling and acknowledgment, she endeavoured to relieve all anxiety for her, by doing justice to the attentions which she received from Mrs. Meggs; and being spared much painful exertion, by written directions for the removal of the corpse to London, she had only to write to Mr. Shelly—and this the clergyman did for her—to procure its conveyance:—from his hospitable house, it was to find its ultimate resting-place, in the parish-church belonging to what the old man had, to the last, felt pride in styling 'de gra-douze.'

Again she wrote to her guardian, but with little hope. Mr. Penroyney was now become of

might be confidently quoted by a woman who knows she deserves to possess that heart;—but not by Mrs. Penrowney. She had no good sense, but abundance of cunning: she had drawn in a young man, to what must have been his ruin, had not his useful talents and his industrious employment of them, preserved him.—She could not flatter herself that he approved her conduct as a daughter—it did not at all resemble his as a son:—nor could it escape her shrewdness, that, however tender his conduct to her as a husband, and however forbearing his language, when even the most distant appearance of censure could be implied,—yet that his correct judgment must be leading, in the course of years, to a just verdict against her. The growth of a young family rendered this more a subject of apprehension: every effort made by the father to inculcate obedience—though obedience might be equally demanded by the mother, was capable of mis-construction; and Mrs. Penrowney was, or thought herself, obliged, by the want of power to influence her husband's mind—to exercise a very unpleasant *surveillance* over his words and actions.—Having no master-key to her store-house of happiness, she was driven to the necessity of fixing a little tumpety padlock on every casket in which its various ingredients were deposited:—consequently, he

could not, on the present occasion, do as he wished.—She, however, could not oppose his offering the services of his brother—which, as he had no wife, were safe from being accepted.

But here Mrs. Meggs—the humble, attentive, handy Mrs. Meggs, was a supply for every thing. There was no occasion to reveal to her, the contingencies of poor Carry's situation; and they were not so delightful as to make her to whom they belonged, impatient to relieve herself from the restraint of her own secrecy. Mrs. Meggs knew, on Miss Monterne's representation, that she was waiting the release of her guardian, and that the space between the then-existing moment and that uncertain period, bounded her anxiety. All that

Meggs came to her with a proposal that most opportunely met her wants, and was little short of her wishes.

She had often, and aloud, since the death of her grandfather, wished herself, at any risque of liberty or comfort, with her guardian:—she had every reason to believe him in the *dépôt* at Fontainebleau:—Mrs. Meggs had a friend going to Paris, who would permit her to accompany her, and procure her an escort to the door of her guardian's abode!

The proposal was accepted—the closest secrecy was enjoined—and the negotiation, which would of necessity take up some days, was opened.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was not in human nature to repress feelings of impatience even during a short waiting, under such circumstances, and poor Carry was on the lookout for every thing in every form that could possibly bring her leave to prepare for quitting her present unpleasant state of liberty, at the hazard of being a prisoner in a foreign country.—A letter came, just when Mrs. Meggs predicted that some news must arrive.—Could Carlin be mortified, when she saw it was the hand-writing of one not at

dying in the arms of his grand-daughter, who was also named.—Nor did she see this as it had been copied, probably by Shelly, for the information of the London merchants. But, in the latter form, it had found its way to Oxford, and there had come into the hand of Lord Viscount Astham, whose mind it relieved from some very unpleasant doubtings which had arisen from the period of his leaving his visiting-ticket for Miss Monterne at Cheltenham. His lordship's liberation had been procured through Mrs. Broderaye's friends; and he had come to England. Well armed with resolution not to transgress that which he recognised as the fair stipulation of a father who claimed every token as well as feeling of respect from him, he would not, however, forego the satisfaction of seeing poor Carry; but, being pressed for time, he could make but one endeavour, and this was completely frustrated by the license of speech which General Vaseney, who had received his visit, had assumed—on the presumption that the colonel *must* prevail on Miss Monterne, first, to marry him, and then to impoverish Lady Lynford—to declare, that this was her fixed destiny!—The promise, written on the card with a pencil, was used immediately as a hint to intercept whatever his lordship might write. All this was unravelled in the letter now received,—the style of

which showed a fairness of interpretation and a restored confidence in her, that, in some measure, healed the cruel wound such a developement inflicted. It tallied too well with the counterpart-information she had had from Colonel Vaseney at Cheltenham, to be questioned; and she had only to wonder, to regret, and to despise!

This clearance established, the writer proceeded to promise farther details and every atonement for the long suspension of intercourse, on her acknowledging the receipt of what he then sent; and this she lost not a moment in returning, but not informing him of her present flattering prospect of reaching Mr. Broderaye—which Mrs. Meggs could not allow to be divulged. To come

it produced her a visit from 'the lady' who was to conduct her to Paris, and thence to ensure her safe arrival at Fontainebleau, which she now knew with certainty from Lord Astham's letter, was the place of Mr. Broderaye's detention. The external appearance of the personage to whom she was to be obliged, was below what she had imagined; but this was of little consequence: she was a Frenchwoman, and Carilis had reason to think, by the sort of intimacy between her and Mrs. Meggs, if not herself a contraband-trader, connected with some of that description; but this was not to be regarded when opportunities were scarce:—smuggling was the sole intercourse of the countries, and perhaps no other class of persons could effect what she had so much at heart. The treaty, therefore, was made—a stipulated sum was agreed for—the half was paid—the day and hour were fixed when Miss Monterne should be at Dover, depending only on the pleasure of the wind for the sailing of the vessel,—which she found must be in the night, and when there was no moon:—she had put her small possessions into their least compass—had been liberal in giving away whatever she could not use—had settled all accounts with handy Mrs. Meggs, who could not quit her house to accompany her;—and not daring to examine too closely how she felt, she put

herself, for the first time in her life, into a post-chaise,—and alone, in a wintry afternoon, proceeded to Dover.—She will come to no harm while we look at the *détenu*s and the baroness.

Mrs. Broderaye's powerful interest—her knowledge of the best use of it—and her unwearyed perseverance in urging it, had obtained for Lord Winchmore the consolation of occasionally receiving letters; and Lord Astham, who knew how to avail himself of this, had communicated his news of poor Carry—in a way, certainly, that left no little doubt of his lordship's feelings on the occasion, as of the fact that 'poor Carry' might, and probably would be, dead and buried before any comfort could reach her;—for thus had his larger

time to waste in deluding flatteries, might have enjoyed a triumph which even Lady Lynford might have envied.—But she had only one point to carry; and to this she bent all her attention. She asked an audience of the then mighty man—and was dismissed with—hopes.

Lady Lynford continued under the exhilarating excitement of the illustrious visit, longer than she could have promised herself; and her admiring friends intending to pass the winter in London, she had the further prospect of full occupation of time and thought, exactly suited to her taste and to the circumstances of the times, as affecting her. She had accompanied them to Bath, and had brought them back to St. Emeril's, that they might partake of the festivity of an English country Christmas;—the wassailings of which were drawing to a conclusion, when at an hour of peculiar claim on her attention, a letter was brought to her which some not unusual want of caution, in stamping post-marks, had left to find its blind way, under the guess of its various inspectors. It had been presented, in succession, to divers of the Cornish saints, to St. Eval, St. Enodock, St. Ervan, St. Erme, and others of the holy fraternity;—but being honestly rejected by them all, it had

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be carried into effect, on receiving her ladyship's acquiescence in the demand of one thousand pounds for this service. An immediate answer was requested, as there was no time to be lost ; and without knowing her ladyship's pleasure, the writer must act on her own decision.

Lady Lynford could not read this letter till the conclusion of the last dance in the servants' hall had been followed by adieus for the night.—She was heartily fatigued with what she had felt as rather a *dreggy finale* to her Christmassing—but she perused it.—Let her sleep after it, if she can.

She could not.—She was not permitted any further to mis-use her great power.—She could no longer ask who was Miss Monterne, or recollect what she herself was, to any purpose of degrading the one or exalting the other. Environed by obstacles, such as had never before presented themselves to impede her doing justice—shackled by *étiquette*—subject to the scrutiny of persons who could not be expected to comprehend such a necessity, and in whose eyes it must disgrace her to confess that the boasted freedom of England did not allow one of its peeresses leisure to entertain her friends—exposed to every possible mis-construction—not daring to confess the true motive to any seeming eccentricity of conduct—and, above all, worse than uncertain as to the event of the

next step she might make—she yet could not resist the impulse to do all in her power to avert the tremendous responsibility which she had drawn upon herself by her inflexible obstinacy.

She had indeed lain down in her bed, and had told herself, that, exhausted as she was, she must not admit thoughts which would incapacitate her from concluding her hospitable duties with a grace.—In vain—in vain :—‘Heraline shall sleep no more’—seemed words uttered against her—and they pronounced a sentence under which she could not crouch, while she had power to conflict.

Had any one entered her delicate, her luxurious chamber—seen her domed bed—its choice draperies centring in her coronet—her half-way toilette to one more splendid in her dressing-room

creatures, which leaves it a question whether they are not given up to their own hearts' desires, and suffered to follow the foolishness of their imaginations.

She had lain down: she could lie no longer—tears that scalded fell upon her hands—worse than tears that scalded fell upon her heart;—she saw the innocent sufferer under her unjust pertinacity, waked from her sleep in the hope of rejoining, perhaps her *only* friend—and that rejoining absolutely necessary to her existence—probably to the preservation of her innocence. She saw the vessel that was to convey her.—Acquainted with sea-sounds, she heard all that preceded its setting forward on its watry way—she saw the handkerchief waved—she heard the last adieu given to the winds—she saw her whom she never as yet had seen, quitting her own country with hope and joy, only because it afforded her nothing to counteract these sensations—deluded—betrayed—and—for *her* sake and interest—landed, in effect a slave, on a shore that never could be friendly to that from which she was trepanned. Want, servile occupation, sickness, death, might be the early fate of this victim of oppression—and she might die—not reproaching—but praying for, her who had, at least, connived at the sacrifice.

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nothing but acquiescence to follow her mandate. The two persons whom she had called to her, were to attend her in her own travelling-carriage, and four of her own horses were to take her to Exeter :—a second carriage, with one pair of horses for the first stage, was to follow her, conveying two men-servants who could be best spared from the service of the house, and on whom she could rely. She consigned the care of the family to her house-keeper, and that of the guests, by a letter pleading the urgent necessity of her absence, to that lady of the neighbourhood, whom she had, in the nearest degree, associated with herself in doing the honours of her mansion ; and having, with the promptitude and foresight which her impatience of her own misconduct dictated and her powers of calculation furnished, provided for that which she must do herself, and that which she must leave to others to do, thus attended, she set off for Folkstone, not having been apprized that Miss Monterne would sail from Dover.

The thought had not escaped her—when under the portico of her house—that scene of various sensations!—that her foot might now tread its pavement for the last time!—The great energy of her mind was equal to the thought, and her extensive knowledge and ready memory could furnish many a supporting quotation.—Here was, ‘Thy will be done.’

Arriving at Folkstone—scarcely having allowed herself food—and taking no sleep but in her carriage, she was awaked rather from stupor than from repose, by being asked the name of the person whom she wished to find.—She was at the moment bewildered:—she could not for the instant recollect herself—but answered—‘Annette.’—She corrected the error immediately.—It was of no consequence—Mrs. Meggs and her *ci-devant soubrette Mademoiselle Annette* were one and the same identical person.

But, alas! it was all too late.—Miss Montrose had left Folkstone for Dover the preceding day—and Mrs. Meggs was gone thither herself—why, was not known.—She had not been gone above

boys paid by the bank of England.—The driver glanced round, and touched his hat, as if to say, '*La voild, madame.*' Her ladyship uttered only the word 'On,'—and was at the first hotel in Dover, before even *her* expectations had carried her thither.

To seek in such a place—although not then in its usual bustle—an obscure individual, and an individual under such circumstances, was hopeless, if the search were conducted in the common way: Lady Lynford's mind was yet too capable of resistance to distracting impressions, to leave her destitute of prudence, if she was awake. She therefore contented herself with looking around in hopes that accident might bring into her presence her, whom so long she had shunned as she would have shunned a basilisk—with setting one of her servants to watch the vessels preparing to go out of the harbour, and sending another to waylay the chaise-cart, and to bring Mrs. Meggs to her. Her personal attendants she kept with her.

The business of Mrs. Meggs in Dover, was, if possible, to stop the departure of Miss Monterne, lest, having had no reply from Lady Lynford, she should reap nothing but the sense of her own iniquity for her reward, by having nothing to offer for the thousand pounds but past services. Concluding, therefore, that her lady came to close

the bargain, and recognising her blasted equipage on the hill, she was not shy of the meeting, but—very well able to guess at what hotel she was to be found—was on her way to meet her own good fortune, or to enforce her claims by threats which she was confident could not be disregarded.

On this active agent's introduction, Lady Lysford, as far as possible commanding her agitation, acknowledged the good service intended her, but expressed her wish for the production of Miss Monterne, that she might be satisfied that Mrs. Meggs had still her destiny in her own hands.—
‘All my reliance is on you, Annette,’ she said;—
Annette felt safe. But yet this demand required

—and in less than an hour the concealed agony of the baroness's mind was allowed to burst out in tears of gratitude, when she learnt that 'the young lady had not sailed.'

One more glance at poor Carry must suffice. She had remained—not very comfortably at present, but sustained by hope of speedy amendment of circumstances—in the society of her new acquaintance;—and no suspicion had been excited in her mind, till very near the time of Mrs. Meggs's arrival, when some communings between the lady-protectress and her husband, though whispered, betrayed to her that all was not as represented to her: they talked as if undecided in their *route*; and on her putting some questions, the man, under the influence of brandy and water, with which he had been beguiling his hours, let out the secret!

'The Vestal entombed' of Dauloux must represent her terror, her horror, her despair, her attitude—and yet imperfectly—for here was the added bitterness of disappointed hope—and the deafening destruction of a certainty almost established.

Recollecting herself from her first overwhelming emotion, she looked round for the means of self-preservation:—in vain!—The man and woman could only quarrel between themselves and

bid her be silent—the house was *their* own—and she saw no servants.

Seating herself in dumb despair, she reasoned out the probability that money had silenced them—but by whom offered?—could it be by Lady Lynford?

She had renitted to Mr. Shelly for custody, the money she had received from her grandfather on his death-bed:—she could offer this for her ransom; and she could regain possession of it.

Against this, militated her grandfather's injunction and her own solemn promise.—What would be Mr. Broderaye's advice in such a case? she asked herself.—The answer was that of a martyr.—She let every hope take flight; and though,

bespoke them just come in from France—they a little stopt her, not being able to move very fast under their boat-equipments.

The voices struck her ear.—She turned in confusion—every sound she heard seemed familiar to her.—She doubted whether she was not now, indeed, punished with the loss of her reason—and whether it might not be her allotted chastisement to fancy, through the remaining period of her existence, that she heard the voices of friends when she had no one friend left.

She had no real cause for such apprehension—her good understanding had never done her better service than at this moment—it was no idle fancy—no vertigo or delusion.—She heard voices indeed—and voices that she might know again.—They were those of Lord Winchmore, Mr. Broderaye, and her once-beloved Madame de Fairville !

* * * * *

Subsequent events may be imagined—Carlis rescued.—Lady Lynford's perfect victory over herself rewarded by the communication which Miss Monterne had to make to her, and in which Mr. Broderaye would suffer no one to interfere—its substantiation on legal reference :—Lord Winchmore's solicitude to offer the peaceful soothing of a steady

and early-implanted affection, to a spirit which, too deeply wounded, might have sunk under its severe contrition :—Mr. and Mrs. Broderaye regarded as the conservators of general happiness :—Lord Astham summoned to meet his poor Carry, and permitted by his father to compare with her tresses the lock of hair still in his pocket-book :—Mr. Penrowney thanked and esteemed — his brother employed to his credit and profit in the arrangements of the interests of the parties :—the respectable Shelly and his family requited, and their fortunes advanced :—justice done to the memory and virtues of Vanderryck :—Mademoiselle Annette persuading Mr. Meggs that France was a better soil for them to thrive in than England.









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